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Smoky—A One-Man Horse

The Breaking-In

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

Of the many young colts that blinked at their first day of light on the Rocking R range, not any'd had a better start in life than one little mouse colored colt. That perticular one had seemed to draw all that Mother Nature could hand out, and even though born perfect, without a kink or a blemish nowheres, Mother Nature didn't stop there. She brought out the brightest and quietest spring day she could dig up and just poured sunshine all over him.

With that kind of care to start him out, it wasn't many days when all the wobbliness went out of his legs, he walked and played on a solid carpet of green grass, which, through that same Mother Nature's watchful eye, had growed mighty thick, and then came a day when, to be imitating his mammy more than anything else, he begin to feed on the tender stems. He was going to be a real horse, and there sure was nothing to stop him. Even the streams and shades had helped, and after the play was over a big cottonwood stood guard, and in the shade of it the colt would go to sleep, a stream that run near would hum a lullaby and a couple of hours would slip by when nary a twitch of a muscle would ruffle the colt's slick hide.

The first summer went by and when the cold breath of early winter begin to sweep down from off the high ridges, Mother Nature, seeming like always a watching over the colt, started preparing him for the long, cold days and a coat of long, thick hair begin to crop out and take the place of the short, silky hair that'd decorated his hide the summer before. He followed his mammy through the snow that covered the range that winter and, regardless of what the weather handed out, there wasn't a day went by when the country around didn't hear his squeal as he played, and wherever he went there was tracks a plenty in the snow to show that the mouse colored colt had been around.

The long winter nights wore on, and after months of snow bucking them, long nights begin to get shorter and then the snow begin to dwindle away till finally bare ground was felt under the colt's small hoofs. The green grass was beginning to crop out, and the snow had most all disappeared when another thing for the mouse colored colt to wonder at showed up, and wobbling on long legs, tried to stand up by his mammy's side. The mouse colored colt had a brand new brother.

That new brother of his sure drawed his interest, but his mother seemed to've changed some and he wasn't welcome to stick around too close no more, not till that new brother was some older, and by that time the mouse colored colt had others he was interested in. They was other colts of his age that was in the same bunch with him and a big old buckskin saddle horse which would stand quite a bit of bluffing and abuse without turning on him.

Full of life as he was, the mouse colored yearling wasn't at all worried which

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way things turned. Being up in the high mountains was just the same to him as running on the flats, and he took advantage of everything that was for either his pleasure, his appetite, or all he hankered for.

Steady, and along with the bright summer days, he growed in height, width, and strength. His little mouse colored body rounded more and more and curved along with the muscles till he was sure all in one hunk, and well knit. And what all layed between his ears in the way of brains had more than kept up with the rest of him. They was being used and developing right along with every second his eyes was open,

Not any'd had a better start in life than Smoky.—Page 339.

and if the way he planned mischief on the older horses indicated anything, he sure wasn't stunted there either.

So far in his life, nothing had come to him which had left a hunch as to what purpose he was on this earth for, he wasn't at all worried about it for one thing, and far as he was concerned, and the way he was feeling he was ready to take on anything life could hand him. Always he kept an eye open and a sensitive nostril for what all it held that would stir up his interest, and even though a few times his hide had got scratched for being inquisitive that way, he was always ready to find out some more whenever the chance showed up.

The four seasons kept a following one another, time wore on, and nothing extraordinary came to disturb the life of the mouse colored colt. Life seemed just wide open freedom where there was nothing to do but run on good range, doze in shady places in the summer and paw for feed or hunt shelter in the winter.

Things went on that way till the fourth spring came in the mouse colored pony's life. He'd growed to full size by then and experienced most all that made the life of a free range horse. Nothing was there to warn him that there could be anything else for him to learn or look out for, and when one day when all

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seemed quietest a rider fogged in on him of a sudden, it all left him mighty confused, and his best lead seemed right then for him to do what the other ponies was doing, that was to run.

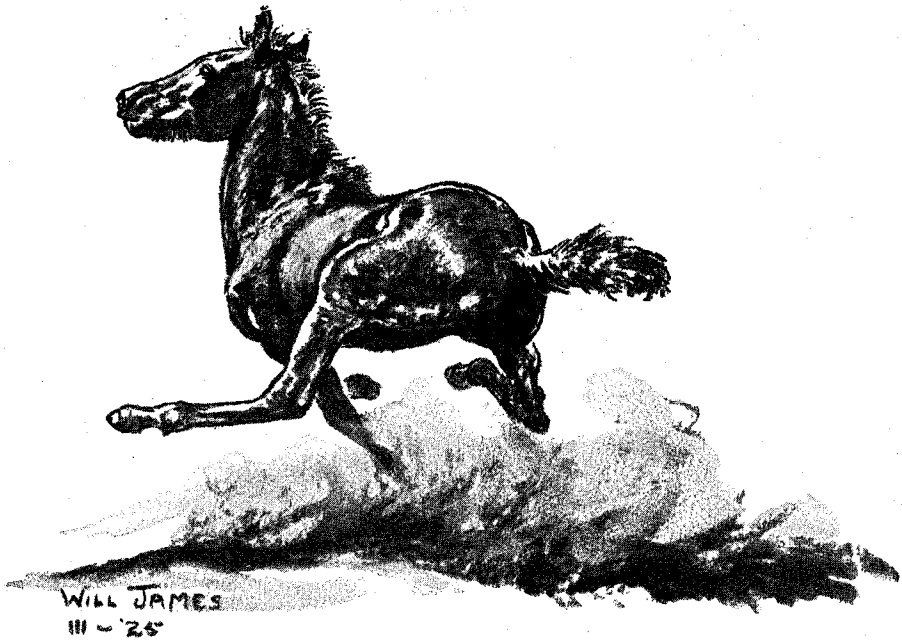
But the running didn't do any good, for it wasn't many miles further when him and all was hazed into the wings and through the gate of a big corral. A while later, and while fear still had the best of the mouse colored pony, a rope circled his front feet, he was jerked to the ground, something was slipped on his head, and then the foot ropes was took away. He stood up, but he wasn't free, and as he tried to break away a fear of the kind he'd never felt before took holt of him.

Clint, the bronco buster of the Rocking R, had dreamed of sometime running acrost such a horse as the one he'd just fastened his hackamore onto, he'd never thought that there was such a horse living. And now, while he was handling the rope that held the horse's head, he was watching him, and sort of fearing that this one would show *some sort* of blemish which would class him as just an average after all.

The pony fought, bit at the rope that held him, and all the while the bronco buster watched. He watched for bad points in the horse, and finally deciding with a glad feeling that there wasn't any, begin to look for the good points. At that he was more than satisfied, for good points cropped out all over the mouse colored horse, the spirit and brains was there a plenty, and as for built, he was a hundred per cent perfect.

Two days went by when the pony's first eddication came with the picket rope. That rope was forty feet long, big and soft, and fastened to a log in a little meadow by the corral. In them two days Clint was often present and by the horse. He'd talk to him once in a while, and gradually the horse got so he could hear the sound of that voice without trying to break away.

"Well, how's Smoky this morning?" says Clint early on the third day of the horse's eddication. Smoky was the name the cowboy thought fitted the horse the most, and as Clint figgered, it wasn't a bad sounding name either. It sure did fit.



It wasn't many days when all the wobbliness went out of his legs.—Page 339.

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TWENTY feet of rope was laying between the cowboy's hand and the pony's head. The cowboy was standing there just watching and smiling some at the surprised look that's in the pony's face, that pony had just been stopped sudden in his bucking with an empty saddle, it was the first time a saddle had been on his slick back and it was no wonder he tried to get out from under that thing, nothing had ever clung there before.

"Now, you just take it easy for a spell, and keep your head up," says that cowboy as he started walking towards the pony.—Legs wide apart, a wild look in his eyes, and a snorting his surprise Smoky watched him come, he didn't know wether to stand his ground and start fighting or back away as the cowboy came.—On he came, and as Smoky was seeing no sign of harm, he stood in his tracks, watched, and waited. A hand touched him on the forehead and moved on down his neck, the cowboy was a talking to him the while, and pretty soon Smoky's heart wasn't thumping so hard no more.

He was then led a little ways, and as he heard the squeak of leather and felt the weight of the saddle with each step he took, an awful hankering came to him to put his head down and try to buck it off, but the cowboy was right there in front of him and he didn't want to be stopped again and so sudden as he'd been stopped that first time he'd tried to buck with an empty saddle.

And now, while Clint was handling the rope that held the horse's head, he was watching him, and sort of fearing that this one would show *some sort* of blemish, which would class him as just an average after all.—Page 341.

The other side of the corral was reached and there Clint turned and rubbed Smoky on the ear. "Well, old boy, let's see how you're going to behave when I get up in the middle of you."

Smoky watched the man reach for the latigo and felt the cinch tighten up, a hump came in his back which made the saddle set near on end, it was the hump that carried the punch in the buck, and most likely Clint could of led the pony around some till the hump wore down and his back straightened up again, but that rider wasn't for taking the buck out of a bronc too quick, he believed a good sensible horse should buck at the first few "settings" and he wasn't the kind of rider that'd smother that natural feeling and have it come out later, when

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the horse is supposed to be broke gentle.

He let the hump be and never moved the pony out of his tracks, he knowed that just one move would be enough to start that pony to exploding, and Smoky was set and just a waiting for that signal to start. He watched the cowboy raise his chaps so the belt wouldn't hinder his leg action, watched him pull his hat brim down solid, and then he couldn't watch no more. Something had come between him and his vision, it was the cowboy's thumb which had layed over his left eyelid and pulled it down over his eye—In the next second he felt a weight added on to that of the saddle, and all of a sudden he could see again.

But what he did see left him stary eyed and paralyzed, for half a minute he just stood like petrified, that cowboy had disappeared from the side of him, and instead, there he was right in the middle of his back and on that hunk of leather he'd been hankering to shed off ever since it was put on there.

A hand touched him on the forehead. —Page 342.

Instinct pointed out only one way for him to act, it was telling him that neither the human nor the leather belonged up there in the middle of him that way, and that if he tried he could most likely get rid of 'em. There was nothing else to do that he could see, and right then he felt that he sure must do *something*.

His head went down, and a beller came out of him that said much as "I want you"— Up went Smoky's withers followed by the hump that made the saddle twist like on a pivot, and last came steel muscles like shot out of the earth and which carried the whole mixed up and crooked conglameration of man and horse up in mid air and seemed like to shake there for a spell before coming down. All seemed heads and tails and made a picture of the kind that was mighty hard to see, and still harder to figger out.

Saddle strings was a popping like on a whip lash, leather was a squeaking, corrals shook as the hard-hitting hoofs of the pony hit the earth, and a dust was stirred that looked like a young cloud. Smoky was scared, mad, and desperate. All the action, strength, and endurance that was in him was brought out to do its best. Not a hair on his hide was laying idle through the performance, every muscle tightened and loosened in a way to shake the weight on his back and make it pop.

Clint felt the muscles work even through the saddle, and every part of that pony which his legs touched seemed as hard as steel and full of fast working bumps which came and went, twisted his saddle under him, and made him wonder if it was going to stay. It seemed like sometimes that Smoky was headed one way and his saddle another, he wasn't always sure of the whereabouts of that pony's head, and in all his riding that's what he wanted to keep track of most, 'cause losing track of a horse's head at them times is something like riding blind-folded, a rider would prepare for one kind of a jolt and meet another, which would cause things to scatter considerable.

Some kind of description on the hard jumps Smoky was putting through might be got when I go to say that before the horse got half done bucking, Clint's sack of tabacco, cigarette papers, matches and all had disappeared out of his pockets and layed scattered around the corral, and some of his belongings even layed on the outside of it.

But Clint was still straight up and on top when Smoky's hard jumps finally dwindled down to crowhops and then a

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stop; that pony was needing wind mighty bad, and as his nostrils opened wide, was taking in the necessary air; he felt a hand a rubbing along his neck, and wild eyed, ears cocked back at the cowboy that was still there, he stood and heard him talk.

"You done a mighty fine job, little horse," says Clint, "and I'd of been disappointed a lot not to've found that kind of spirit in a horse like you."

If Smoky had been raised amongst humans like a dog and been with 'em steady that way, he'd of had a hunch or felt what Clint said and meant, but Smoky was a wild horse of the flats and mountains. It'd only been three days since his eddication started, and even though the sound of Clint's tone and the feel of his hand soothed him some, he would buck again and again, it was his instinct to fight the human, and he would fight till that human showed he could handle him and proved a friend.

That had to be done gradual, and Smoky had no way to know as yet that man could be a friend of his, not while the breaking was going on anyway, for through that spell a horse is *made* to do things he sometimes don't want to do and which all keeps down the confidence that would come faster if that didn't have to be done.

Smoky was doing some tall figgering as he stood there trembling and wondering if there wasn't anything that he could get by with, he'd been made to do things just as that cowboy pleased and he'd found no say in the goings on, none at all. If he could only've bucked him off that would of pleased him a lot, but the little horse didn't know that he wouldn't of won anything by that, he didn't know he was on this earth for the purpose of the human and that if he did throw one man another would climb him till finally he'd have to give in and go through a lot of grief the while.

Smoky felt a light slap on his neck. "Come on, young feller," says the cowboy. "Let's see you trot around the corral a while."

But Smoky bucked more than he trotted, the cowboy let him, and when his head would come up he'd keep him on the go till finally there seemed to be no buck in the horse at all.

"I reckon that'll be enough for you for to-day," says Clint, as he headed Smoky for the side of the corral and made him face the bars to a stop. He then reached for the pony's left ear and twisted it some, just enough to keep that pony's attention on the twist of that ear most while he got off.

Clint touched the ground with his right foot, and keeping his left in the stirrup, at the same time keeping close to the horse's shoulder and out of the reach of his hind feet, he held that position for a few seconds. Smoky was watching him, shaking like a leaf and ready to paw the daylight out of the cowboy at the first wrong move or sudden jab of a knee.

Clint *wanted* him to watch, this was part of the eddication, and all that cowboy wanted to teach right then was for Smoky to stand and not to go to acting up. Slow and easy, at the same time having complete control of himself and his horse, Clint raised himself up in the saddle again, it was done in a way that only bronc busters know, Smoky never even felt the pull on the saddle as the cowboy climbed on, and if that saddle hadn't even been cinched it wouldn't of budged then, so neat it was done.

Clint climbed on and off a few times that way, Smoky stood and shivered, scared, but willing it seemed like to take his medicine, maybe it'd come to his mind that there was no use fighting that cowboy, or else he was getting tired—anyway that was the last of it, Smoky felt the cinch loosen and then slow and easy the saddle was pulled off. About that time he whirled and faced the rider who was holding the saddle, he took a sniff at the hunk of leather and snorted like to say, "Gee! I thought that thing was on me for good."

The saddle was set to one side and the cowboy begin rubbing Smoky's back with a gunny sack, and according to the way that pony acted that felt mighty good, his upper lip stuck out and twitched with every motion of the rubbing, and when Clint finally quit the little horse's action showed plain that he should do it some more, Clint rubbed again.

"I'm afraid," he says as he grinned and rubbed, "that I'm naturally going to spoil you; here we just got through with the

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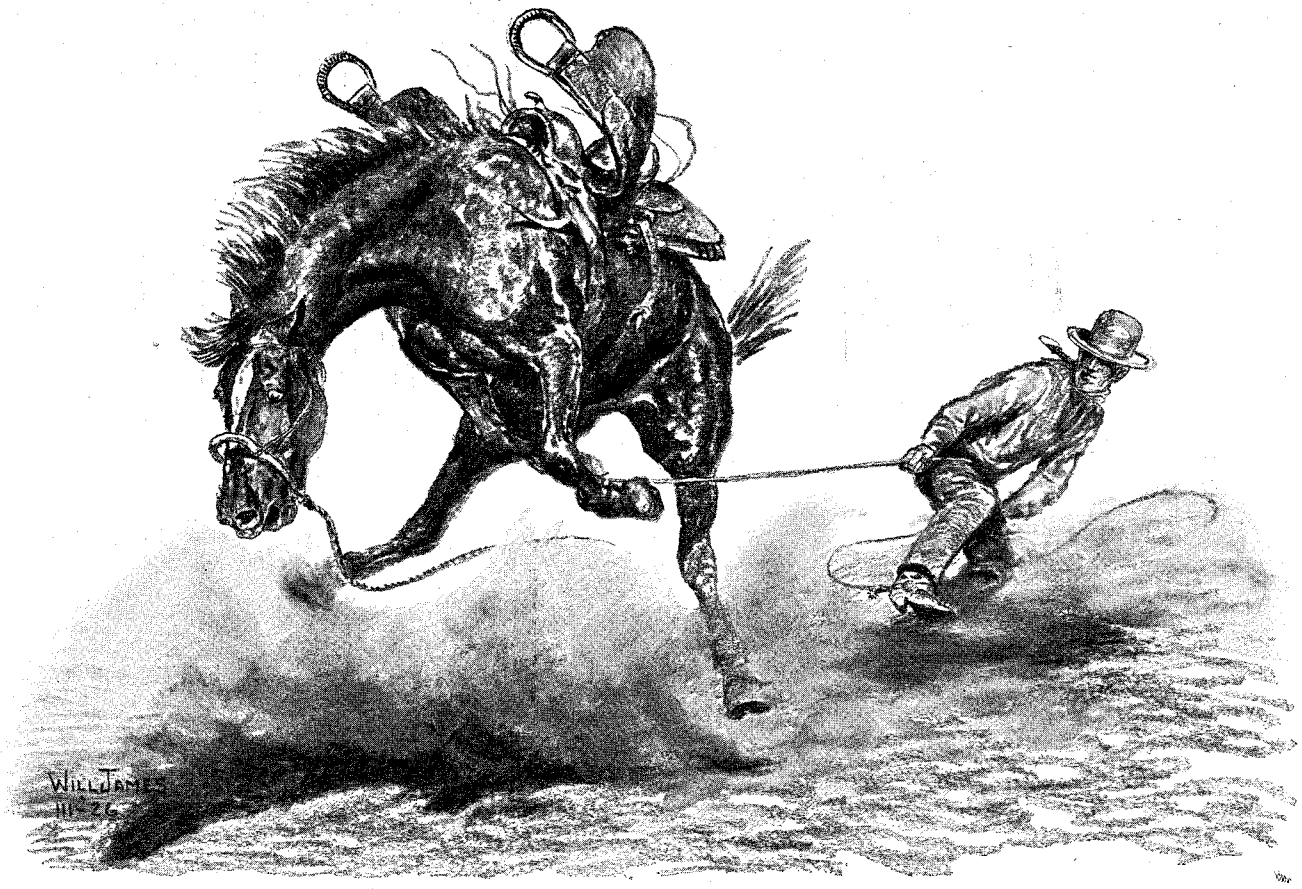

He didn't forget how he was stopped, and so sudden, that first time he'd tried to buck with an empty saddle.—Page 342.

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first saddling and you're beginning to look for favors already."

Smoky's picket grounds was moved to a fresh one for that night and where the grass was tall, a plenty and green, but somehow his appetite wasn't at its best, and when the break of day come there was very little sign (as Clint noticed) that the pony had et at all, he'd just stood in one spot, looked like, and seemed to've done tall wondering and figgering instead of feeding. He was ganted up the same as if he'd been rode all that night, and still there was no show of any appetite for the feed that was under and all around him.

And when a glance back showed Smoky the rider was still there, he got desperate again and begin to see red. —Page 349.

As Clint worked in the corral busy with other broncs he'd look through the bars for any show of interest in the little horse, he'd look often, but most every time that pony's position was about the same, and if he did catch him with his head down he

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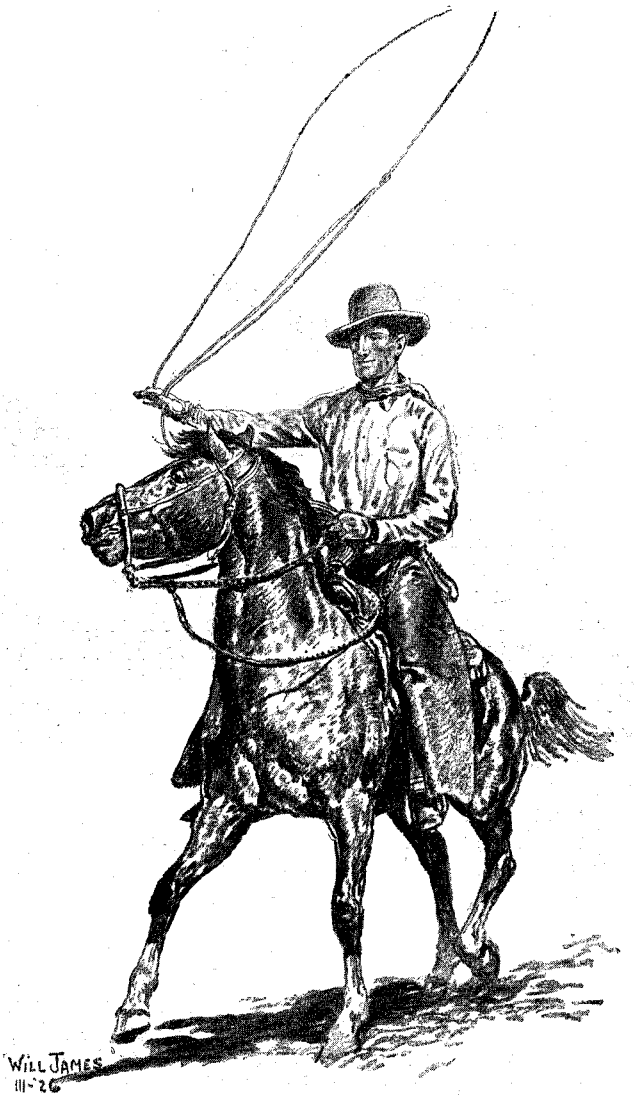
noticed how Smoky was just nibbling at the feed, and not eating much.

Smoky was taking the change, from the life he'd led to what he was now going through, kinda hard, harder than the average wild horse ever does, and Clint layed it that the little horse had more brains than the average, more sensitive maybe, and more able to realize.

"I guess I'd better lay off of him today," decides the cowboy, as he noticed very little change in him even late that afternoon, "he's having a hard time trying to figger things out as it is."

It was bright and early the next morning when Clint looked out of the bunkhouse door and noticed Smoky out on the creek bottom, it appeared that the little horse, after figgering and figgering, had come to some sort of decision, and that done and settled had went to eating again, for that's what he was doing when Clint looked out, Smoky was eating like he was trying to make up for the time he'd lost,



Smoky wondered what a rope was doing up there.—Page 351.

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and he seemed all at peace with everything in general.

The cowboy grinned, "I know what that son of a gun has decided on," he remarked, "he's going to fight, and I see where I'm sure due for a tossing from that pony to-day."

Clint done his day's work, and after riding and lining out nine head of rough and kinky broncs, went to where Smoky was picketed and led him into the corral where he'd been initiated a couple of days before. He was some kind of a different horse than what he'd been that day, his head was higher and more with just one purpose, he didn't shy and snort at every little thing like he did that first time, and Clint noticed that he never seemed to see the saddle as it was eased on his back and cinched.

"I don't like the sound of them 'rollers' that's making that noise in them nostrils of yours," he remarked, "they sound to me like you meant business."

Smoky did mean business, and even though Clint was doing considerable kidding, he meant business too, he wasn't going to let the little horse get away with anything, for he realized that if he did it'd be harder than ever to persuade him to be good, he'd have to be treated rough, and Clint didn't want to treat him rough.

The cowboy seen the light in Smoky's eyes and understood it, he understood his every action, and they all meant fight.

"I'm glad to see so much spirit in you, old boy," he says as he pulled his hat down, "but if you want to fight I'll have to fight too, and here's hoping the best one of us wins, let's go."

Smoky only shook his head a little as Clint put his hand on his left eye and mounted, he didn't want to notice a little thing like that, which was just as much as a warning from him for that cowboy to get set, set well and solid, for in this next performance things was a going to pop worse than ever.

There's a big difference between the bucking that comes with the first setting of a bronc and the bucking that comes with the settings that follows afterwards on that same bronc. The first time Smoky was rode he was just a plain scared pony, of course his intentions was all to the good towards throwing that cowboy, saddle and all, off, but he was too scared and desperate to try and figger out how that should be done, he'd learned from that first setting that plain bucking wouldn't faze that rider, he'd have to use some science, and with a cool head, study out the weak points the rider might have, and work on them weak points till a shadow on the ground tells him the cowboy is *leaving*.

Smoky had learned that it wouldn't get him anything to stampede hot headed into bucking like he did that first time, maybe that's what he'd been studying on the last day or so, anyway, he was some cool horse, and when he "bowed his head" this time it was all done deliberate and easy, he lined out with a few easy jumps just to sort of feel out how that cowboy was a setting as a preliminary, and with an eye back on all the movements of the rider as he went, he layed his plans on just how to proceed and get his man.

It was just when Clint seemed to be riding his easiest when without warning Smoky "broke in two" and brought out some mighty wicked saddle-twisting and cowboy-loosening jumps, crooked, high, and hard hitting was them jumps; it looked to the horse like his man was loosened at the sudden turning of events and had been shifted to one side a little—and that's just what Smoky was looking for to carry on the programme he'd mapped out.

It was the first encouragement that pony'd got since he first felt a rope on him, maybe he could get it over that cowboy yet. He bucked all the harder from the new energy the signs of winning brought him, no chance did he give so that the cowboy would ever get back in the saddle and straighten up, and every jump from then on was used as a kind of leverage against the rider, he bucked in a circle and every time he'd hit the ground he was his whole length back from where he'd started up.

The cowboy was well up on the fork of the saddle and still to one side, Smoky bucked on, and cool as a cucumber in a mountain stream, kept a watching and took care that he didn't buck back under him, he was holding his own, and looked for signs of the rider loosening some more, but no sign of that showed. The cowboy was still to one side and well up in the saddle, but he sure hung there, and

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with his left hand on the "Mecate" (hackamore rope) he kept his right up in the air and fanned on the same as ever.

As the fight kept on and no show of the cowboy ever loosening up any more was seen, Smoky begin to wonder, he'd tried different tactics and with all his figgering and variety of sidewinding he couldn't tear away from that hanging hunk of humanity. He was getting tired, his lungs begin to call for air and pretty soon he wasn't so cool no more.

All that was in him, science and everything, was brought out on a few more earth-shaking jumps, and when a glance back showed Smoky the rider was still setting there, he got desperate again and begin to see red. He bellered and at the same time forgot all he'd studied on in the ways of getting his man.

The fight didn't last long after that, it was too furious and unscientific. Smoky fought the air, the earth, and everything in general, nothing in perticular was his aim, and pretty soon he lined out in long easy crowhops and then a standstill.

Clint climbed off as Smoky stood spraddle-legged and took in the air, the little horse never seemed to notice him and in a hazy way felt the rider's hand rubbing

The bush came out and headed straight for Smoky.—Page 352.

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around his ears and straightening out his mane.

"I knowed you'd give me a tossing today," says Clint.

And there was one thing Smoky didn't know, it was that no time during the fight did the cowboy feel he was losing his saddle, a setting to one side the way he had been was just a long-staying holt of his, something like a half nelson with the wrastler.

Poor Smoky had lost again, but in a way he'd won, he'd won the heart of a cowboy, cause, through that fight that cowboy's feelings was for the little horse, he'd seen, understood, and admired the show of thinking qualities and the spirit which was Smoky's.

The idea might be got, on account of Smoky being the steady loser, that his spirit would get jarred and finally break, but if anybody thinking so could of seen that horse the next day that idea would of been scattered considerable. His time on the picket rope had been spent on *more* thinking and figgering, and the way he went after the tall grass showed he meant to be in shape to carry through whatever the new scheme was.

And some would of thought it queer to've seen how Smoky, the steady loser in the contest, seemed to hold no grudge or hate against the winning cowboy, as it was, that pony seemed to welcome that human a lot as he walked towards him the next morning, and the way he rubbed his head against the shoulder of that smiling rider showed that the fights in the corral had got to be some friendly; both was mighty serious, and both meant to win in them fights, but soon as they was over and the dust cleared there was a feeling the likes of when two friends have an argument, when the argument comes to an end both the loser and winner are ready to grin, shake hands, and be friends again.

Smoky had lost out twice in trying to dodge out from under his man, but he was nowheres near convinced as yet that it couldn't be done. The third time Clint climed him that pony bucked harder than ever and that cowboy just sat up there and let him. Clint had whipped *some* horses for bucking that way, but he'd whipped them because it was natural orneriness that made 'em buck. With Smoky it was different, there was no meanness in him so far, that pony was confident that nothing could set him once he got onto the hang of knowing how to buck real well, and all he wanted was to be *showed* for sure that Bill could really set there and ride him through his worst that way, after that was done he'd most likely quit.

The first couple of times Smoky was rode and after he'd quit his bucking, there hadn't been much more to it excepting that Clint would just run him around a bit and turn him a few times till the hump was well down on that pony's back. Smoky had got to thinking that was all would ever come of being corraled and saddled, and so he was some surprised, after the bucking spell was over at that third setting, to see the corral gate opened wide, the cowboy on him again, and heading him for open country.

Smoky took to the high ridges like a duck takes to water, he trotted out like a good horse, and then was put into a long lope. Covering territory felt mighty good to the little horse for a change and he wasn't caring much where the cowboy lined him out to. For a spell he'd forgot the weight on his back, his ears was straight ahead, and the hand he felt on his neck only reminded him that somebody was *with* him.

He was needing that change after being bested again like he'd been that third time. Clint had won once more and Smoky was a lot in favor of something, most anything, to drive off the feeling he'd got in losing. He was taking advantage of the run in that way and sashayed at a good clip, all went fine, till, of a sudden a jack-rabbit scared out of his hiding place jumped up and right under Smoky's nose, he shied straight up and to one side, and at the same time he was scared more by the wind of Clint's chap which had curled up and slapped along his shoulder. Away he went to bucking once again.

The first few jumps was mighty wicked but they didn't last, he'd already had his buck out not long before and pretty soon he straightened into a lope once again. Clint let him lope a ways then turned him and headed him back to the corrals, stopped him there, turned him a few times and started him out a ways only to

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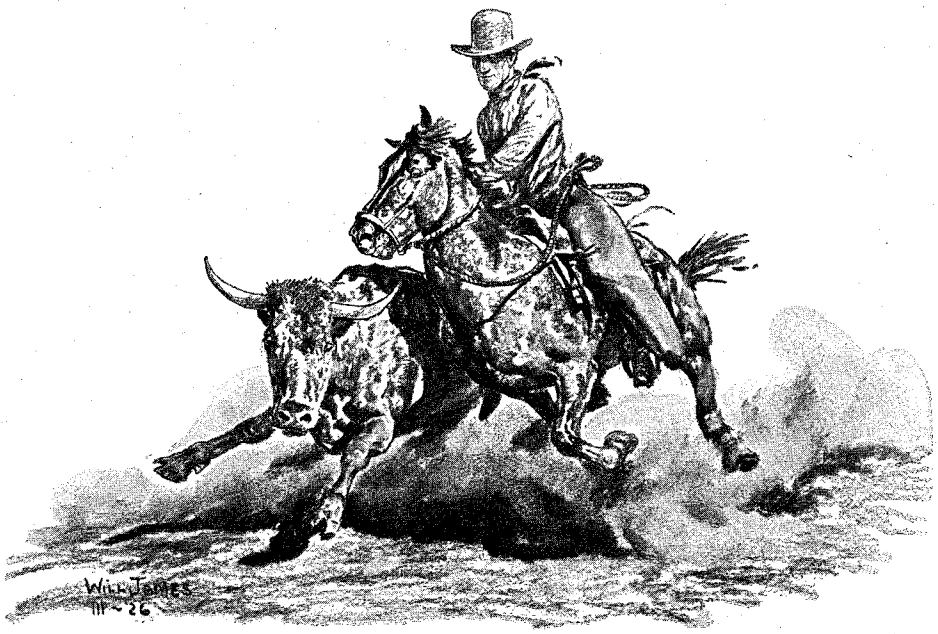
turn him and bring him back again. That went on for a few minutes, and then Smoky was unsaddled and put on the picket rope once more.

The run had tired Smoky a little and give him an appetite, he didn't do so much figgering on how to get his man that night, and instead he grazed more, rested some, and even slept a little. When he was led to the corral the next day and the saddle put on he even neglected to watch the cowboy and begin to show interest in the broncs that was in another corral. His ambitions hadn't allowed him to do that before, but somehow, things had changed. —Figgering ways and means of throwing off that rider had got to be tiresome, specially when nothing but disappointment was ever got by it, and besides that saddle and man was getting so they wasn't so bad to stand up under no more.

But as neutral as Smoky showed and felt, that little son of a gun bucked again, of course there was nothing in his bucking that was so wicked as it had been in them first three saddlings, it was more that he felt he should buck *some*, it made him feel better, and besides he was wanting exercise, but he raised the dust and pounded the earth in good shape even at that, and that play of his would of throwed many a man.

Another run like the one of the day before, a few turnings and teachings on the feel of the rein, and Smoky was through for another day. He was getting used to the lay of the programme Clint had set, and the new game that was brought on right along as he was rode, begin to draw the pony's interest.



He liked to chase the wild-eyed cow, turn her when she didn't want to be turned, and put her where she didn't want to be put.—Page 352.

Then one day the cowboy begin dragging a rope on him, he let it drag quite a ways, and even though Smoky watched it mighty close so it wouldn't circle around his legs and throw him like most ropes always did, it didn't worry him much. Pretty soon Clint coiled the rope up and made a loop which he started whirling in the air, the whirling was slow and easy at first and done with a small loop. Smoky looked back all interest and snorted a little, he wondered what that rope was doing up there and what Clint was up to.

But nothing happened only that the whirling kept up, the loop was gradually made bigger and then it was throwed on

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the ground a ways in front of him. Smoky shied and snorted and the coils shot out, straightened, and all of it pulled up again by the cowboy, but he didn't try to run away from it, he hadn't forgot the eddication he'd received from the long soft picket rope. He'd learned from it that it didn't pay to stampede when a rope was around, on account that them ropes had a way of stopping him that couldn't at all be argued with.

Loops was made, throwed out, and drug in again one right after another, they went one side one time, and another side the next, then in front and back, till Smoky begin to lose fear no matter which way the rope went or how it coiled up. It was at the point when he was beginning to lose interest in the game that Clint roped a small bush, the rope tightened on it and Smoky pulled, he pulled more in wonder what was holding him than with the idea of what he should do, but anyway the bush came out and headed straight for Smoky as it did, he struck at it and would of left from there, but Clint held him and made him face it.

Smoky shook like a leaf as slow but sure the cowboy kept a pulling the bush towards him, he struck again and snorted as it touched his front feet, and he bucked a couple of jumps when he felt it up along his shoulder, but there was no getting away from it, the way that bush moved, it looked like something vicious to Smoky, and when Clint took the rope off of it, and held it out under the pony's nose for him to see what it was the little horse near showed signs of shame for getting scared.

Loose stumps, branches, pieces of old wagons, and everything that could be drug or moved was roped, anything that was light enough was pulled up for Smoky to investigate, and each time he was showed that he'd been shying and fighting for no reason, till finally, nothing could be found that brought any more than a snort from him. An old coal-oil can was then roped and brought up a rattling under Smoky's nose, but he even stood his ground at that.

He was learned to pull on the rope and made to drag things as heavy as a yearling critter, then gradually Clint made him keep the rope tight and hold it that way till a couple of light jerks on it made him give slack. All that took time, and the cowboy learned him only one thing each day, sometimes very little of that one thing, but as the days went by it all accumulated to a lot.

It done Clint's heart good to watch the way Smoky was taking to things, his little ears worked back and forth, and with his eyes never missed a move that went on, his nostrils quivered at all that was new, and the cowboy was noticing with a glad feeling that the pony was putting a lot of trust in him, a word from that cowboy, or a touch from his hand was getting to mean a lot when that pony was dubious or at the point of scaring at some new happening.

Clint hunted up a bunch of cattle one day and acquainted Smoky with some pointers in the handling of the critters, he'd haze the horse in the bunch, cut out some fat kinky yearling, and make him put his interest on that yearling only. All was a puzzle to Smoky at first, and he had no idea of what he should do, but Clint give him his time, and coaching him along it wasn't but a few days when the little horse understood some of what was wanted of him. In the meantime the teachings with the rope wasn't left behind, that went along with working cattle, and once in a while Clint would snare some big calf and make Smoky keep his nose along that rope while the calf circled, bucked, and bellered.

Smoky showed signs of liking all that went on, he took interest in it the same as a kid would to some new game, he liked to chase the wild-eyed cow, turn her when she didn't want to be turned, and put her where she didn't want to be put, he liked to hold the rope tight on one of the critters and feel that *he* was the one that was keeping 'er down. It all struck him as a kind of a game where every animal before him had to do as *he* and the cowboy wished.

He was all for catching on and not a nerve in him was idle as Clint would take him of evenings and ride him out for a spell and chase, cut out, or rope at the critter. Them goings on had his mind occupied and the fact that he'd figger and think on the subject between times was proved by the way he'd go at things in a decided and knowing how way, when the day before the same thing had left him puzzled and wondering.

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That little work he was getting and the all heart interest he was finding in it, had settled him to the big change from the free life he'd led with the old buckskin horse and the bunch of mares and colts, his mammy was even forgotten, and instead there'd sprouted in him something that made him take a liking for the long lanky cowboy that came to see and *play* with him every day. He'd got to finding a lot of pleasure in doing just what that cowboy wanted him to do, and when that was done there was a hankering in him to do just a little bit more.

That's the way Clint wanted to keep him, just a hankering to do more would get results, and he was careful to see that the little horse didn't tire on the work, he wanted to make it play for him and keep it that way as long as he could, for he knowed that was the way to keep Smoky's heart and spirit all in one hunk and intact.

["Smoky—At Work" will appear in the May Number.]

The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

VI

MICHAEL VISITS BETHNAL GREEN

THE feeling of depression with which Michael had come back from his visit to the fount and origin was somewhat mitigated by letters he was receiving from people of varying classes, nearly all young. They were so earnest. They made him wonder whether, after all, practical politicians were not too light-hearted, like the managers of music-halls who protected the public so carefully from their more tasteful selves. They made him feel that there might be a spirit in the country that was not really represented in the House or even in the Press. Among these letters was one which ran:

"Sunshine House,
Bethnal Green.

"DEAR MR. MONT,

"I was so awfully glad to read your speech in *The Times*. I instantly got Sir James Foggart's book. I think the whole policy is simply splendid. You've no idea how heart-breaking it is for us who try to do things for children, to know that whatever we do is bound to be snowed under by the life they go to when school age ends. We have a good opportunity here of seeing the realities of child life in London. It's wonderful to watch the fondness of the mothers for the little ones, in spite of their own hard lives—though not all, of course, by any means; but we often notice, and I think it's common experience, that when the children get beyond twelve or fourteen the fondness has another sort of fondness tacked on to it. The commercial possibilities of the child begin to make themselves felt. When money comes in at the door, disinterested love seems to move toward the window. I suppose it's natural, but it's awfully sad, because the commercial possibilities are generally so miserable; and the children's after-life is often half ruined for the sake of the few shillings they earn. I do fervently hope something will come of your appeal; only—things move so slowly, don't they? I wish you would come down and see our House here. The children are adorable, and we try to give them sunshine.

Sincerely yours,
NORAH CURFEW."

Bertie Curfew's sister! That case! But surely it would not really come to anything! Grateful for encouragement, and seeking light on Foggartism, he de-

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The Silver Spoon" will be found on page 5 of the advertising section.

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cided to go. Perhaps Norah Curfew would take the little Boddicks! He suggested to Fleur that she should accompany him, but she was afraid of picking up something unsuitable to the eleventh baronet, so he went alone.

The house, facing the wintry space called Bethnal Green, consisted of three small houses converted into one, with their three small back yards, trellised round and gravelled, for a playground. Over the door were the words: "Sunshine House," in gold capitals. The walls were cream-colored; the woodwork dark, and the curtains of gay chintz. Michael was received in the entrance-lobby by Norah Curfew herself. Tall, slim and straight, with dark hair brushed back from a pale face; she had brown eyes, clear, straight, and glowing. 'Gosh!' thought Michael, as she wrung his hand: 'She *is* swept and garnished. No basement in her soul!'

"It *was* good of you to come, Mr. Mont. Let me take you over the house. This is the playroom."

Michael entered a room of spotless character, which had evidently been formed from several knocked into one. Six small children dressed in blue linen were seated on the floor, playing games. They embraced the knees of Norah Curfew when she came within reach, with the exception of one little girl Michael thought rather ugly.

"These are our residents. The others only come out of school hours. We have to limit them to fifty, and that's a pretty good squeeze. We want funds to take the next two houses."

"How many of you are working here?"

"Six—two of us do the cooking; one the accounts; and the rest washing, mending, games, singing, dancing, and general chores. Two of us live in."

"I don't see your harps and crowns."

Norah Curfew smiled.

"Pawned," she said.

"What do you do about religion?" asked Michael, thinking of the eleventh baronet's future.

"Well, on the whole we don't. You see, they're none of them more than twelve; and the religious age, when it begins at all, begins with sex about fourteen. We just try to teach kindness and cheerfulness. I had my brother down the other day. He's always laughed at me; but he's going to do a matinée for us, and give us the proceeds."

"What play?"

"I think it's called 'The Plain Dealer.' He says he's always wanted to do it for a good object."

Michael stared. "Do you know 'The Plain Dealer'?"

"No; it's by one of the Restoration people, isn't it?"

"Wycherley."

"Oh, yes!" Her eyes remaining clearer than the dawn, Michael thought: 'Poor dear! It's not my business to queer the pitch of her money-getting; but Master Bertie likes his little joke!'

"I must bring my wife down here," he said; "she'd love your walls and curtains. And I wanted to ask you: You haven't room, have you, for two more little girls, if we pay for them? Their father's down-and-out and I'm starting him in the country—no mother."

Norah Curfew wrinkled her straight brows, and on her face came the look Michael always connected with halos, an anxious longing to stretch good-will beyond power and pocket.

"Oh! we must!" she said. "I'll manage somehow. What are their names?"

"Boddick—Christian, I don't know. I call them by their ages—Four and Five."

"Give me the address. I'll go and see them myself; if they haven't got anything catching, they shall come."

"You really are an angel," said Michael, simply.

Norah Curfew colored, and opened a door. "That's silly," she said still more simply: "This is our mess-room."

It was not large, and contained a girl working a typewriter, who stopped with her hands on the keys and looked round; another girl beating up eggs in a bowl, who stopped reading a book of poetry; and a third, who seemed practising a physical exercise, and stopped with her arms extended.

"This is Mr. Mont," said Norah Curfew, "who made that splendid speech in the House. Miss Betts, Miss La Fontaine, Miss Beeston."

The girls bowed, and the one who continued to beat the eggs, said: "It was bully."

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Michael also bowed. "Beating the air, I'm afraid."

"Oh! But, Mr. Mont, it must have an effect. It said what so many people are really thinking."

"Ah!" said Michael, "but their thoughts are so deep, you know."

"Do sit down."

Michael sat on the end of a peacock-blue divan.

"I was born in South Africa," said the egg-beater, "and I know what's waiting."

"My father was in the House," said the girl, whose arms had come down to her splendid sides. "He was very much struck. Anyway, we're jolly grateful."

Michael looked from one to the other.

"I suppose if you didn't all believe in things, you wouldn't be doing this? You don't think the shutters are up in England, any way?"

"Good Lord, no!" said the girl at the typewriter; "you've only to live among the poor to know that."

"The poor haven't got every virtue; and the rich haven't got every vice—that's nonsense!" broke in the physical exerciser.

Michael murmured soothingly.

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was wondering whether something doesn't hang over our heads too much?"

"D'you mean poison gas?"

"Partly—and town blight, and a feeling that progress has been found out."

"Well, I don't know," replied the egg-beater, who was dark and pretty: "I used to think so in the war. But Europe isn't the world. Europe isn't even very important, really. The sun hardly shines there, anyway."

Michael nodded. "After all, if the Millennium comes and we do blot each other out, in Europe, it'll only mean another desert about the size of the Sahara, and the loss of a lot of people obviously too ill-conditioned to be fit to live. It'd be a jolly good lesson to the rest of the world, wouldn't it? Luckily the other continents are far off each other."

"Cheerful!" exclaimed Norah Curfew.

Michael grinned.

"Well, one can't help catching the atmosphere of this place. I admire you all frightfully, you know, giving up everything, to come and do this."

"That's tosh," said the girl at the typewriter. "What is there to give up—bunny-hugging? One got used to doing things in the war."

"If it comes to that," said the egg-beater, "we admire you much more, for not giving up Parliament."

Again Michael grinned.

"Miss La Fontaine—wanted in the kitchen!"

The egg-beater went toward the door.

"Can you beat eggs? D'you mind? Shan't be a minute." Handing Michael the bowl and fork, she vanished.

"What a shame!" said Norah Curfew. "Let me!"

"No," said Michael; "I can beat eggs with anybody. What do you all feel about cutting children adrift at fourteen?"

"Well, of course, it'll be bitterly opposed," said the girl at the typewriter. "They'll call it inhuman and all that. It's much more inhuman really to keep them here."

"The real trouble," said Norah Curfew, "apart from the shillings earned, is the class-interference idea. Besides Imperialism isn't popular."

"I should jolly well think it isn't," muttered the physical exerciser.

"Ah!" said the typist, "but this isn't Imperialism, is it, Mr. Mont? It's all on the lines of making the Dominions the equal at least of the Mother Country."

Michael nodded. "Commonwealth."

"That won't prevent their camouflaging their objection to losing the children's wages," said the physical exerciser.

A close discussion ensued among the three young women as to the exact effect of children's wages on the working-class budget. Michael beat his eggs and listened. It was, he knew, a point of the utmost importance. The general conclusion seemed to be that children earned on the whole rather more than their keep, but that it was "very short-sighted in the long run," because it fostered surplus population and unemployment, and a "great shame" to spoil the children's chances for the sake of the parents.

The re-entrance of the egg-beater put a stop to it.

"They're beginning to come in, Norah."

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The physical exerciser slipped out and Norah Curfew said:

"Now, Mr. Mont, would you like to see them?"

Michael followed her. He was thinking 'I wish Fleur had come!' These girls seemed really to believe in things.

Down-stairs the children were trickling in from school. He stood and watched them. They seemed a queer blend of anæmia and vitality, of effervescence and obedience. Unselfconscious as puppies, but old beyond their years; and yet looking as if they never thought ahead. Each movement, each action was as if it were their last. They were very quick. Most of them carried something to eat in a paper bag or a bit of grease-paper. They chattered and didn't laugh. Their accent struck Michael as deplorable. Six or seven at most were nice to look at, but nearly all seemed good-tempered, and none appeared to be selfish. Their movements were jerky. They mobbed Norah Curfew and the physical exerciser; obeyed without question, ate without appetite, and grabbed at the house cat. Michael was fascinated.

With them came four or five mothers, who had questions to ask or bottles to fill. They too were on perfect terms with the young women. Class did not exist in this house; only personality was present. He noticed that the children responded to his grin, that the women didn't, though they smiled at Norah Curfew and the physical exerciser; he wondered if they would give him a bit of their minds if they knew of his speech.

Norah Curfew accompanied him to the door.

"Aren't they ducks?"

"By George!" said Michael; "if I saw much of them I should give up Foggartism."

"Oh! but why?"

"Well, you see, it designs to make them men and women of property."

"You mean that would spoil them?"

Michael grinned. "There's something dangerous about silver spoons. Here's my initiation fee." He handed her all his money.

"Oh! Mr. Mont, we didn't——"

"Well, give me back sixpence, otherwise I shall have to walk home."

"It's frightfully kind of you. Do come again, and please don't give up Foggartism."

He walked to the train thinking of her eyes, and, on reaching home, said to Fleur:

"You absolutely must come and see that place. It's quite clean and the spirit's topping. It's bucked me up like anything. Norah Curfew's perfectly splendid!"

Fleur looked at him between her lashes. "Oh!" she said: "I will."

VII

CONTRASTS

THE land beyond the coppice at Lippinghall was a ten-acre bit of poor grass, chalk, and gravel, fenced round to show that it was property. Except for one experiment with goats, abandoned because nobody would drink their milk in a country that did not go in for growing its own food, nothing had been done with it. By December it was being actively exploited. Close to the coppice the hut had been erected, and at least an acre converted into a sea of mud. The coppice itself presented an incised and draggled appearance, owing to the ravages of Henry Boddick and another man, who had cut and stacked a quantity of timber, which a contractor was gradually rejecting, for the fowl-house and granary. The incubator-house was at present in the nature of a prophecy. Progress, in fact, was somewhat English, and it was hoped that fowls might be asked to begin their operations soon after the New Year. In the meantime Michael had decided that the colony had better get the worst over and go into residence. Scraping the Manor House for furniture and sending in a store of groceries, oil-lamps, and soap, he installed Boddick on the left, earmarked the centre for the Bergfelds, and the right hand for Swain. He was present when the Manor car brought them from the station. The murky day was turning cold, the trees dripped, the car-wheels splashed up the surface water. From the doorway of the hut Michael watched them get out, and thought he had never seen three more untimely creatures. Bergfeld came first; having only one suit,

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he had put it on, and looked what he was —an actor out of a job. Mrs. Bergfeld came second, and having no outdoor coat, looked what she was—nearly frozen. Swain came last. On his shadowy face was nothing quite so spirited as a sneer; but he gazed about him and seemed to say: 'My hat!'

Boddick with a sort of prescience, was absent in the coppice. 'He,' thought Michael, 'is my only joy!'

Taking them into the kitchen mess-room of the hut, he deployed a thermos of hot coffee, a cake, and a bottle of rum.

"Awfully sorry things look so dishevelled, but I think the hut's dry, and there are plenty of blankets. These oil-lamps smell rather. You were in the war, Mr. Swain; you'll feel at home in no time. Mrs. Bergfeld, you look so cold, do put some rum into your coffee; we always do when we go over the top!"

They all put rum into their coffee, and it had a marked effect. Mrs. Bergfeld's cheeks grew pink and her eyes darkened. Swain remarked that the hut was a "bit of all right"; Bergfeld began making a speech. Michael checked him. "Boddick knows all the ropes. I'm afraid I've got to catch a train, I've only just time to show you round."

While whirling back to town afterward he felt that he had, indeed, abandoned his platoon just as it was going over the top. That night he would be dining in society; there would be light and warmth, jewels and pictures, wine and talk; the dinner would cost the board of his "down and outs" for a quarter at least, and nobody would give them and their like a thought. If he ventured to draw Fleur's attention to the contrast, she would say:

"My dear boy, that's like a book by Gurdon Minho; you're getting sentimental." And he would feel a fool. Or would he? Would he not, perhaps, look at her small, distinguished head and think: 'Too easy a way out, my dear; those who take it have little heads!' And then his eyes, straying farther down to that white throat and all the dainty loveliness below, would convey a warmth to his blood and a warning to his brain not to give way to blasphemy, lest it end by disturbing bliss. For what with Foggartism, poultry, and the rest of it, Michael had serious thoughts sometimes that Fleur had none; and with wisdom born of love, he knew that if she hadn't, she never would have, and he must get used to it. She was what she was, and could be converted only in popular fiction. Excellent business for the self-centred heroine to turn from interest in her own belongings to interest in people who had none; but in life it wasn't done. Fleur at least camouflaged her self-concentration gracefully; and with Kit— Ah! but Kit was herself!

So he did not mention his "down and outs" on their way to dinner in Eaton Square. He took instead a lesson in the royal personage named on their invitation card, and marvelled at Fleur's knowledge. "She's interested in social matters. And do remember, Michael, not to sit down till she asks you to, and not to get up before her, and to say 'ma'am'."

Michael grinned. "I suppose they'll all be nobs, or sn—er—why the deuce did they ask us?"

But Fleur was silent, thinking of her courtesy.

Royalty was affable, the dinner short, but superb, served and eaten off gold plate, at a rate which suited the impression that there really wasn't a moment to spare. Fleur took a mental note of this new necessity. She knew personally five of the twenty-four diners, and the rest as in an illustrated paper, darkly. She had seen them all there at one time or another, stepping hideously in paddocks, photographed with their offspring or their dogs, about to reply for the Colonies, or "taking a lunar" at a flying grouse. Her quick instinct apprehended almost at once the reason why she and Michael had been invited. His speech! Like some new specimen at the Zoo, he was an object of curiosity, a stunt. She saw people nodding in the direction of him, seated opposite her between two ladies covered with flesh and pearls. Excited and very pretty, she flirted with the admiral on her right, and defended Michael with spirit from the Under-Secretary on her left. The admiral grew warm; the Under-Secretary, too young for emotion, cold.

"A little knowledge, Mrs. Mont," he said at the end of his short second innings, "is a dangerous thing."

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"Now where have I heard that?" said Fleur. "Is it in the Bible?"

The Under-Secretary tilted his chin.

"We who have to work Departments know too much, perhaps; but your husband certainly doesn't know enough. Foggartism is an amusing idea, but there it stops."

"We shall see!" said Fleur. "What do you say, admiral?"

"Foggartism! What's that—new kind of death-ray? I saw a fellow yesterday, Mrs. Mont—give you my word!—who's got a ray that goes through three bullocks, a nine-inch brick wall, and gives a shock to a donkey on the other side; and only at quarter strength."

Fleur flashed a look round toward the Under-Secretary, who had turned his shoulder, and, leaning toward the admiral, murmured:

"I wish you'd give a shock to the donkey on *my* other side, he wants it, and I'm not nine inches thick."

But before the admiral could shoot his death-ray, royalty had risen.

In the apartment to which Fleur was withdrawn, she had been saying little for some minutes, and noticing much, when her hostess came up and said:

"My dear, Her Royal Highness——"

Fleur followed, retaining every wit.

A frank and simple hand patted the sofa beside her. Fleur sat down. A frank and simple voice said:

"What an interesting speech your husband made! It was so refreshing, I thought."

"Yes, ma'am," said Fleur; "but there it will stop, I am told."

A faint smile curled lips guiltless of coloring-matter.

"Well, perhaps. Has he been long in Parliament?"

"Only a year."

"Ah! I liked his taking up the cudgels for the children."

"Some people think he's proposing a new kind of child slavery."

"Oh, really! Have you any children?"

"One," said Fleur; and added honestly: "And I must say I wouldn't part with him at fourteen."

"Ah! And have you been long married?"

"Four years."

At this moment the royal lady saw some one else she wished to speak to, and was compelled to break off the conversation, which she did very graciously, leaving Fleur with the feeling that she had been disappointed with the rate of production.

In the cab trailing its way home through the foggy night she felt warm and excited, as if Michael wasn't.

"What's the matter, Michael?"

His hand came down on her knee at once.

"Sorry, old thing! Only, really—when you think of it—eh?"

"Of what? You were quite a li— object of interest."

"The whole thing's a game. Anything for novelty!"

"The princess was very nice about you."

"Ah! Poor thing! But I suppose you get used to anything!"

Fleur laughed. Michael went on:

"Any new idea gets seized and talked out of existence. It never gets farther than the brain, and the brain gets bored; and there it is, already a back number!"

"That can't be true, Michael. What about Free Trade, or Woman Suffrage?"

Michael squeezed her knee. "All the women say to me: 'But how interesting, Mr. Mont; I think it's most thrilling!' And the men say: 'Good stunt, Mont! But not practical politics, of course.' And I've only one answer: 'Things as big got done in the war.' By George, it's foggy!"

They were going, indeed, at a snail's pace, and through the windows could see nothing but the faint glow of the street lamps emerging slowly, high up, one by one. Michael let down a window, and leaned out.

"Where are we?"

"Gawd knows, sir."

Michael coughed, put up the window again, and resumed his clutch of Fleur.

"By the way, Wastwater asked me if I'd read 'Canthar.' He says there was a snorting cut-up of it yesterday. It'll have the usual effect—send sales up."

"They say it's very clever."

"Horribly out of drawing—not fit for children, and tells adults nothing they don't know. I don't see how it can be justified."

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"Genius, my dear. If it's attacked, it'll be defended."

"Sib Swan won't have it—he says it's muck."

"Oh, yes! But Sib's getting a back number."

"That's very true," said Michael thoughtfully. "By Jove! how fast things move, except in politics, and fog."

Their cab had come to a standstill. Michael let down the window again.

"I'm fair lost, sir," said the driver's hoarse voice. "Ought to be near the Embankment, but for the life of me I can't find the turning." Michael buttoned his coat, put up the window again, and got out on the near side.

The night was smothered, alive only with the continual hootings of creeping cars. The black vapor, acrid and cold, surged into Michael's lungs.

"I'll walk beside you; we're against the curb; creep on till we strike the river, or a bobby."

The cab crept on, and Michael walked beside it, feeling with his foot for the curb.

The refined voice of an invisible man said: "This is sanguinary!"

"It is," said Michael. "Where are we?"

"In the twentieth century, and the heart of civilization."

Michael laughed, and regretted it; the fog tasted of filth.

"Think of the police!" said the voice, "having to be out in this all night!"

"Splendid force, the police!" replied Michael. "Where are you, sir?"

"Here, sir. Where are you?"

It was the exact position. The blurred moon of a lamp glowed suddenly above Michael's head. The cab ceased to move.

"If I could only smell the 'Ouses of Parliament," said the cabman. "They'll be 'avin' supper there be now."

"Listen!" said Michael—Big Ben was striking. "That was to our left."

"At our back," said the cabman.

"Can't be, or we should be in the river; unless you've turned right round!"

"Gawd knows where I've turned," said the cabman, sneezing, "never saw such a night!"

"There's only one thing for it—drive on until we hit something. Gently does it."

The cabman started the cab, and Michael, with his hand on it, continued to feel for the curb with his foot.

"Steady!" he said suddenly. "Car in front." There was a slight bump.

"Nah, then!" said a voice. "Where yer comin'? Cawn't yer see?"

Michael moved up alongside of what seemed to be another taxi.

"Comin' along at that pice!" said its driver. "And full moon, too!"

"Awfully sorry," said Michael. "No harm done. You got any sense of direction left?"

"The pubs are all closed, worse luck! There's a bloomin' car in front o' me that I've hit three times. Can't make any impression on it. The driver's dead, I think. Would yer go and look, guv'nor?"

Michael moved toward the loom in front. But at that moment it gave way to the more universal blackness. He ran four steps to hail the driver, stumbled off the curb, fell, picked himself up and spun round. He moved along the curb to his right, felt he was going wrong, stopped, and called: "Hallo!" A faint "Hallo!" replied from—where? He moved what he thought was back, and called again. No answer! Fleur would be frightened! He shouted. Half a dozen faint hallos replied to him, and some one at his elbow said: "Don't cher know where y'are?"

"No; do you?"

"What do you think? Lost anything?"

"Yes; my cab."

"Left anything in it?"

"My wife."

"Lawd! You won't get 'er back tonight." A hoarse laugh, ghostly and obscene, floated by. A bit of darkness loomed for a moment, and faded out. Michael stood still. 'Keep your head!' he thought. 'Here's the curb—either they're in front, or they're behind; or else I've turned a corner.' He stepped forward along the curb. Nothing! He stepped back. Nothing! "What the blazes have I done?" he muttered. "Or have they moved on?" Sweat poured down him in spite of the cold. Fleur would be really scared! And the words of his election address sprang from his lips: "Chiefly by the elimination of smoke!"

"Ah!" said a voice. "Got a cigarette, guv'nor?"

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"I'll give you all I've got and half a crown if you'll find a cab close by with a lady in it. What street's this?"

"Don't arst me! The streets 'ave gone mad, I think."

"Listen!" said Michael sharply.

"That's right, some one callin' so sweet."

"Hallo!" cried Michael: "Fleur!"

"Here! Here!"

It sounded to his right, to his left, behind him, in front. Then came the steady blowing of a cab's horn.

"Now we've got 'em," said the bit of darkness. "This way, guv'nor, step slow, and mind my corns!"

Michael yielded to a tugging at his coat.

"It's like No Man's Land in a smoke barrage!" said his guide.

"You're right. Hallo! Coming!"

The horn sounded a yard off. A voice said: "Oh, Michael!"

His face touched Fleur's in the window of the cab.

"Just a second, darling. There you are, my friend, and thanks awfully! Hope you'll get home!"

"I've 'ad worse nights out than this. Thank you, captain! Wish you and the lady luck." There was a sound of feet shuffling on, and the fog sighed out: "So long!"

"All right, sir," said the hoarse voice of Michael's cabman, "I know where I am now. First on the left, second on the right. I'll bump the curb till I get there. Thought you were swallered up, sir!"

Michael got into the cab and clasped Fleur close. She uttered a long sigh and sat quite still.

"Nothing more scaring than a fog!" he said.

"I thought you'd been run over!"

Michael was profoundly touched.

"Awfully sorry, darling. And you've got all that beastly fog down your throat. We'll drown it out when we get in. That poor chap was an ex-Service man. Wonderful the way the English keep their humor and don't lose their heads."

"I lost mine!"

"Well, you've got it back," said Michael, pressing it against his own to hide the emotion he was feeling. "Fog's our sheet anchor, after all. So long as we have fog England will survive." He felt Fleur's lips against his.

He belonged to her, and she couldn't afford to have him straying about in fogs or Foggartism! Was that the—? And then he yielded to the thrill.

The cabman was standing by the opened door: "Now, sir, I'm in your square. P'raps you know your own 'ouse."

Wrenched from the kiss Michael stammered: "Right-oh!" The fog was thinner here; he could consult the shape of trees. "On and to your right, third house."

There it was—desirable—with its bay-trees in its tubs and its fanlight shining. He put his latch-key in the door.

"A drink?" he said.

The cabman coughed: "I won't say no, sir."

Michael brought the drink.

"Far to go?"

"Near Putney Bridge. Your 'ealth, sir!"

Michael watched his pinched face drinking.

"Sorry you've got to plough into that again!"

The cabman handed back the glass.

"Thank 'ee, sir, I shall be all right now; keep along the river, and down the Fulham Road. Thought they couldn't lose me in London. Where I went wrong was trying for a short cut instead of takin' the straight road round. 'Ope the young lady's none the worse, sir. She was properly scared while you was out there in the dark. These fogs ain't fit for 'uman bein's. They ought to do somethin' about 'em in Parliament."

"They ought!" said Michael, handing him a pound note. "Good night, and good luck!"

"It's an ill wind!" said the cabman, starting his cab. "Good night, sir, and thank you kindly."

"Thank *you!*" said Michael.

The cab ground slowly away, and was lost to sight.

Michael went into the Spanish Room. Fleur, beneath the Goya, was boiling a silver kettle and burning pastilles. What a contrast to the world outside—its black malodorous cold reek, its risk and fear! In this pretty glowing room, with this pretty glowing woman, why think of its tangle, lost shapes, and straying cries?

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Lighting his cigarette he took his drink from her by its silver handle, and put it to his lips.

"I really think we ought to have a car, Michael!"

VIII

COLLECTING EVIDENCE

THE editor of *The Philosopher* had so evidently enjoyed himself that he caused a number of other people to do the same.

"There's no more popular sight in the East, Forsyte," said Sir Lawrence, "than a boy being spanked; and the only difference between East and West is that in the East the boy at once offers himself again at so much a spank. I don't see Mr. Percival Calvin doing that."

"If he defends himself," said Soames gloomily, "other people won't."

They waited, reading daily denunciations signed: "A Mother of Three"; "Roger: Northampton"; "Victorian"; "Alys St. Maurice"; "Plus Fours"; "Arthur Whiffkin"; "Sportsman if not Gentleman"; and "Pro Patriâ"; which practically all contained the words: "I cannot say that I have read the book through, but I have read enough to——"

It was five days before the defense fired a shot. But first came a letter above the signature: "Swishing Block," which, after commenting on the fact that a whole school of so-called literature had been indicted by the editor of *The Philosopher* in his able letter of the 14th inst., noted with satisfaction that the said school had grace enough to take its swishing without a murmur. Not even an anonymous squeak had been heard from the whole apostolic body.

"Forsyte," said Sir Lawrence, handing it to Soames, "that's my very own mite, and if it doesn't draw them—nothing will!"

But it did. The next issue of the interested journal in which the correspondence was appearing, contained a letter from the greater novelist L. S. D. which restored every one to his place. This book might or might not be art, he hadn't read it; but the editor of *The Philosopher* wrote like a pedagogue, and there was an end of him. As to the claim that literature must always wear a flannel petticoat, it was "piffle," and that was that. From under the skirts of this letter the defense, to what of exultation Soames ever permitted himself, moved out in force. Among the defenders were as many as four of the selected ten associates to whom young Butterfield had purveyed copies. They wrote over their own names that "Canthar" was distinctly *Literature;* they were sorry for people who thought in these days that *Literature* had any business with morals. The work must be approached æsthetically or not at all. *Art* was *Art*, and morality was morality, and never the twain could, would, or should meet. It was monstrous that a work of this sort should have to appear with a foreign imprint. When would England recognize genius when she saw it?

Soames cut the letters out one after the other and pasted them in a book. He had got what he wanted, and the rest of the discussion interested him no more. He had received, too, a communication from young Butterfield:

"SIR,

"I called on the lady last Monday, and was fortunately able to see her in person. She seemed rather annoyed when I offered her the book. 'That book,' she said: 'I read it weeks ago.' 'It's exciting a great deal of interest, madam,' I said. 'I know,' she said. 'Then you won't take a copy? The price is rising steadily. It'll be very valuable in time.' 'I've got one,' she said. That's what you told me to find out, sir; so I didn't pursue the matter. I hope I have done what you wanted. But if there is anything more, I shall be most happy. I consider that I owe my present position entirely to you."

Soames didn't know about that; but, as to his future position—he might have to put the young man into the box. The question of a play remained. He consulted Michael.

"Does that young woman still act in the advanced theatre place you gave me the name of?"

Michael winced: "I don't know, sir; but I could find out."

Inquiry revealed that she was cast for the part of Olivia in Bertie Curfew's matinée of "The Plain Dealer."

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"'The Plain Dealer'?" said Soames: "Is that an advanced play?"

"Yes, sir, two hundred and fifty years old."

"Ah!" said Soames, "they were a coarse lot in those days. How is it she goes on there if she and the young man have split?"

"Oh! well, they're very cool hands. I do hope you're going to keep things out of court, sir?"

"I can't tell. When is this performance?"

"January the seventh."

Soames went to his club library and took down "Wycherley." He was disappointed with the early portions of "The Plain Dealer"; but it improved as it went on, and he spent some time making a list of what George Forsyte would have called the "nubbly bits." He understood that at that theatre they did not bowdlerize. Excellent! There were passages that would raise hair on any British jury. Between "Canthar" and this play, he felt as if he had a complete answer to any claim by the young woman and her set to having "morals about them." Old professional instincts were rising within him. He had retained Sir James Foskisson, K. C., not because he admired him personally, but because if he didn't, the other side might. As junior he was employing very young Nicholas Forsyte; he had no great opinion of him, but it was as well to keep the matter in the family, especially if it wasn't to come into court.

A conversation with Fleur that evening contributed to his intention that it should not.

"What's happened to that young American?" he said.

Fleur smiled acidly. "Francis Wilmot? Oh, he's 'fallen for' Marjorie Ferrar!"

"'Fallen for her'?" said Soames: "What an expression!"

"Yes, dear, it's American."

"'For' her? It means nothing, so far as I can see."

"Let's hope not, for his sake? She's going to marry Sir Alexander MacGown, I'm told."

"Oh!"

"Did Michael tell you that he hit him on the nose?"

"Which—who?" said Soames testily: "Whose nose?"

"MacGown's, dear, and it bled like anything."

"Why on earth did he do that?"

"Didn't you read his speech about Michael?"

"Oh!" said Soames: "Parliamentary fuss—that's nothing. They're always behaving like children, there. And so she's going to marry him. Has he been putting her up to all this?"

"No; she's been putting him."

Soames discounted the information with a sniff; he scented the hostility of woman for woman. Still, chicken and egg—political feeling and social feeling, who could say which first prompted which? In any case, this made a difference. Going to be married—was she? He debated the matter for some time, and then decided that he would go and see Settlewhite and Stark. If they had been a firm of poor repute or the kind always employed in "*Causes célèbres*," he wouldn't have dreamed of it; but, as a fact, they stood high, were solid family people, with an aristocratic connection and all that.

He did not write, but took his hat and went over from the Connoisseurs to their offices in King Street, St. James's. The journey recalled old days—to how many such negotiatory meetings had he not gone or caused his adversaries to come! He had never cared to take things into court if they could be settled out of it. And always he had approached negotiation with the impersonality of one passionless about to meet another of the same kidney—two calculating machines, making their livings out of human nature. He did not feel like that to-day; and, aware of this handicap, stopped to stare into the print-and-picture shop next door. There were those first proofs of the Roussel engravings of the Prince Consort Exhibition of '51, that "Old Mont" had spoken of—he had an eye for an engraving, "Old Mont." And by George! There was a Fred Walker, quite a good one! Mason, and Walker—they weren't done for yet by any means. And the sensation that a man feels hearing a blackbird sing on a tree just coming into blossom, stirred beneath Soames' ribs.

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Long—long since he had bought a picture! Let him but get this confounded case out of the way, and he could enjoy himself again. Riving his glance from the window, he took a long breath, and walked into Settlewhite and Stark's.

The chief partner's room was on the first floor, and the chief partner standing where chief partners stand.

"How do you do, Mr. Forsyte? I've not met you since 'Bobbin against the L. & S. W.' That must have been 1900!"

"1899," said Soames. "You were for the company."

Mr. Settlewhite pointed to a chair.

Soames sat down and glanced up at the figure before the fire. H'm! A long-lipped, long-eyelashed, long-chinned face; a man of his own caliber, education, and probity! He would not beat about the bush.

"This action," he said, "is a very petty business. What can we do about it?"

Mr. Settlewhite frowned.

"That depends, Mr. Forsyte, on what you have to propose? My client has been very grossly libelled."

Soames smiled sourly.

"She began it. And what is she relying on—private letters to personal friends of my daughter's, written in very natural anger! I'm surprised that a firm of your standing——"

Mr. Settlewhite smiled.

"Don't trouble to compliment my firm! I'm surprised myself that you're acting for your daughter. You can hardly see all round the matter, I fear. Have you come to offer an apology?"

"That!" said Soames. "I should have thought it was for your client to apologize."

"If such is your view, I'm afraid it's no use continuing this discussion."

Soames regarded him fixedly.

"How do you think you're going to prove damage? She belongs to the fast set."

Mr. Settlewhite continued to smile.

"I understand she's going to marry Sir Alexander MacGown," said Soames.

Mr. Settlewhite's lips tightened.

"Really, Mr. Forsyte, if you have come to offer an apology and a substantial sum in settlement, we can talk. Otherwise——"

"As a sensible man," said Soames, "you know that these society scandals are always dead-sea fruit—nothing but costs and vexation, and a feast for all the gossips about town. I'm prepared to offer you a thousand pounds to settle the whole thing, but an apology I can't look at. A mutual expression of regret—perhaps; but an apology's out of the question."

"Fifteen hundred I might accept—the insults have had wide currency. But an apology is essential."

Soames sat silent, chewing the injustice of it all. Fifteen hundred! Monstrous! Still he would pay even that to keep Fleur out of court. But humble pie! She wouldn't eat it, and he couldn't make her, and he didn't know that he wanted to. He got up.

"Look here, Mr. Settlewhite, if you take this into court, you will find yourself up against more than you think. But the whole thing is so offensive to me that I'm prepared to meet you over the money, though I tell you frankly I don't believe a jury would award a penny piece. As to an apology, a 'formula' could be found, perhaps——" Why the deuce was the fellow smiling? "Something like this: 'We regret that we have said hasty things about each other,' to be signed by both parties."

Mr. Settlewhite caressed his chin.

"Well, I'll put your proposition before my client. I join with you in wishing to see the matter settled, not because I'm afraid of the result"—'Oh, no!' thought Soames—"but because these cases, as you say, are not edifying." He held out his hand.

Soames gave it a cold touch.

"You understand that this is entirely 'without prejudice,'" he said and went out. 'She'll take it!' he thought. Fifteen hundred pounds of his money thrown away on that baggage, just because for once she had been labelled what she was; and all his trouble to get evidence wasted! For a moment he resented his devotion to Fleur. Really it was fatuous to be so fond as that! Then his heart rebounded. Thank God! He had settled it.

Christmas was at hand. It did not alarm him, therefore, that he received no answering communication. Fleur and

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Michael were at Lippinghall with the ninth and eleventh baronets. He and Annette had Winifred and the Cardigans down at "The Shelter." Not till the 6th of January did he receive a letter from Messrs. Settlewhite and Stark.

"Dear Sir,

"In reference to your call of the 17th ultimo, your proposition was duly placed before our client, and we are instructed to say that she will accept the sum of £1,500—fifteen hundred pounds—and an apology, duly signed by your client, copy of which we enclose.

We are, dear sir,
Faithfully yours,
Settlewhite & Stark."

Soames turned to the enclosure. It ran thus:

"I, Mrs. Michael Mont, withdraw the words concerning Miss Marjorie Ferrar contained in my letters to Mrs. Ralph Ppynrryn and Mrs. Edward Maltese of October 4 last, and hereby tender a full and free apology for having written them.

(Signed)"

Pushing back the breakfast-table so violently that it groaned, Soames got up.

"What is it, Soames?" said Annette: "Have you broken your plate again? You should not bite so hard."

"Read that!"

Annette read.

"You would give that woman fifteen hundred pounds? I think you are mad, Soames. I would not give her fifteen hundred pence. Pay this woman, and she tells her friends. That is fifteen hundred apologies in all their minds. Really, Soames—I am surprised. A man of business, a clever man! Do you not know the world better than that? With every pound you pay, Fleur eats her words!"

Soames flushed. It was so French, and yet somehow it was so true. He walked to the window. The French—they had no sense of compromise, and every sense of money!

"Well," he said, "that ends it anyway. She won't sign. And I shall withdraw my offer."

"I should hope so. Fleur has a good head. She will look very pretty in court. I think that woman will be sorry she ever lived! Why don't you have her what you call shadowed? It is no good to be delicate with women like that."

In a weak moment he had told Annette about the book and the play; for, unable to speak of them to Fleur and Michael, he had really had to tell some one; indeed, he had shown her "Canthar," with the words: "I don't advise you to read it; it's very French."

Annette had returned it to him two days later, saying: "It is not French at all, it is disgusting. You English are so coarse. It has no wit. It is only nasty. A serious, nasty book—that is the limit. You are so old-fashioned, Soames. Why do you say this book is French?"

Soames, who didn't really know why, had muttered:

"Well, they can't get it printed in England." And with the words: "Bruxelles, Bruxelles, you call Bruxelles" buzzing about his ears, had left the room. He had never known any people so touchy as the French!

Her remark about 'shadowing,' however, was not easily forgotten. Why be squeamish when all depended on frightening this woman? And on arriving in London he visited an office that was not Mr. Polteed's, and gave instructions for the shadowing of Marjorie Ferrar's past, present, and future.

His answer to Settlewhite and Stark, too, was brief, determined, and written on the paper of his own firm.

"Dear Sirs, Jan. 6th, 1924.

"I have your letter of yesterday's date, and note that your client has rejected my proposition, which, as you know, was made entirely without prejudice, and is now withdrawn in toto.

Yours faithfully,
Soames Forsyte."

If he did not mistake, they would be sorry. And he gazed at the words "in toto"; somehow they looked funny. In toto! And now for "The Plain Dealer"!

The theatre of the Ne Plus Ultra Play-producing Society had a dingy exterior, a death-mask of Congreve in the hall, a peculiar smell, and an apron stage. There

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was no music. They hit something three times before the curtain went up. There were no footlights. The scenery was peculiar—Soames could not take his eyes off it till, in the first *Entr'acte*, its principle was revealed to him by the conversation of two people sitting just behind.

"The point of the scenery here is that no one need look at it, you see. They go farther than anything yet done."

"They've gone farther in Moscow."

"I believe not. Curfew went over there. He came back raving 'bout the way they speak their lines."

"Does he know Russian?"

"No. You don't need to. It's the timbre. I think he's doing pretty well here with that. You couldn't give a play like this if you took the words in."

Soames, who had been trying to take the words in—it was, indeed, what he had come for—squinted round at the speakers. They were pale and young, and went on with a strange unconcern.

"Curfew's doing great work. He's shaking them up."

"I see they've got Marjorie Ferrar as Olivia."

"Don't know why he keeps on an amateur like that."

"Box office, my dear boy; she brings the smart people. She's painful, I think."

"She did one good thing—the dumb girl in that Russian play. But she can't speak for nuts, you're following the sense of her words all the time. She doesn't rhythmatize you a little bit."

"She's got looks."

"M'—yes."

At this moment the curtain went up again. Since Marjorie Ferrar had not yet appeared, Soames was obliged to keep awake; indeed, whether because she couldn't "speak for nuts," or merely from duty, he was always awake while she was on the stage, and whenever she had anything outrageous to say he noted it carefully; otherwise he passed an excellent afternoon and went away much rested. In his cab he mentally rehearsed Sir James Foskisson in the part of cross-examiner:

"I think, madam, you played Olivia in a production of 'The Plain Dealer' by the Ne Plus Ultra Play-producing Society? . . . Would it be correct to say that the part was that of a modest woman? . . . Precisely. And did it contain the following lines? (Quotation of nubbly bits.) Did that convey anything to your mind, madam? . . . I suppose that you would not say it was an immoral passage? . . . No? Nor calculated to offend the ears and debase the morals of a decent-minded audience? . . . No. In fact, you don't take the same view of morality that I, or I venture to think, the jury do? . . . No. The dark scene—you did not remonstrate with the producer for not omitting that scene? . . . Quite. Mr. Curfew, I think, was the producer? Yes. Are you on such terms with that gentleman as would have made a remonstrance easy? . . . Ah! Now, madam, I put it to you that throughout 1923 you were seeing this gentleman nearly every day. . . . Well, say three or four times a week. And yet you say that you were not on such terms as would have made it possible for you to represent to him that no modest young woman should be asked to play a scene like that. . . . Indeed! The jury will form their own opinion of your answer. You are not a professional actress, dependent for your living on doing what you are told to do. . . . No. And yet you have the face to come here and ask for substantial damages because of the allegation in a private letter that you haven't a moral about you? . . . Have you? . . ." And so on, and so on. Oh, no! Damages! She wouldn't get a farthing.

IX

VOLTE-FACE

KEEPING Sir Alexander MacGown and Francis Wilmot in the air, fulfilling her week-end and other engagements, playing much bridge in the hope of making her daily expenses, getting a day's hunting when she could, and rehearsing the part of Olivia, Marjorie Ferrar had almost forgotten the action, when the offer of £1,500 and the formula were put before her by Messrs. Settlewhite and Stark. She almost jumped at it. The money would wipe out her more pressing debts; she would be able to breathe and reconsider her future.

She received their letter on the Friday

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before Christmas, just as she was about to go down to her father's, near Newmarket, and wrote hastily to say she would call at their office on her way home on Monday. The following evening she consulted her father. Lord Charles was of opinion that if this attorney fellow would go as far as fifteen hundred he must be dead keen on settling, and she had only to press for the apology to get it. Anyway, she should let them stew in their juice for a bit. On Monday he wanted to show her his yearlings. She did not therefore return to town till the twenty-third, and found the office closed for Christmas. It had never occurred to her that solicitors had holidays. On Christmas Eve she herself went away for ten days, so that it was January 4 before she was again able to call. Mr. Settlewhite was still in the south of France, but Mr. Stark would see her. Mr. Stark knew little about the matter, he thought Lord Charles' advice probably sound; he proposed to write accepting the £1,500 if a formal apology were tendered; they could fall back on the formula if necessary, but it was always wise to get as much as you could. With some misgiving Marjorie Ferrar agreed.

Returning from the matinée on January 7th tired and elated by applause, by Bertie Curfew's words, "You did quite well, darling," and almost the old look on his face, she got into a hot bath, and was just out when her maid announced Mr. Wilmot.

"Keep him, Fanny; say I'll be with him in twenty minutes."

Feverish and soft, as if approaching a crisis, she dressed hastily, put essence of orange-blossom on her neck and hands, and went to the studio. She entered without noise. The young man, back to the door, in the centre of the room, evidently did not hear her. Approaching within a few feet she waited for the effect on him of orange-blossom. He was standing like some Eastern donkey that with drooped ears patiently awaits the fresh burdening of a sore back. And suddenly he spoke: "I'm all in."

"Francis!"

The young man turned.

"Oh! Marjorie," he said, "I never heard!" And taking her hands he buried his face in them.

She was hampered at that moment. To convert his mouth from despairing kissing of her hands to triumphal flame upon her lips would have been so easy if he had been modern, if his old-fashioned love had not complimented her so subtly; if, too, she were not feeling for him something more—or was it less?—than passion. Was she to know at last the sensations of the simple—a young girl's idyl—something she had missed? She led him to the divan, sat down by his side, and looked into his eyes. Fabled sweetness, as of a spring morning—Francis and she, children in the wood, with the world well lost! She surrendered to the innocence of it; deliberately grasped something delicious, new. Poor boy! How delightful to feel him happy at last—to promise marriage and mean to perform it! When? Oh, when he liked! Soon, quite soon; the sooner the better! Almost unconscious that she was playing a young girl, she was carried away by his amazement and his joy. He was on fire, on air; yet he remained delicate—he was wonderful! For an hour they sat—a fragrant hour for memory to sniff—before she remembered that she was dining out at half past eight. She put her lips to his, and closed her eyes. And thought ran riot. Should she spoil it and make sure of him in modern fashion? What was his image of her but a phlizz, but a fraud? She saw his eyes grow troubled, felt his hands grow fevered. Something seemed drowning before her eyes. She stood up.

"Now, my darling, you must fly!"

When he had flown she threw off her dress and brushed out her hair that in the mirror seemed to have more gold than red. Some letters on her dressing-table caught her eye. The first was a bill, the second a bill, the third ran thus:

"DEAR MADAM,—We regret to say that Cuthcott Kingson and Forsyte have refused to give the apology we asked for, and withdrawn their verbal offer in toto. We presume, therefore, that the action must go forward. We have every hope, however, that they may reconsider the matter before it comes into court.—Your obedient servants,

SETTLEWHITE & STARK."

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She dropped it and sat very still, staring at a little hard line on the right side of her mouth and a little hard line on the left. . . .

Francis Wilmot, flying, thought of steamship lines and staterooms, of registrars and rings. An hour ago he had despaired; now it seemed he had always known she was "too fine not to give up this Congressman whom she didn't love." He would make her the queen of South Carolina—he surely would! But if she didn't like it out there he would sell the "old home," and they would go and live where she wished: in Venice—he had heard her say Venice was wonderful; or New York, or Sicily; with her he wouldn't care! And London in the cold dry wind seemed beautiful, no longer a gray maze of unreality and shadows, but a city where you could buy rings and steamship passages. The wind cut him like a knife and he did not feel it. That poor devil of a 'Congressman'! He hated the sight, the thought of him, and yet felt sorry, thinking of him with the cup dashed from his lips. And all the days, weeks, months himself had spent circling round the flame, his wings scorched and drooping, seemed now but the natural progress of the soul toward paradise. Twenty-four—his age and hers; an eternity of bliss! He pictured her on the porch at home. Horses! A better car than the old Ford! The darkies would adore her—kind of grand, and so white! To walk with her among the azaleas in the spring, he could smell them already; no, it was his hands where he had touched her! He shivered, and resumed his flight under the bare trees, well-nigh alone in the east wind, the stars of a bitter night shining.

A card was handed to him as he entered his hotel.

"Mr. Wilmot, a gentleman to see you."

The 'Congressman' was seated in a corner of the lounge, with a crush hat in his hand. He rose and came toward Francis Wilmot, grim and square.

"I've been meaning to call on you for some time, Mr. Wilmot."

"Yes, sir. May I offer you a cocktail or a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you. You are aware of my engagement to Miss Ferrar?"

"I was, sir."

This red aggressive face, with its stiff mustache and burning eyes, revived his hatred; so that he no longer felt sorry.

"You know that I very much object to your constant visits to that young lady. In this country it is not the part of a gentleman to pursue an engaged young woman."

"That," said Francis Wilmot coolly, "is for Miss Ferrar herself to say."

The 'Congressman's' face grew even redder.

"If you hadn't been an American I should have warned you to keep clear a long time ago."

Francis Wilmot bowed.

"Well! Are you going to?"

"Permit me to decline an answer."

The 'Congressman' thrust forward his face.

"I've told you," he said: "If you trespass any more look out for yourself."

"Thank you, I certainly will," said Francis Wilmot softly.

The 'Congressman' stood for a moment swaying slightly. Was he going to hit out? Francis Wilmot put his hands into his trousers pockets.

"You've had your warning," said the 'Congressman,' and turned on his heel.

"Good night!" said Francis Wilmot to that square receding back. He had been gentle, he had been polite, but he hated the fellow, yes, indeed! Save for the triumphal glow within him there would have been a fuss!

(To be continued.)

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Moorings

BY AMORY HARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

WHEN Whartonby was a small boy he fell over the brass fender in his father's study face forward into the fire. That was why at twenty-seven the Congo forest trails knew the white gleam of his helmet and the patter of the bare brown feet of his bearers. That was why at forty certain geographical societies, certain geological associations in London, announced to their patrons the lectures of an English gentleman with several capital letters after his name. That was why at fifty it was Whartonby's wont to sit alone in Kensington Gardens and watch the younger fellows hoisting sail for foreign ports on Round Pond. With their schooners tucked comfortably under their arms they would lurch down to the water's edge, and cargoes would be stowed with efficiency and despatch, running gear would be overhauled, small boats shipped, and davits swung inboard, for there was sure to be a bucketful of wind before the trip was over.

Whartonby had followed this practice for more years than he cared to think about. With his hat pulled over his eyes he became an observer. He became so adept that he was able to tell what sort of a mother a boy had by the way the boy approached the business in hand, the business of ships on Round Pond. His heart went out to those ship-captains who wet their feet and looked apprehensively at a slippered lady sitting on a bench beneath a lace parasol. He openly envied those who shouted explanations of their activities to ears that seemed always listening to hear when the voyage would begin; and the sea-captain who was uniformed in blue and white galatea, whose companion called from her bench, "Whenever do we come to the mouth of the Orinoco?" or "Isn't it about time we picked up the Lizard?" set astir in him a sensation almost amounting to pain, was so keenly jealous of his good fortune.

It was, of course, inevitable that he should concentrate his attention upon these two, for it was they whom he most envied. The lady's bearing had a quality which had interested him from the first, a sort of eager restraint, as if she were always expecting something delightful to occur in just a moment, but feared lest some one should discover her to be too frankly joyous in anticipation, and so was ever veiling the smiles behind her eyes. Dressed with the most fastidious good taste, the simplicity of her attire gave her tall form distinction. Her hands were strong and beautiful, moving, it seemed to Whartonby, with a sort of gay agility above a bit of lace crochet that apparently had no beginning and no end. She and her young explorer, with his schooner under his arm, would appear at almost the same moment every day when it was not too wet to sit in the open, and strolling slowly to Round Pond would discuss such matters as might pertain to voyages of discovery. They had a small woolly dog on a leash, the loop of which was slipped over the lady's arm at the elbow, and this little creature seemed possessed of the same quaint restraint which pervaded the personality of the lady herself, for it neither strained forward against the leash nor fell behind, but kept a light steady pressure upon the collar, moving with a kind of diminutive decorum which amused Whartonby very much. It became his habit to await the coming of these three, to watch them for an hour before darkness drove him to his club, where, if he was not joined by some "damned old derelict like himself," as he called them, he found that he was apt to ponder pleasurably all that he had observed the lady to say and do upon that particular

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From a drawing by F. C. Yohn.

"Whenever do we come to the mouth of the Orinoco?"—Page 368.

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occasion. The regularity with which they came and went, winter and summer; their absorption in each other, as if she had no eyes, indeed, for any other fellow; those days when her cheery shout of "Whenever do we come to the mouth of the Orinoco?" seemed to ring with something very like dismay; the fact that the blue-striped galatea uniforms were now certainly several sizes too small for their doughty wearer, all provided him with ample material for conjecture. Days when they did not appear at Round Pond became days of anxiety. Could anything untoward have happened to them? When they finally arrived he began to fancy that they were late, he was annoyed with them the moment he saw them safe and sound for having given him needless and unjustifiable anxiety. Then the absurdity of the thing would flash over him and he would smother a laugh. One would suppose he had a right to these three—like pantomime clowns who, when he clapped his hands, played their small act for his entertainment and were gone. He mused for a time upon comparative possession. After all, as little as he owned them, he owned them more than he would ever possess any other boy and his mother. The unconscious grouping of himself with them gave him a companionship of spirit which he valued the more because of its obscurity. He became fearful that they would see him watching them and would perhaps move their activities to some other place. The possibility of this drove him to various small deceptions. Concealment became of paramount importance. He dared not risk a single exchange of glances with the boy's mother for fear she would become aware that his presence was too regular; and he could not face that look which he had seen in the eyes of children when they gazed upon his own misshapen visage.

He decided upon some shooting in Scotland, and after a month on the hills he thought of his absorption in those three devotees of Round Pond as really imbecile. Nevertheless, when afternoon came the second day of his return he found himself seeking the bench where he had used to watch them from behind the great forsythia-bush. They did not appear. And, fearing that he would drift back again into his attitude of dependence upon them, he deliberately avoided the place for a week. Then, pretending to himself that he was not looking for them, he wandered down the path and sat with his back to Round Pond. After a while he got up irritably and was about to walk away when he saw her, on a different bench across the pond, holding the little dog, alone. Instantly something seemed to strike him near the heart. She could not possibly be sitting there alone unless—*unless*— For *this was Christmas Eve!* No mother sat alone in Kensington Gardens on Christmas Eve—*unless*— Suddenly he heard himself grinding the gravel beneath his heel, standing before her with his hat dragged off and his lips saying: "Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Has he been lost at sea? In the mouth of the Orinoco?"

She did not even seem surprised. She covered her face with her hands and did not answer. He stood there turning his hat round and round. And presently she said: "No, he isn't dead. He's not all mine, you see."

Whartonby stood still and groped about his mind in confusion.

"What on earth do you mean?" he said at last. "Aren't you his mother?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

The face that looked up at him seemed to float against the background of gathering dusk. He felt a dumb desire to serve it. And he heard himself saying inanely:

"I wish you would let me buy you a fur."

Years before, he had watched a wide-shouldered young man accompanied by a tall girl in blue serge entering a furrier's shop, to return not long afterward with a luxuriant pelt of silver fox about the latter's throat. He never forgot the look on both their faces. They had always seemed to him, since, the king and queen of all creation.

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"I was saying that I wish you would let me buy you a fur," he said in confusion.

"A *fur*—?" she said, and a slow smile came floating up to him. "Is this one so bad as that?"

"She'll think me an escaped lunatic," he thought; and then, aloud: "I'm afraid I'm confused—forgive me. I saw one bought once. It made an impression. I

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always wanted to buy one—a silver fox preferably. Could you tell me what has happened to your boy? You confessed, I think, to being his mother."

"Of course," she admitted.

Was the woman without human understanding?

"You seem to forget that, while you know what has become of him, I do not!" he said severely.

"But you are wrong," she answered almost humbly; "if I knew what had become of him I would have told you at once."

"What on earth do you mean?" he said angrily. "You say you're his mother?"

"I am, of course, his mother. But, you see, that rather means that he has, of course, a father."

Having stumbled upon the omission of this thought on his part, Whartonby was staggered. With a kind of reluctant mistrust he grudgingly admitted the existence of this complication. Then he said impatiently: "Well, what of it?"

Her lips trembled.

"Only, that his father is not—is not fond—of me," she said.

"What!" he cried stupidly.

"I had gone to our lodgings for his coat—I was only gone about ten minutes in all. He was making the voyage to the Orinoco. When I came back he was gone."

"You mean he was kidnapped? By his father?"

"Yes."

"But why should you think that?"

"Because it has happened before."

"Good Lord! What have you done about it?"

"Nothing. He'll bring him back. He always does. Only, it's almost too much, not knowing when. You see, I can't tell where they've gone. His father is a skipper, too—skipper of a collier. Perhaps they have gone to—oh, they might be *anywhere*. There's nothing to be done but wait. He'll bring him back—he gets tired of him. He only does this to torture—*me*."

Whartonby experienced a feeling of breathlessness as he was plunged into realms of which he hitherto had guessed nothing.

"He'll take good care of him, I have no doubt," he said vaguely.

She gave him a look of utter supplication.

"You don't think he'll—he'll get to like the life, do you? It's in him, you see, to like the sea, to want the ships. You don't think the time will come when he won't *want* to come back?"

Whartonby recoiled from the thought, which suddenly appeared perfectly possible. Aloud he said:

"Of course not; I couldn't forget you myself."

And he knew that this was true.

The whole thing seemed utterly unreal to him. The idea of her just accepting the situation as she had accepted it before was too fantastic. Things didn't happen that way any more. There were telephones, telegraphs, cables, the police. People could protect themselves from this sort of thing. He would take steps. But the moment he suggested such a thing to her she said: "Oh, no! no! Please do nothing at all. It would only anger his father and make trouble. He would reach me in some other way, through Johnny; perhaps even a worse one."

"Surely no one could be such a devil," Whartonby said; "surely you have done nothing to deserve such treatment."

"I've done nothing wrong, if you mean that," she answered. "But I've always maddened him. You know there are some men whom women instinctively fear. It was so with me from the beginning. There was always something in his nature which beat me to my knees. And although I hid it from him as best I could, he always knew it, and it made him despise me."

"That must have been because he knew what a bully he was, what a bluff he was. He probably knew that there was little enough in him to fear," he answered.

"I don't know," she said uncertainly; "there was a power about him, too."

Whartonby groaned. He had seen this situation from afar more than once—it disconcerted him.

"Do you know the collier's name?" he asked; "we could at least keep track of it, perhaps, in the papers."

She shook her head.

"How do you manage?" he asked her gently.

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"I have a position," she replied. "I teach music."

"Would you care to give me your husband's name?"

She gave it in a low voice. "Please do nothing," she said.

But when he left her he immediately took steps to discover with what company and in command of what ship her husband was, and to what port that ship had sailed which bore "the skipper" and his father on the high seas.

S. S. *Saturnia*. That was the ship, at least.

Whartonby traced the whereabouts of an obscure collier by diligent search of the shipping news and occasional application to the officials of a certain transatlantic line who wondered what in the world could interest old "Congo" Whartonby in the location of one of their tramp steamers. Three months after he had found her alone by Round Pond he was sitting over his coffee looking through the shipping news when he came upon an item which sent him striding from the room and out into the darkened streets.

"S. S. *Saturnia* sinks off Queenstown, after collision in fog."

Going to Round Pond he stood looking down into the dark water, upon which a film of ice was forming. Into this merciless and immutable element had disappeared all that made the warmth and meaning of life for that poor lonely creature who had come here with the small, woolly, decorous dog every day of her bereavement. She, at least, had not recoiled from the sight of his disfigurement. Was that because there was in her some unseen scar, some accident to her spirit as definite as the actuality which had befallen him in the fire? If she had felt any repugnance at the sight of his ravaged features, how perfect had been her consideration. He had not thought of himself as maimed or even marked since first they began to talk to one another.

And all his gratitude came rushing to his face, so that he felt he must find her and let her see it at once.

But now what must be done? He congratulated himself for having foreseen this possibility and withheld the fact that he was following the ship's whereabouts. Now at least, if she did not happen to see the item in the news herself, he would have time to think how best to soften the blow.

"He has had him longer than ever before, now," she said next day when he came to their rendezvous in the late afternoon, "but he always brings him back. He'll be at my lodgings one of these days."

And Whartonby detected a note of something amounting almost to affection in her voice in speaking of the brute who was subjecting her to this damnable ordeal.

"Do you mean to say you don't hate the man?" he demanded in acute irritation.

"Sometimes I do. Not when I remember he'll surely bring Johnny back, though."

"What a child of basic instincts you are!" he muttered.

She smiled. He did not know that type of woman whose heritage is acceptance. That smile of hers! He felt that it was too non-combatant. Such a nature is too easily robbed. He was tempted to chide her. But the thought of all she was to endure before long smote him. Yet each day that passed he postponed even so much as preparing her for the end. A week and then two weeks went by. What if she reproached him for withholding the news when he broke it at last. After all, she had a right to know it. He would tell her at once, that very afternoon. And that afternoon she did not come. For three days he haunted the place. Finally, making up his mind to face her righteous indignation, he called at the lodgings whose address she had once mentioned, and which, by the greatest good fortune, he had happened to remember. In response to his ring a blond girl of not more than fifteen summers opened the door. He had some difficulty in making her understand, for he discovered her to be a foreigner. He spoke many tongues, but when, hoping to make better going by asking the question in several kinds of patois, she finally smiled brightly and said, "Of Finland—I of Finnish people," he gave up in despair.

"Lady," he said slowly, "very tall—high" (he waved his hands indicating height) "— little dog — you understand 'dog'?" And very solemnly he barked

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From a drawing by F. C. Yohn.

"Lady, very tall—high . . . —little dog—you understand, 'dog'?"—Page 372.

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until she cried out something in her mother tongue, laughing loudly. Then suddenly she said in a heavy whisper of awe, "Yes, yes—she die—she dead," and looking cautiously behind her closed the door in his face.

Whartonby stood a moment staring at the door, and then with a sensation such as he had never known he went back to Round Pond. What could have happened? Had she found out the truth? Of course. Madness on his part to have supposed that it would not eventually have reached her. Whartonby was convinced she had destroyed herself. And almost immediately he went to Scotland in search of equability of mind, for the whole affair had stirred him more than he cared to admit. The obscurity of the tale only seemed to make its pathos deeper. It followed him to Scotland. And there he began to be honest with himself at last. This pain within his soul meant but one thing. The woman whom he loved was dead. In his case the normal order of things had been reversed, that was all. To most men love came first and death brought bitter sense of loss; to him death had come first and knowledge of love after. But the bereavement was the same.

He thought of the absurd way he had blurted out his longing to wrap her in warm furs! How quaintly amused she had been at his uncouthness. But she had been gracious, she had put him always at his ease. He thought of how they might have been together, in a thousand ways: at the play, and at dinner, bending toward one another over the small golden table with its fruit and napery; motoring perhaps on a summer evening, down to Devon, where they could smell the sea; lying on the downs in the burning sun, warmed less by its rays than by this companionship, which diffused its warmth and glow about them everywhere. For days he imagined himself busy with the dear business of her service. And then, finding suddenly that he was totally devoid of philosophy, utterly without refuge from his sense of loss, he went back to London in despair. Not enough to remember that his love had not the least chance of being returned even if she had lived. She had been the one lyric note in his singularly inarticulate existence. In some fashion, coming to that place with the hope of meeting her each evening, had become the day's completion. As a ship to its mooring his spirit rounded some buoy of the outer seas and drifted noiselessly up the wind, till, in the dark, an unseen mark was reached, the mooring made, and he rode the tide secure, at rest, for one more night. It had been, perhaps, only a little thing to hold to. But that only made the similitude the clearer. Without this tie he felt old, without direction, adrift.

For weeks he avoided Round Pond with its poignance of association. But on Christmas Eve the hour and season found him strangely lonely, and he deliberately sought the place with the intention of recapturing the very things that gave him pain to recall.

Coming down the familiar path he mused on the indifference of Nature. Everything was the same—just the same except for her presence. There were the usual explorers with their ships; the same little busy figures bending over the rim of the Pond; one of them was squatting on its heels, and one—*one was running toward him!* He strode suddenly forward to meet it, filled with a tremendous amazement.

"Oh, sir! How d'you do?" The small straight figure stood before him shyly. "We havn't seen you for a long while, sir. I'm glad you're back."

Whartonby made one long step to the nearest bench and crumpled down onto it as if some one had kicked his knees from under him. He reached out uncertainly and drew the boy down beside him.

"Where, in God's name, did you come from? Out of the sea?" He groaned.

The boy settled himself comfortably beside him, and shook his head.

"From Liverpool," he said simply.

"But how? When?"

"When Mrs. Twigham wanted her money."

"Mrs. Twigham?"

"Yes. My pater left me with her in Liverpool. She keeps house for him. I hate her. She's fat."

"But why didn't you write us—write to your mother? All of this tragedy might have been avoided had you written

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one word. I could have come to fetch you home to her."

"Mrs. Twigham had orders about my writing to Mum. The pater was going to bring me back as usual as soon as the ship got in. Everything was as it had been before excepting the pater's getting drowned."

"He didn't take you to sea with him this time?"

"No, sir; you can see that, because, of course, I was in Liverpool all the time and that's why I'm here now."

"Of course," said Whartonby dully. "Well, go on."

"Well, then, Mrs. Twigham didn't know what to do, because, of course, she wanted her money."

"Yes, I suppose she did."

"So then she wrote to Mum and said that if she wanted me she had better send enough to pay for me and for my fare as well."

"And then——?"

"Well, you see Mum couldn't come for me herself on account of being blind, so she sent the money for Mrs. Twigham to bring me."

"Blind!" Revelation after revelation broke upon Whartonby's mind.

"You say your mother *replied* to Mrs. Twigham? She wasn't—wasn't—dead?"

"No, sir; Zuzu was dead."

"Zuzu!"

"Yes, sir—our little woolly dog. Zuzu knew the way everywhere: to the shops and the studio and here to Round Pond. She could take Mum anywhere she wanted to go, almost. So of course when Zuzu died, mother couldn't get about for ages and ages until she learned the steps. She knows most of them now, though."

Whartonby got up unsteadily.

"And do you think she will come to Round Pond to-night? Does she know the steps to Round Pond perfectly?"

"Oh, yes. She knows them best of all. She will be sure to come."

"How do you know that she will come—that she will come—*here?*"

"Because she comes here every night, looking for you."

Pilate Remembers

BY WILLIAM E. BROOKS

"I WONDER why that scene comes back to-night,
That long-forgotten scene of years ago.
Perhaps this touch of spring, that thin new moon;
For it was spring, and spring's new moon hung low
Above my garden on the night he died.
I still remember how I felt disturbed
That I must send him to a felon's cross
On such a day when spring was in the air,
And in his life, for he was young to die.
How tall and strong he stood, how calm his eyes,
Fronting me straight the while I questioned him.
His fearless heart spoke to me through his eyes.
Could I have won him as my follower,
And a hundred like beside, my way had led
To Cæsar's palace, and I'd wear to-day
The imperial purple. But he would not move
One little bit from his wild madcap dream
Of seeking truth. What wants a man with 'truth'
When he is young and spring is at the door?
He would not listen, so he had to go;
One mad Jew less meant little to the state,
And pleasing Annas made my task the less.
And yet for me he spoiled that silver night
Remembering it was spring and he was young."

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The Jameson Raid and the World War

THE TRUE STORY OF THE RAID

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND
Author of "South African Memories," "Strong Men of the Wild West," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

II

ON January 8 and 9, 64 members of the Reform Committee, including myself, were arrested and taken to Pretoria jail. The leaders could have escaped, but of course refused to desert the cause. Of the prisoners, 23 were English, 16 South Africans, 9 Scotchmen, 8 Americans, 2 Germans, 2 Welshmen, 1 Turk (and a militant Turk he was), and several from other countries.

We remained in prison until the 14th of February, when we were released on bail until the day set for the trial, a month hence. I was in bad health at the time, suffering from a severe attack of Zambesi dysentery, which I had contracted several months before on a trip into that section with Rhodes and Jameson. Upon the physician's advice, and with permission of the Boer Government, obtained by my wife, I was allowed to go, under bail of $100,000, for a couple of weeks to Capetown, as the high altitude of Johannesburg, about 6,000 feet, was unfavorable for my condition.

While I was in Capetown, Sir Gordon Sprigg, who succeeded Rhodes as prime minister of Cape Colony, came to see me to complain about the financial difficulties he was having with the Cape railway line. He said that there had been a great falling off in freight shipped over his road to Johannesburg, owing to the fact that many of the mines were closing down and orders for freight had been rescinded. This gave me an opportunity of interceding for the reform prisoners.

"Sir Gordon," I said, "you and others of our South African friends have been trying to play politics. While you sympathize with the Reform Movement, you have been attempting to get on the good side of Kruger. You know that the Reform Committee prisoners control nine-tenths of the mining operations of Johannesburg, and I am authorized to tell you that they intend to close down all the mines and to stop further purchases of Boer farms until they are released from prison."

Sir Gordon said: "Why, do you realize that that means industrial paralysis all over South Africa and would work untold hardship?"

"Fully," I replied, "but do you realize, Sir Gordon, the menace to the Reform Committee prisoners through the lack of co-operation on the part of men of your influence with the friends of the prisoners, to better their condition? Now it is up to you to solve the problem."

I shall tell you in a moment how this worked out.

When it was time for me to return to Pretoria for the trial, the feeling against the Reform Committee was very intense. I received many communications from American and other trusted friends in the Transvaal to the effect that if I were not killed en route to Pretoria I certainly would be condemned to death upon my arrival.

An incident which added to the fear of my friends was the action of a few hot-headed Boers who declared their intention of lynching the leaders before they got to court. For this purpose they had taken to Pretoria a heavy wooden beam, called the "Schlagters beam," from which five Boers had been hanged by the British in 1816. Fortunately, Chamberlain heard of this and cabled Kruger that he would

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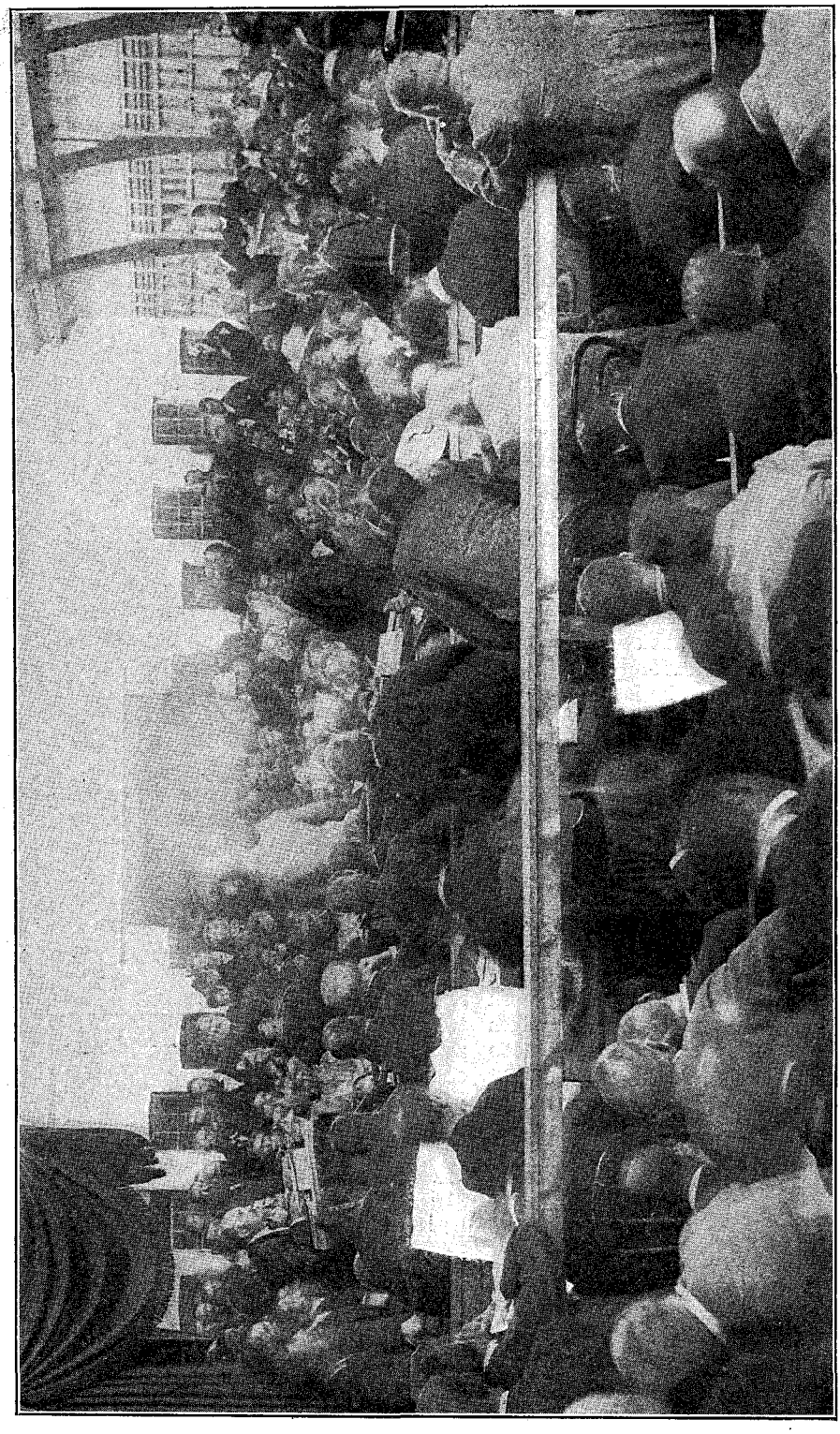

The courtroom—the trial of the Reform prisoners.
Judge Gregorowski, the "hanging judge," on the bench.

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hold him personally responsible for the security of the leaders. Thereupon, Kruger ordered the beam removed and a larger guard placed around the prison. Nevertheless, of course, I was determined to go back and stand trial, and I arrived in Pretoria the day before court convened.

Referring to this incident I may be pardoned if I quote from *The Standard and Diggers News*, an enemy paper, a tribute which I take as one to the part Americans played rather than as strictly personal. The paper said: "One respects the probity of the man, who, dangerously ill and totally unfit for the hardship of a prison, preferred to take his stand in the dock, rather than sacrifice his self-respect by flight from Capetown. Mr. Hammond has worthily upheld the reputation of a nation which claims its sons as men who 'never run away.'"

The trial was a farce and a tragedy combined. The jury was of course made up entirely of Boers. A foreign judge, one Gregorowski, had been imported from the Orange Free State, the Transvaal judges having refused to sit. Gregorowski was known as "the hanging judge"—rather an ominous title for us prisoners. He had boasted before he reached Pretoria that he would make short work of us, and indeed, to lose no time, had brought his black cap with him.

To digress for a moment. Just after the Boer War, James Barnes, the well-known American war correspondent, writer, and big-game hunter, returned to New York from South Africa. I met Barnes, whom I had known for some years, at a luncheon given him in New York. It was then that Barnes told me that he had a message for me from Judge Gregorowski to the effect that if he had known as much about Paul Kruger at the time of the Reform Committee's trial as he did then, he would have condemned Kruger to death instead of the four leaders. Alas! this belated knowledge.

The trial commenced on April 27. Of our conviction not one of us had the slightest doubt. But it was clear to everybody that of the 63 prisoners a large number had been followers rather than leaders. The first concern of the leaders was, therefore, that if possible only those of us who had been generally recognized as the head of the revolt should incur the risk of the extreme penalty. These were Lionel Phillips, George Farrar, Col. Frank Rhodes, and myself.* After a good deal of private discussion between our counsel and the state attorney it was agreed that the four of us should plead guilty to high treason, and that the other prisoners should be allowed to plead guilty to the minor charges. There was an understanding also that in view of the pleas the state attorney would not urge the court to inflict exemplary punishment. What the Boers were to gain, as a *quid pro quo*, through this arrangement was that all their political dirty linen would not be washed at a long trial which would be reported by every important paper in the world.

The trial lasted only a few hours, during which to our consternation the state attorney launched into a most violent attack upon us, demanded that in passing sentence the court should set aside the comparatively mild statute law of the Transvaal, which had been promised, and should apply the old Roman-Dutch law, under which death is the only penalty provided for high treason. That settled our fate and we leaders were condemned to death by hanging. The other prisoners were sentenced to two years' imprisonment and payment of a fine of $10,000 each.

I have often been asked how I felt when I was in the dock receiving my death-sentence. As a matter of fact I felt more angry than frightened, angered at the treachery of the state attorney. When asked if I had anything to say, I took the cue from my fellow prisoners, who had preceded me to the dock, and as I had no previous experience of this kind, said nothing, maintaining dignified silence.

As I stepped down from the dock an old man in the audience fainted within a few steps of me. I started to pick him up, and was very roughly handled by the guard. A most painful scene took place in the court. Evidence of feeling came from all parts of the room and from all classes of people, from those who conducted the defense and from the Boers

*Phillips and Farrar were knighted a few years afterward. Sir Lionel Phillips is still alive and one of the most prominent of South African magnates. Sir George Farrar was killed during the Boer War. Col. Frank Rhodes died about 1912. He was a distinguished British army officer and served with Kitchener in his Egyptian campaigns.

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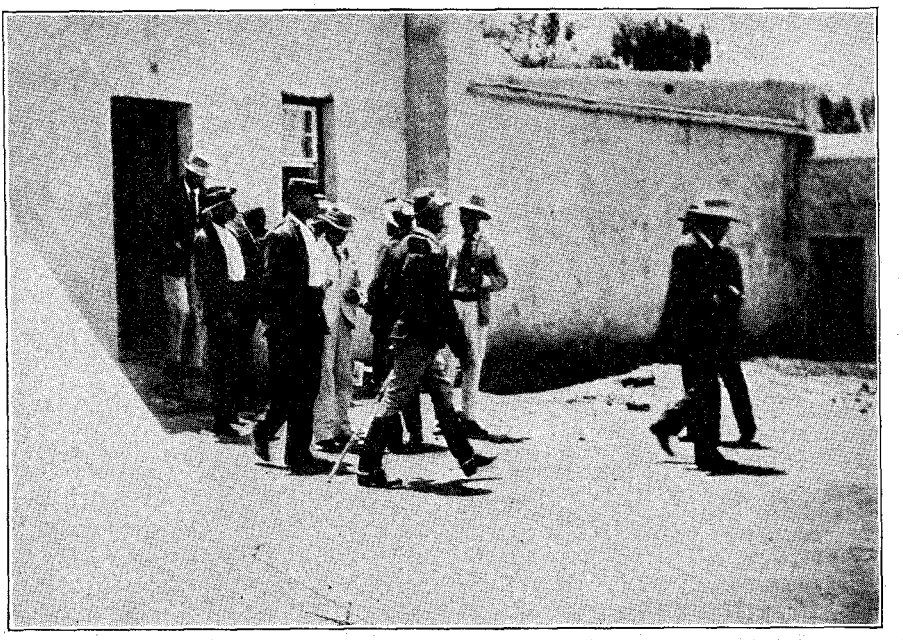
who were to have constituted the jury. Immediately after adjournment of court, without our knowledge, a petition for commutation of our sentence was drawn up by and circulated among the Boers themselves. General Botha was one of the petitioners.

The prisoners were removed under guard to the Pretoria prison, and the four leaders were locked up in the death-cell. This cell was 11 feet square, with no window, only a narrow grill over the door. The floor was of bare earth, vermin-infested. There were four canvas cots, blood-stained and filthy.



Pretoria prisoners.

Doctor Jameson under escort from prison—to be sent to England to be tried by the British Government.

We were kept isolated in the cell for twenty hours, the monotony being relieved only by the pounding of the carpenters erecting the gallows near by.

What happened during the twenty hours, as we subsequently learned, was this: the Executive Council of the Transvaal Republic, presided over by President Kruger, was in session most of that time.

Cablegrams were coming in from all over the world, protesting against the death-sentence, and many protests came from our friends among the progressive Boers as well. Several votes were taken by the Executive Council as to the disposition to be made of the four leaders. There were two obdurate old Boers in the council who would be satisfied with nothing less than hanging. Kruger was in favor of some milder form of punishment, influenced undoubtedly by the protests to which I have referred. He finally won the two Boers over to his way of thinking by telling them that if the leaders were hanged they would be made martyrs, while by keeping them alive they might have commercial value and that a big fine could ultimately be extorted from them. That seemed easy money to our two Boer friends of the council, and they finally voted with Kruger to give us a life-sentence instead of hanging.

Toward the end of May the little germ which I planted in the conscience of my friend, Sir Gordon Sprigg, during my visit to Capetown, had taken hold, and all South Africa was clamoring for the release of the four leaders, in order to re-establish prosperity. Accordingly, on a certain day in about 200 different communities of South Africa, in some of which only Dutch was spoken, a resolution was passed by prearrangement demanding of

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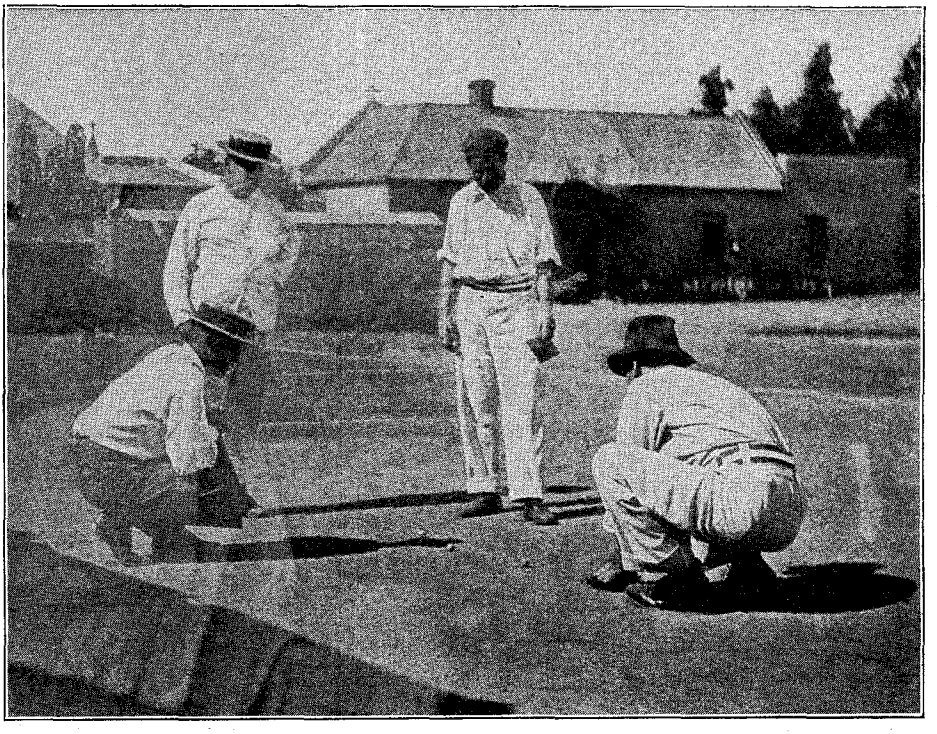
Kruger the immediate release of the leaders.

Kruger, realizing he could not withstand a movement of this kind, started to negotiate terms for their release. His first price was $250,000 each. After repeated negotiations we finally agreed on $125,000 apiece, which Kruger accepted, into the Boer Treasury. Subsequently Kruger put in a bill against the South African Chartered Company, of which Rhodes was the chief factor, for 1,677,938 pounds, itemized as follows:

Six hundred and seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight pounds for material damage.



Reform Committee prisoners playing marbles during "recess."

as by this time the delegations which had been sent to demand our release were arriving in Pretoria. But Kruger also insisted that we should express to him our appreciation of his magnanimity. This we refused to do, saying in effect: "Release without fine would imply magnanimity, but we would rot in prison before we would pay $125,000 coupled with an expression of gratitude for his magnanimity." This created an impasse which resulted in our confinement for a couple of weeks longer. Then Kruger finally, after we had been in prison for six months, received his half-million dollars for our release, but without an expression of gratitude. It may be of interest to note that this large sum never found its way

One million pounds for moral and intellectual damage.

The latter item did seem a bit high, unless we assume that the entire moral assets of the Transvaal Republic had been dissipated by the raid, and that the republic was left morally bankrupt.

On our release we had a great ovation in Johannesburg, and after a few days' stay there went to England. We were allowed by the Transvaal Government to return to Johannesburg, on agreement not to discuss Transvaal politics for three years. It was during this time that the Boers were active in misrepresenting the Jameson Raid.

Mark Twain, in his trip around the world, about which he has so interestingly

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written in his book, "Following the Equator," dropped in to pay a social call on the American prisoners. I had often met Mr. Clemens when, as a student at Yale, I stayed week-ends with General Franklin, who at that time was president of the Colt Arms Company, at Hartford. General Franklin was a West Point classmate

A Scene at Pretoria Jail.
The four Americans just arrived. Having a sense of humor, they are enjoying a story of Captain Mein (standing), the Mark Twain of the Reform.

of my father. My wife had also met him in later years on several occasions. It was an unexpected and an enjoyable visit that we had from the great humorist. I asked him how he managed to get admission to the jail, and he replied that getting in jail was always an easy matter. He spent a couple of hours regaling us and our fellow prisoners of other nationalities with many of his inimitable stories. On leaving he told us that he had had a most enjoyable time but did not accept our invitation to prolong his visit, pending our release from prison.

As he left the prison yard he was accosted by a cub reporter of a Boer newspaper. "Mr. Clemens," the reporter asked, "how did you find the living conditions in the prison?" Mark Twain asked why he requested this information. The ingenuous reporter said: "Because there has been a protest against the living conditions in the prison, and Oom Paul Kruger has been told by the complainants on behalf of the Reform Committee prisoners that the jail is an unfit place for gentlemen." (To this Oom Paul, who had a keen sense of humor when the joke was on the other fellow, had replied, that he did not know that jails were made for gentlemen.) Mark Twain asked the reporter if Mr. Hays Hammond or any of the other Americans had made any complaint. The reporter said no, the grievances were urged by their friends.

"Well," said Mark Twain, "I am not surprised that Mr. Hammond has made no complaint, because I knew him as a young man out in Nevada, where he used to spend a good deal of his time in the hotels in the mining-camps, and he said that, compared with the accommodations

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he found there, he was at present living in luxury." The reporter carefully noted this down in his pad, and Mark Twain went on to say that he was really greatly pleased with the jail; he had found some very charming gentlemen there, and he thought it was an ideal rest cure for these tired business men. He only regretted his stay was so short that he could not take advantage of the peaceful conditions in the jail to rest his tired nerves. He said he could not imagine a place where one would be less troubled by the importunities of his creditors, and the only feature he did not like about the jail was that there were too many lawyers among the prisoners, and somehow or other he never could hit it off with lawyers.

All this was carefully noted by the ingenuous reporter. Next morning a very sharp criticism of the jail authorities appeared in this Boer paper. The article declared the jail was supposed to be a place for punishment and not a pleasant rest cure, and called upon the government to take drastic measures of a punitive nature. This later found response in the diminishing by prison authorities of our rations, which were already by no means given us with lavish liberality.

The prisoners, not having seen a copy of the paper, could not explain the increased severity in their jailers' treatment of them, but fortunately some of their friends on the outside ascertained what the trouble was and sent a deputation to Bloemfontein, several hundred miles south, to intercept Mark Twain, who was then on his way to Capetown to take a vessel for England. They showed him a copy of the paper containing his interview and persuaded him to come back to Pretoria to explain to President Kruger that what he said was entirely in a jocose spirit, and that the truth of the matter was that the quarters of the prisoners were in a disgraceful condition and unfit for political prisoners. The severity of the discipline was soon afterward relaxed. Several years later, when I met Mark Twain in New York, he invited me to a delightful luncheon. Telling the story to the guests of the occasion as a good joke on himself, he promised me to make redress by giving me a banquet at any time I wished.

After Jameson's capture he held the Reform Committee responsible for his defeat, alleging that the committee had failed to send troops to his assistance. The following are the facts, supported by documentary evidence and now admitted even by Doctor Jameson's biographers:

Some months before the raid the reform leaders had given Jameson a letter asking him to come to the relief of Johannesburg. This letter was to justify Jameson's incursion before the world. The letter was purposely left undated, with the understanding that the date should be filled in only *if* and *when* the reform leaders should call on Jameson to come to their rescue. This is now universally admitted.

I have told you that after rumors had reached the reform leaders that Jameson and his men were restive and liable to start for Johannesburg without awaiting a call from us, we sent messages protesting against his coming, telling him that we were unarmed and any premature action on his part would jeopardize the entire movement, besides imperilling the safety of the people of Johannesburg.

The reason that Jameson started on his ill-fated trip is this:

He was afraid that his men, already restive, would give up the enterprise. This is the admission he made to me subsequently. Besides, Jameson fully believed that with his force he could whip the Boers without any assistance from Johannesburg. He had been reading of the exploits of Lord Clive and other famous raiders in British history and had allowed his personal ambition to dominate his course of action, subordinating the welfare of the people of Johannesburg to this vaulting ambition. Jameson made no request at any time for support from Johannesburg; indeed he had been informed by messengers from the Reform Committee just before this engagement with the Boer commando that only a small part of the guns had arrived (at that time only 1,500), that the Reform Committee were then negotiating with Kruger for redress of their grievances, and that the proclamation by the high commissioner was a further obstacle to the co-operation of the people of Johannesburg with him.

We subsequently learned the circumstances under which Jameson's force left Pitsani. It was Sunday, after a banquet which impaired their good judgment that

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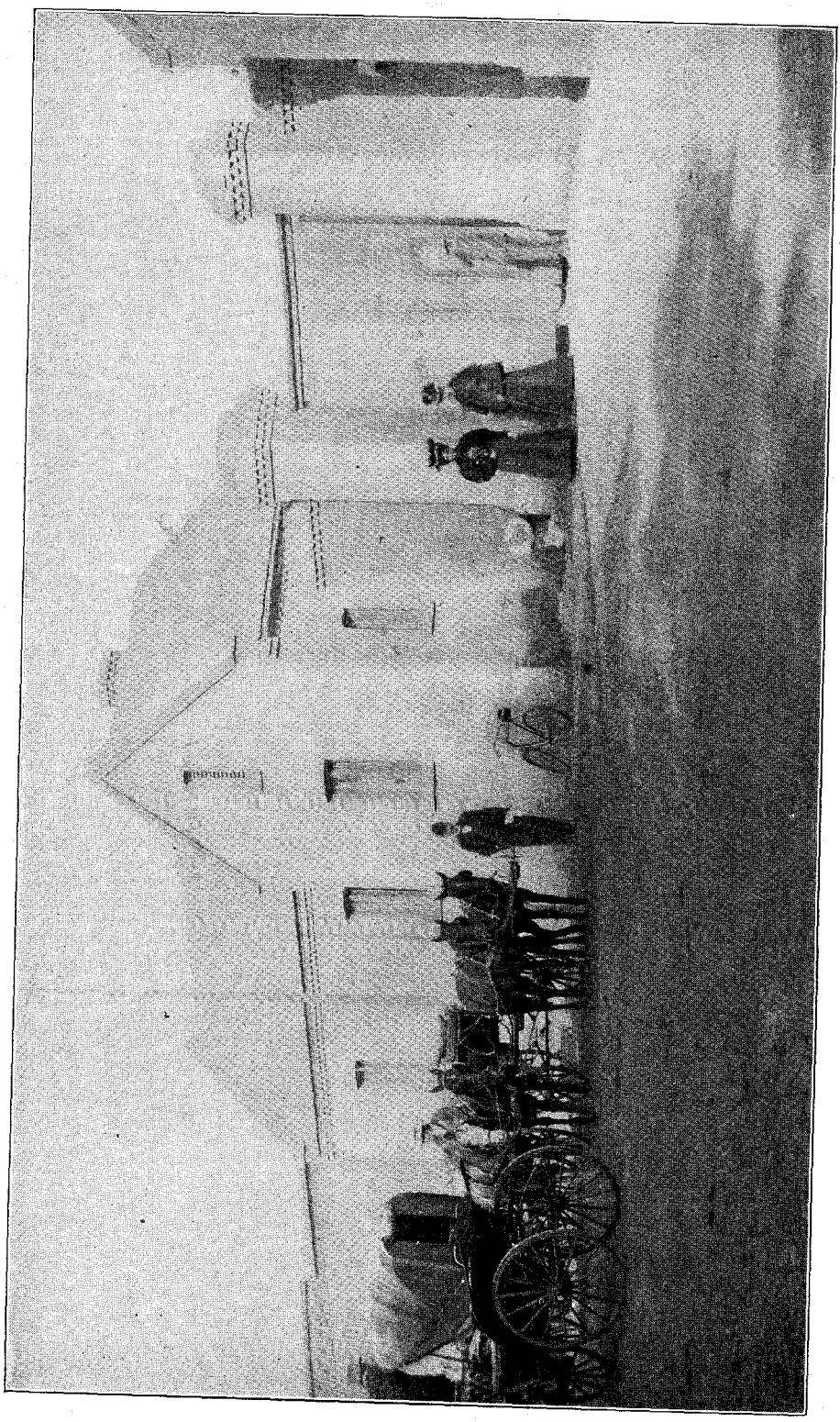

At the prison gates—wives of the Reformers waiting to see their husbands.

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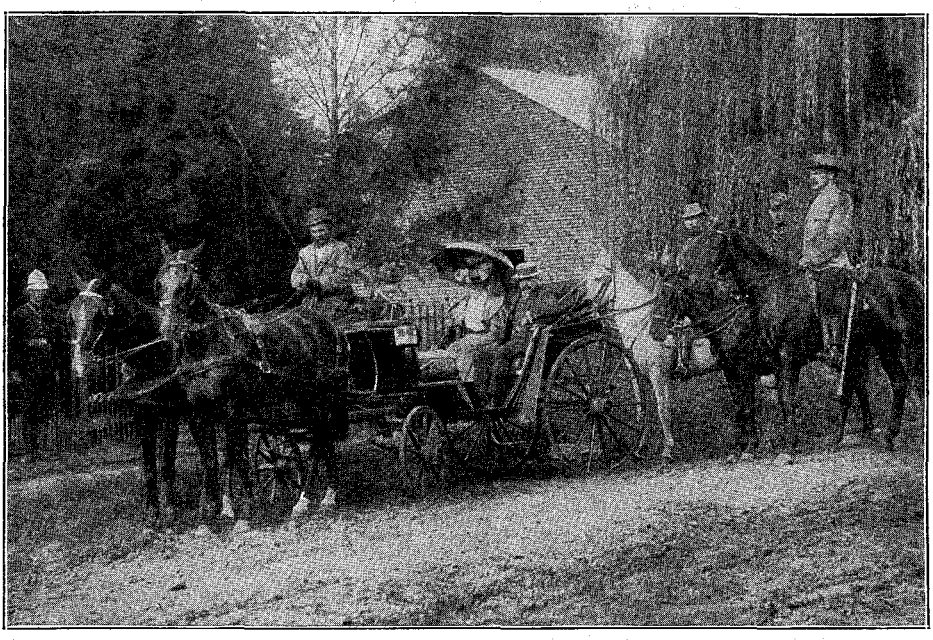
they started off with a hurrah for the relief of Johannesburg. According to our plans, Jameson despatched a few men to cut the telegraph-wires. These men were so intoxicated that they cut the wire fences in the vicinity and left the telegraph-lines intact. Thus, the Boers were informed of Jameson's departure for Johannesburg a few hours after he had left Pitsani, and a long time before the Reform Committee were apprised of it.



Mr. Hammond, accompanied by Mrs. Hammond, out for a drive under escort of a Boer Guard and during a recess of the court.

Just before the departure of Jameson for Johannesburg the so-called flag incident had come up. Some of the members of the Reform Committee and others affiliated with it had brought from Capetown the disturbing news that Jameson intended to bring in the British flag, and that Rhodes had agreed to this plan. It caused great consternation among the Reform Committee. Many of them were not British subjects, including of course the American contingent, and many of the British members were averse to the hoisting of the British flag.

The Reform Committee, as I have stated, pledged themselves to the integrity of the republic. To remove our fears we sent a committee to Capetown to tell Rhodes that we would take no action if Jameson insisted on hoisting the British flag, and also to inform Rhodes of our state of unpreparedness. Rhodes, knowing this, telegraphed to Jameson when he heard that he thought of taking the bit in his teeth, not to move, but to remain in Pitsani. This message was not delivered in time to intercept Jameson. Jameson's action is now universally regarded as a betrayal of the trust reposed in him by the Reform Committee.

After the Raid the Boer government put in a bill against the British South Africa (Chartered) Company for "Physical, Intellectual, and Moral damages." The aggregate sum for damages claimed was 1,565,385 pounds, 10 shillings and sixpence. The sixpence was probably in full compensation for the *moral* damages sustained.

The bill was not paid!

When the Boer War, which started about four years after the Jameson Raid, was drawing to an end in 1902, I happened to be in London. A banquet was given in my honor by Lord Grey, an old and dear friend, who was at that time governor-general of Canada. Among other guests were many British Colonial statesmen then gathered in London for a

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Colonial conference. In responding to the toast of my health I spoke of the South African situation, pointed out that Boer and English had to live together there, and urged the view that only by generous treatment of the vanquished Boers could a South African commonwealth arise out of the ashes of the conflict. I pleaded for magnanimity for the Boers and told the guests, following a suggestion made to me by Joseph Choate, then ambassador at the Court of St. James, the story of our Civil War. I emphasized the magnanimity of Grant at Appomattox and enjoined them to beware of introducing into South African history a reconstruction period such as we had in the South after our own war. This speech was very favorably received by those present, and several speeches followed favoring liberal peace terms. I was afterward assured by Choate and friends in the British Foreign Office, and also by South Africans, that my intervention in their behalf contributed largely to the magnanimous terms of peace granted by Great Britain—a policy which has since welded South African states into a united member of the Great Commonwealth of British Dominions.

As the war drew to its end Kruger escaped to Holland, carrying much money with him but leaving his wife behind.

An interview I had with General Botha in 1911 will throw a light on the political conditions in South Africa at that time. General Botha was in London as the special ambassador from South Africa to the coronation of King George. I was there as the special representative of the President of the United States. A reception was given to General Botha which he personally invited me to attend. Before the Jameson Raid, Botha and I had been good friends. He was glad to see me again and said: "Hammond, it has been some years since we met."

"The last time we were together, General," I replied, "I did not meet you; but you were in the court-room when sentence of death was pronounced on me, and I gratefully recall the fact that you were one of the first to get up a petition for the commutation of the death-sentence of the four leaders." "Isn't it extraordinary," he exclaimed, "that you and I meet again under the present circumstances, you as representing the United States and I as representing South Africa at the coronation?"

I asked the general how he and Doctor Jim, referring to Jameson, got along together. He replied: "You know it was through my influence that Jameson was knighted and that several other of your fellow prisoners of the Reform Committee have also received the honors of knighthood on my recommendation. I think Doctor Jameson is the salt of the earth, and as soon as the coronation ceremonies are over I am going to meet him and two or three members of your Reform Committee and have a good time fishing in Scotland."

The following day I had luncheon with Jameson, and I asked him how he hit it off with Botha. Jameson was at that time the leader of the political opposition to Botha's government. He answered: "Botha is a straight and loyal man, and as good a friend as I have."

That evening I dined with King George. I told him that I had some interesting side-lights on South African history, repeated my conversations with Botha and Jameson, and expressed the belief that as long as men of that stamp were the chief political factors of South Africa, Great Britain might rest assured of a loyal colony. The king was greatly pleased to get this information.

As leader of the Progressive party of the Cape Colony, Jameson was prime minister for three years, 1904–1907. It was in 1907, at the Imperial Conference in England, that Jameson and Botha struck up their friendship, which was terminated only at death. Many of the British extremists did not forgive Jameson for having dealings with Botha. One of these thought he had an argument which would prevail with Jameson. "Are you aware," he said one day, "that Botha was one of those men who wanted to shoot you at Pretoria after the raid?" Jameson smiled. "Ah," he said, "Botha was always right." The good loyalist turned away dismayed.

It was largely owing to Jameson's cooperation with Botha that the Union of South Africa was formed in 1910, when Botha became its first prime minister. Many of the Reform Committee prisoners

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became identified with South African politics after the Boer War and held office under the Union government. Prominent among these was Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, who defeated Botha himself in a friendly but strenuous contest for a seat in the Parliament.

Many misinformed people ascribe the Boer War to the Jameson Raid. It is doubtless true that the raid did much to hasten the war, but the war as I view it was an inevitable conflict, much as I hate to think that any conflict is inevitable.

There were, as General Joubert once told me, two riders and only one horse in the Transvaal. The question was which of the two riders should sit in front, the Uitlander or the Boer. I told the general I thought that inasmuch as the Uitlander had paid nine-tenths of the cost of the horse and was contributing nine-tenths to its upkeep, the Uitlander was entitled to the front seat. I further told him that neither rider would profit by a bucking horse. Certain it is that the Uitlander population would not indefinitely have tolerated the oppression of the Kruger despotism. Something was bound to happen sooner or later, and, having regard to the subsequent history of South Africa and the world, it was better that it happened before the World War. If the Reform Movement had been successful, I believe that a *modus vivendi* would have been established from which, through diplomatic intervention, the full rights of the Uitlander could have been secured; after that, enlightened self-interest would have made it to the advantage of all South African states to compose their differences for the common welfare, and the Boer War would have been prevented for the time being.

But who can doubt that if the Boer War had not broken out in 1899, Germany would have arranged that it should break out in 1914? Reflect what a totally different affair this would have been! In the intervening years Germany had built strategic roads in her Southwest African territory, as a military threat to the whole British position from Capetown to the headwaters of the Nile.

Recent disclosures enable us to see the vast extent of Germany's African ambitions. She was to build up an enormous legion of black soldiers, an inexhaustible reservoir of cannon-fodder. With her strategic roads, with her disciplined host of native levies, with the aid of the well-armed, skilful, and courageous Boer army, Germany would have struck a blow in South Africa in 1914 which would have overwhelmed all possible opposition on the part of the British South Africans and the pro-British Boers, and would have given her that world-victory which she so nearly secured by the suddenness of her attack upon Belgium and France.

Her treasury would have been replenished with the gold of South Africa; naval bases at Durban and Capetown would have placed her submarines within easy striking distance of every sea route south of the equator; the resources of the South American continent would no longer have been at the disposal of her enemies; the participation of India and Australia in the war would have been seriously hampered.

Immediately following the outbreak of the Boer War certain irreconcilable Boers made a compact with the governor of German Southwest Africa, as a representative of the German Government, to announce the independence of South Africa and to declare war against England. The governor-general of Southwest Africa was to support these men, promising to obtain measures to respect the South African claim to full independence in the event of a German victory. In return Germany was to have Walfish Bay, and the New South African Republic was to be allowed to seize Delagoa Bay, which belonged to Portugal. Botha, obtaining possession of this treaty, endeavored to dissuade the rebels from joining forces with the Germans. Failing to do so, he headed, in what is regarded as a remarkable campaign, a force of volunteer Boers (he was averse to using English soldiers in subjugating the rebellious Boers), captured the leaders, and put an end to the movement.

The events of the World War justified the optimism I expressed to King George as to the loyalty of his South African subjects; and the loyal and effective subsequent support given to Great Britain by General Botha, General Smuts, and their Boer followers, former political foes, fully warrant the wise statecraft of Great Britain in the magnanimous terms of the "Peace of Vereeniging," May 31, 1902.

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A Critical Credo

BY MARY M. COLUM

OF all the minor æsthetic sensations, that which is given by unusual form is the most piquant; it has the merit of flatteringly presupposing a certain amount of intellectual, if not cultural, sophistication in the minds of the audience. But a too great interest in form obliterates all sensitiveness to the major sensations which really great literature brings. A man who spends his spirit wringing meanings from Mallarmé, who has a subtle taste for Laforgue, or who can fall into ecstasies over "The Waste Land" is immune, temporarily, anyhow, from any real passion for "The Divine Comedy," or for "Faust," or for "King Lear," or for "War and Peace." It has indeed happened that whole epochs have been thus immune, as for a period in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England, when Shakespeare, Milton, and Chaucer were considered either gross or dull. At present it seems as if some such moment were again approaching: great literature is becoming grossly unsubtle to so many of our literary connoisseurs, as is evident from Mr. T. S. Eliot's reactions to Shakespeare shown in his book of criticism, "The Sacred Wood," and by the reaction to Dante shown in a book published with all the hall-marks of authority, entitled "The Principles of Literary Criticism," by Mr. I. A. R. Richards, a professor in Cambridge University; it is equally shown in this country by the host of critics who explain and eulogize the work of literary innovators like Jean Cocteau, E. E. Cummings, and Marianne Moore.

It will be some time before we have a normal period in literature again, and this for many reasons: the inability of writers to humanize the scientific and other explorations which are transforming our conceptions of life and the universe, and their uncertainty in the face of the complicated variety of readers which makes up the present-day audience for literature. Undoubtedly, many critics have felt that some restatement of literary values, or, at all events, some restatement of the purpose and quality of great literature, was becoming necessary. The enthusiasts for the newer literature are firmly convinced that something so epoch-making has happened that it is impossible to write again in the old literary forms. Form is the important thing, they believe, and the new forms have changed the world.

Believers in the significance of form are in reality the oldest kind of conservatives in literary history; they appear at periods when creative vigor begins to run thin, and they have always ended up in the same way, with the belief that form in itself has a significance apart from what it contains. This inevitably leads to the sort of criticism which seeks to codify literary principles, and to the sort of critic who abstracts from the work of the writers he admires certain qualities which he elevates into literary canons, and he regards no writer as important who does not follow them.

At the moment we have the genesis of that sort of critic among us. For the newer criticism is inclined to cut off entirely all writers or artists whose work does not approach in technic that of certain writers fashionable among intellectuals. For instance, how many of our younger critics extract their poetic standards from the work of Mr. T. S. Eliot and, what is equally dangerous, their general critical standards from his critical work? Equally their ideas and standards in narrative writing are extracted from the work of James Joyce. It is characteristic of so much contemporary criticism that it can confuse the value of a remarkable writer like Joyce with that of a writer whose work is merely on the margin, as Eliot's is—on the margin of emotion, on the margin of thought, on the margin of profundity: that is, it deals not with

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profound emotion or profound ideas, but with thin super-refinements which are undoubtedly the real presentments of certain contemporary neuroticisms of thought and feeling.

Now actually the importance of the new forms is only superficial; something more far-reaching than the invention of ingenious or even significant form is happening in literature. The material of literature—or what we have regarded as the material of literature for so long—is undergoing a change, a change gradual, but so vast that it makes one wonder whether literature as an expression of the human mind may not, with the advance of science and what is called the progress of the world, be disappearing altogether as a human activity. The sort of emotional conflict which makes literature may grow rarer and rarer as civilization advances. It is obvious indeed that much of this conflict arose from taboos and censors forced on humanity by gradually changing social and moral ideas, or by difference in race, class, religion, and social customs generally. Emotional conflicts which are still common in Europe either do not exist in America or exist in a much less degree; while social conditions which in European countries make the material for immense tragedy do not exist in America at all.

In that remarkable German moving-picture, "The Last Laugh," not only the social conditions but the emotions involved are barely possible outside Europe. Again, happenings which once formed the material for tragedy everywhere are gradually ceasing to have a universal appeal. It is hardly again possible in literature to make much of a situation arising out of illicit love, where the tragedy turns on a woman becoming the mother of an illegitimate child, used equally by Hardy, by Hawthorne, and by Goethe. Yet it was once the most obvious material, such as could hardly fail to be moving even in the hands of the crudest writer. It is very doubtful indeed if a moving tragedy of sex-passion like that of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" can be done again in literature. Events such as these may gradually become like the tragedies in Greek literature—merely happenings peculiar to the conditions of life or religious belief at certain ages of the world.

We remember the material of Greek literature—the tragedy of a man marrying his mother, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the profound humiliation which turned Medea into the murderess of her children—fearful tragedies, which on account of the tremendous personal emotion involved still keep their sway over the human mind. But the incidents themselves ceased to be significant material for literature when Roman civilization displaced the Hellenic, and different and more trivial themes took their place. The Romans chose to devote so much of their time and energy to wars, conquests, and colonizations from the very beginning that strong feeling or profound reflection, both of which grow up only in leisure, came merely spasmodically into their literature, and but twice with any real intensity—once in the blazing lyrics of Catullus, and once in the philosophic poetry of Lucretius. Greek literature was the literature of a leisured people who had time to pursue to their conclusion ideas and emotions which stirred them; Latin literature was the literature of a busy people who were always doing practical things, and so when the Latin mind began genuinely to express itself and Roman civilization to develop, the material of Latin literature became very different from that of Greek.

The idea so commonly expressed that the material of literature is always the same and is common property, and "becomes significant only when expressed in appropriate form which gives it taste, intensity, and persuasiveness,"* is consequently erroneous, as is the idea that it is appropriate form which converts the crude material into literature. The material is always changing, and, far from the form making the material into literature, it is the quality of the mind of the artist which makes it into literature, and the form is something incidental which evolves during the making. The moment form becomes the deliberate aim of the artist the result can only be second-rate work, for, instead of a passionate desire to say something, there exists merely a desire to say something in a novel form, and a probing curiosity takes the place of passion in the artist's mind.

* Gilbert Seldes in the New York *Nation*.

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Literature, then, is determined by the conflict of significant mind with significant material; the material is always changing, but the qualities which make the artist's mind significant are always the same: these are excess of intellect, excess of imagination, excess of emotion, excess of vitality—qualities possessed by all great artists, whether writers, sculptors, or painters, and which distinguish alike Michael Angelo and Shakespeare, Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe. The second determining force, is so much a product of the age and race and period that, although it cannot be counted on, it can always be accounted for—that is, the exact elements which produce it can be observed and summarized. Significant minds, however, are, as far as we know, so much the sport of nature that their appearance at any time is simply an uncontrollable and unaccountable accident. Taine's idea that literature is determined by three forces—race, milieu, moment—is, at best, a half-truth; these three forces determine, not literature, but merely the material of literature. There are instances in the history of the world where the race, milieu, and moment supplied the material, but where the mind that could work on it did not appear. The Roman Empire supplied significant material in plenty, but significant mind occurred too infrequently to make Roman literature a really great literature. And, although relatively there are few who can use it, America at the present day almost certainly supplies significant material. On the other hand, the significant mind has occasionally appeared without having any adequate material to work on. Dryden's is such a case.

In addition to the material and the mind of the artist, the public is a real determining factor in the quality of the literature of any period, although hardly any artists except a few of the very great ones will admit the importance of their public. And yet, in a certain sense, every artist—certainly every great artist—produces what his public wants, for the artist's public is that audience which, like him, feels the need of expression through him, and what it needs to express is what he expresses. How profoundly true to their race, period, and the needs of their public are the works of the great artists—Goethe, Dante, Shakespeare, Molière! You can from their work pick out all the qualities, all the thoughts, all the ideals of the time which needed expression. In Goethe we have the idea which has haunted the Germanic race—if one had one's life to live over again: the Faustian idea. In Dante, within the framework of mediæval Catholic philosophy, we have the conception of woman—the angel guiding man, the Divine Mother, which haunts all the art of the Italian people. In Shakespeare we have the passion for greatness and the snobbish passion for what they call the great which belong to the English race. In Molière we have the passion for reality. And its literature as a whole will always show the cardinal defect of each race. In French literature we find the defective quality to be imagination; in English literature we find the defective quality to be intellect; in Italian literature the defect is in vitality—unlike the English and the French, the Italians have never had the vitality to keep up a continuous literary expression. In German literature the defects are far subtler; it exhibits a lack of intensity in vitality and imagination.

It is sometimes difficult for a critic in his own time to gauge the significance of the material; therefore contemporary criticism, even by the best critics, is often astray. It ought never to be impossible, however, for the genuine critic, to recognize the significant minds of his own time—this is, in fact, the chief quality of mind which distinguishes him from other literary artists.

Significant mind and significant material, their conflict with each other, their relation to each other—these, I maintain, make the only hard and fast criterions of literature: all others have to be created anew by the critic when confronted with a new work of art. In a previous paragraph they were roughly applied to whole literatures; if we now apply them to a number of well-known writers in various branches of literature, what will be the results?

I will take, more or less at random, a few well-known writers whose names occur to me. The work of Bernard Shaw is so widely known that it is of general in-

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terest. Shaw's mind, it will be obvious even to the general reader who is not a critic, is characterized by excessive vitality and excessive intellect, but is defective on the side of imagination and emotion. His material is generally not very significant, but he has one quality of a great writer—the quality of being entertaining to the best minds of his own time. The power, however, of profoundly influencing or moving them, which can only be the result of intellect working with strong emotion, he has not. He has no real power of creating character; there is no Shaw world as there is an Ibsen world or a Shakespeare world; instead of creating human beings he assembles a series of qualities, opinions, and ideas which he attaches to a lay-figure. The result is often a very lively and diverting automaton which never becomes part of our experience as does Hamlet, or Brand, or John Gabriel Bjorkman. Gabriele d'Annunzio has been before the eyes of the world just as much as Bernard Shaw, but his work is not really widely known. However, his "Francesca da Rimini" has been made available for English readers in Symons's splendid translation, and I will take it for granted that it is familiar to people interested in literature. It is indeed a beautiful and moving play, and excellently displays the dominant qualities of d'Annunzio's mind—excess of emotion and excess of vitality. He is defective in intellect and imagination, and, though his material is often significant, it is sometimes ruined by the puerility of his mind, so that, with many of the lineaments of a great writer, he eventually falls below the level of even the second-rate. His reputation, however, has kept up, while that of Maeterlinck, who is a greater writer, has declined through the decay of his powers. Maeterlinck is intellectually far the superior of d'Annunzio, though emotionally somewhat his inferior; his other qualities were not only subtler and rarer but more evenly balanced, and, though none of them were of the highest order, he is defective in none as d'Annunzio is on the intellectual side. His material had profoundly racial qualities; he brought into French the mysticism of the Fleming, the loneliness and vespertine philosophy of a small people.

In another writer often compared with Maeterlinck, W. B. Yeats, we find in a greater degree the same sort of racial significance. For this poet, race and milieu supplied the characteristic material of his poetry; he became a unique figure through bringing into English poetry the racial experience, the racial myths, and the racial longings of another people. There is in his poetry that quality so often regarded wrongly as mysticism—the desire to sacrifice things held dear by other people for some generally quite illusory benefits—a fantastic devotion to remote and unfriended ideals that belong to a people for whom the desire to destroy what seems evil is overwhelming, but the desire to build up, an illusion. With cardinal deficiencies of emotion and vitality, he is yet almost a great poet. We see at once the defects of his genius in his own conception of what a writer expresses; he conceives that a writer expresses, not his own self, but his antiself; that a man gives expression to something he is not but wishes to be; that writing is, as it were, a compensation for something he has not got—this is the conception of a man whose intellect too strongly dominates every other aspect of his genius. He has indeed a lack of comprehension for those very great men whose emotions and vitality were each so overwhelming that they demanded equal expression, and whose work was the expression of the overpowering urge that they experienced. That quality in which a writer is deficient is the one in which he will be most powerfully influenced by other writers: Yeats has been influenced by almost every writer of his time who expressed strong emotion or subtle emotion—by d'Annunzio, by Maeterlinck, by William Morris.

These writers, of course, definitely belonged to the older generation, and are considered old-fashioned by most of the younger critics, though once they, too, were regarded as belonging to the advance guard and the left wing by an older generation of readers and critics. Yeats and Maeterlinck were considered incomprehensible, too mystical, and too symbolistic—it will be remembered that symbolism was the great movement when they were young, and Bernard Shaw and d'Annunzio were both thought very

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shocking, each, of course, for different reasons.

The writers of our own left wing have suffered from having been so much praised by critics whose standards were bounded on all sides by significance of form and from being decried by critics for whom their originality and modernity was more or less a complete barrier against their comprehension of them. Of the best known of these left-wing writers the two most important are James Joyce and Marcel Proust. Now these two writers are remarkable for the same reason that any writer in the history of literature is remarkable—the work of each is again an example of the action of significant mind on significant material. The material of both Joyce and Proust is strongly determined by the race to which they belong, by their milieu, and by the moment. Race and milieu alone, of course, have distinguished the material of many important writers, but, in the case of these two, the moment really influences them in a remarkable way. Each exemplifies in his work two important scientific discoveries reduced to terms of literature: the discovery of the subconscious and the Einstein idea of the relativity of time. Both Proust and Joyce reveal their characters in terms of the subconscious and both translate into terms of art the Einstein idea of time. That the last idea is unconscious in both of them is probable, and is only an example of how the same great ideas come to men of genius in different terms. Marcel Proust and James Joyce are not only of great consequence in our time, but are actually sure of some measure of immortality—how great this will be depends upon the lasting significance of their material, and it is just this lasting significance of material which it is difficult for the contemporary critic to estimate.

That the subconscious has been more significantly, more profoundly, less obviously revealed by Dostoievsky I am convinced, and not only the subconsciousness of individuals, but the subconsciousness of men in the mass, so that the men he creates in his novels become characters in real life years later. We say when we read some revealment of the under-mind in a character of Joyce or Proust, "How subtle, how true, how interesting," but of Dostoievsky's revealment, so far as it goes into the mind, not only of the man, but of humanity, we feel as we feel before all those great products of the mind, like Michael Angelo's "Moses," that they were wrung not out of the experience of a single man, but out of the experience of man since the beginning of time. Before Joyce's Bloom and Proust's Swann we pause and marvel, our imagination and intelligence roused to wonderment, but before the Brothers Karamazov, what can we do but pause and weep: such agony, such ecstasy, such subtlety of love and hate—all the gamut of all the emotions of men in all their marvellous ramifications—love blurred with hatred, parental and filial devotion blurred with cruelty. In comparison with Dostoievsky the work of Joyce and Proust seems to have a somewhat too complete and excellent and urbane finish; it is polished off into a psychological exactitude by a too conscious application of the discoveries of Freud—that is to say these authors lack Dostoievsky's height of emotional power.

In contemporary American literature significant mind is rare. Let us consider a couple of the best-known American writers who at the same time enjoy a high esteem with critics and cultivated readers. The one who is in highest favor among the younger intelligentsia is Sherwood Anderson, and with their estimate I am in entire agreement. He is the one contemporary American story-writer with a genuinely free imagination, genuinely strong emotion, so that his material beneath his touch becomes transformed as only a creative artist can transform it. He has added to the significance of the material for all other artists who follow him. Sinclair Lewis, whom one of our most distinguished critics has compared to Flaubert, has, on the contrary, seriously damaged for other artists the material he uses instead of adding to its significance by the power of a transforming imagination, and has actually somewhat exhausted it for other writers: "Babbitt" and "Main Street" have become docketed, and ticketed and placed in pigeonholes; they are labels and do not walk the world as free ideas. Sinclair Lewis has not treated them with a free creative

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imagination, but has, to use a phrase of Taine's, written like a citizen for fellow citizens. We have in his work a perfect example of what happens to significant material passed through a mind that is not significant. He labels the material instead of transforming it.

I have chosen these writers mainly because their work is of immediate interest, and not because I think that they are the greatest writers of our day. The special contemporary interest in Joyce and Proust is natural, for it is the normal thing for the younger generation of readers to be most excited by those authors who particularly express the ideas of their time—a fact forgotten by some academic critics. This excitement may be given by a writer who is quite secondary in comparison with an older writer of great achievement. The preferences of the younger generation—even the outrageous follies of their preferences—cannot be overlooked: they are often indications of new currents, of new stirrings and strivings unnoted by the elders.

The Last Moonrise

BY BENTON B. ORWIG

When things remembered are each forgotten,
  When the hills become one with the plain,
When Nature enfolds Her last lone God
  Back again, slain:

The seasons are one where no change is,
  There is nothing of west or east;
Past the dull full surge of the furthest sea
  The wind has ceased.

The Mother of all that is or has been,
  The dawn and the fields and the rain,
Tired of all lips and limbs and sighs,
  Sinning and pain,

Pleasures and sorrows and cryings and hymns,
  Of straining each breath and giving,
Youth and age and the matter that mind is,
  Tired of all living.

Nothing remains to give to Her:
  The noon and the dusk and the spring;
Nothing ever can grow or yield,
  Or breathe or sing.

The course of Her blood in long thin tremors
  Pulses where all is red;
At Her breast as dry as the earth is
  Even love lies dead.

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The Small-Town Banker Puts on Knickers

BY WILL ROSE
Author of "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party"

RECENTLY a friend of mine named Bob De Vore, who is to-day running next to the pole in the big city race, stopped off at the Pennsylvania town of 1,500 where he got his business start.

He was delighted and pleased to find a smart auto-bus of the new hotel at the railroad-station, and even more pleased with the style and convenience of the room and bath to which he was assigned. The room had a telephone, too, and when it rang, less than fifteen minutes after he had washed his face, he subconsciously and gladly prepared himself to pay $6 European for the room in contrast with the $3.50 per day American plan which the town hotel in his day had charged for its drafty, ill-kempt, rusty rooms with their high windows and dirty lace curtains. John Lavery, an old friend, formerly cashier but now president of the First National Bank of the town, was on the wire.

"The porter of the hotel just came in with a deposit," explained Lavery, "and as usual told us all about the new arrivals on the morning train. He said you dropped off. When can I have a short visit with you?"

"I am leaving on the night-train," said De Vore. He hesitated over an idea, which would have been just the ticket in the big cities and their environment, but which might not grease the rails of a conference in this small town. Should he suggest it? "However, I am going to take an hour off this afternoon to go round the new golf course here," he went on. "Come over at one o'clock and we'll have lunch. You may have time to walk around the course with me, too."

"Fine! I'll do better than that. I'll go to the train with you. I want a good long visit with you. And another thing. Look out for my drive!"

De Vore decided to put on his golf togs before going out, so that he would be ready immediately after lunch. However, he again hesitated, and out of consideration of the usual small-town dress, he refused his knickerbockers which he had long since learned to carry in his grip where they would be ready for either business or pleasure on the golf course.

He could have saved himself at least one of many quick decisions. Lavery came into the hotel lobby promptly at one o'clock with a bag of sticks slung jauntily over one shoulder, and dressed in correct attire for any golf course in the country. The two men enjoyed a frank friendship and could joke heartily about their respective pants!

In telling me about it later as we sat behind a plate-glass window watching the traffic on Fifth Avenue, De Vore laughed joyously, but he grew serious over the significance of the incident.

"The small-town banker's soul as well as his legs are to-day dressed in knickers," he said. "There was a time, not so long ago, when the country banker wore short pants of a different kind, figuratively speaking. Those were the days when he carried a black satchel, and drove a weary horse from farm to farm to transact his business. That banker has largely disappeared and it's a good thing. If he appeared to-day we might mistake him for a bootlegger!

"Those were the days of the farmers' banks. Later these banks took advantage of the federal system and became national banks. Carrying along the figure, their owners and managers then put on the long pants of the grown-up man, but they let them go unpressed and never paid out a dollar for dry-cleaning. Thrifty American shabbiness was the style note of the banker. But to-day they

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wear knickers and they read the trade papers and financial sheets with just as much avidity as they do the style magazines. It is something I had not stopped to think of before, and I dare say that many others are in the same boat with me."

De Vore fixed his eyes on the tip of his toe, and concentrated in that intensive way which has undoubtedly had much to do with his rapid and successful rise. I waited. I felt certain that one of his famous short surveys of future possibilities was coming.

"John Lavery's history is interesting while we are thinking along this line," he went on. "Thirty years ago he was struggling to get the old Farmers' Bank to resources of $10,000. He succeeded. Within the next two years the small banks in the two small towns on either side of him happened to go up with bad losses, because they lacked elasticity to stretch over the emergency. Small banks had that rather unbecoming feature in those days. After studying the situation carefully Lavery put a proposition up to the conservative men of the community, got the promise of $50,000 capital, and changed from a private or semiprivate into a national bank. There was no particular pioneering in this move. He was merely changing from short pants to long ones, merely following the styles. He might easily have let his pants go unpressed and worn his mind in the same groove until it became shiny on the seams. In that day conservative and stable people would have applauded such so-called thriftiness.

"But Lavery was dry-cleaning his mind constantly. He was originating ideas and theories within the possibilities of the country bank. All he lacked was opportunity to try some of them out. Fortunately I happened along with a strong body, an active mind, and a smiling face, and he picked on me for a public demonstration. For it was about that time when I went to the small town in my first business venture in charge of my own and other people's capital. The way Lavery handled me proved that he was growing, although I did not fully appreciate it at the time. He used to talk with me at great length and detail about my little retail store and the way I was handling it. He was sounding me out, reading my character and potential size. To make a long story short, he loaned me the limit at the bank, and made it possible for me to make several private loans, all on my own name, so that I could press on with the development of the opportunities I saw at every hand. Within seven years I owed on my personal name and credit $29,000, but I had trebled the size and profits of my retail business, developed a fine little manufacturing business which I controlled, and helped to organize, bring to the town, and direct three other small, growing factories. Conservatively I was worth in physical assets more than $50,000 against the $29,000 that I owed. Now, mind you, while Lavery was doing this with me he was also bringing into the bank two good accounts from me and three new factory accounts which I naturally helped him to get. All he required in return was that I carry at all times a life insurance equal to 150 per cent of my total personal debt without regard to my assets, and make my will with an officer of the bank as executor. Even my wife was in his confidence. She fully understood that in case of my untimely death she was to take freely all of the life insurance, and give free and willing rein of my affairs to the bank and its officials. While Lavery was doing this with me, he was working in various ways, though similar ones, with some others. Why, he tells me that only recently he went to the owner of the old hotel and showed him that there wasn't a modern, comfortable hotel in a radius of thirty miles. He also showed him the local small river, the delightful walks of the neighborhood, the remarkable rabbit-hunting in the fall, and the hard-surfaced roads that will be built within the next five years. He got him to agree to the organization of a new, modern hotel which the old hotel man would head. The new hotel account is four times as large as was the old one and the town is immensely benefited. Travelling men are riding twenty-five miles out of their way to stop there, especially over week-ends. The conclusion to the story is that he showed me a statement of the bank, when I was there the other day, that totalled resources of more than

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$2,000,000. Think of that alongside of the $10,000 Farmers' Bank he originally planned thirty years ago. The town has grown some since, of course—it couldn't help it with a man like Lavery whipping it constantly—but only normally. What I mean is that it is located in the East where old communities are not doubling in size every ten years as some baby towns are in the West, for instance. Think of it. What an answer that is to the "Main Street" cynic who seems to be very popular in the present hour!

"Yes," continued De Vore after a short revery in which he seemed to be chewing on the "Main Street" reference, "we are said to have many pressing problems in this country. Our legislators are said to be very wise but strictly up against it. They are trying to make laws that will in turn make people be kind and just and good, and builders at the same time. To my way of thinking, in looking *for* something difficult they have looked *over* the obvious place in the present scheme to punch in and make definite contact. If the country bank generally throughout the country can rise to meet the opportunities before it, life in the small town can be made much more delightful than in the cities and at the same time much more profitable in money terms and much more secure. It is to the small town that we must look for a return to the American dollar that will buy one hundred cents' worth of food and clothes and recreation. I refer to building the community—thousands of them—rather than the few great centres. It can easily be the solution of farm credits, distribution of manufacturing and population, congestion of cities, development of natural resources, perfection of railroads, roads, and truck-lines, and—solution of the labor problem!"

De Vore's talk set me to thinking, and gradually, as opportunity has presented itself, I have put some of his theories and predictions to the test. When one has enjoyed an excellent dinner prepared under the artist eye of Chef Mozon, and later sits in a Fifth Avenue club window intoxicated by the aroma of a fine Havana, his ideas are sometimes as swift, and as fleeting, as the twin-six limousine going up the avenue. Knowing this, I wanted to guard against its effect. But I have discovered a remarkable series of incidents to the credit of the country banker. One almost dares to say that his city brother does not hold a candle to him when it comes to genuine resourcefulness, insight, constructive motion, and service to the world!

Until recently small towns and even small cities, especially in the East, have been unable to disassociate the terms "banking" and "wealth." The bank in any normally prosperous community has been a profitable business. Requiring money for capital back at the start, the well-to-do men of the community naturally gravitated to the directorates. Too often these men were well-to-do by inheritance only or by very gradual accumulation through painful personal economy which we in America are miscalling thrift. The first class skinned their shinbones whenever they tried to jump into the business mêlée; the second class had spent their lives toward the sole goal of doing an imitation of a withered Egyptian mummy, and by the natural law of absorption dried up everything with which they came in contact. No greater proof of this situation can be found than that the bank has been one of the very last lines of business to use the power of advertising for service, greater growth, profits. (Notice the order of the results.) It favored advertising for its customer only when paid for out of profits already earned, and considered advertising for itself a sacrilege. Natural results followed. Selfish, moss-back, and inactive directorates grew up. The bank was almost always indulging itself in community and county politics. It developed factions. One young business man in a small town told me that, when he unavoidably hurt the personal feelings of a sixty-year-old bank power who ran a competing store, this old pirate came to him and threatened terrible things through the bank if an apology was not forthcoming. What do you think of that?

Then came the new idea. Younger men, without regard to their personal worth at the moment, but with proved ability, were made directors for the benefit of what they knew about constructive business and finance gained through the proper educational courses at colleges and commercial schools and by way of expe-

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rience in the financial, productive, advertising, and selling departments of all business. Active directorates followed. Service to the community became the keynote of banking.

To-day the selection of a new director for a country bank in many progressive communities is very interesting. Nothing can give a better idea of the development going on than a very few of many illustrations which might be cited.

One small town of less than 2,000 population had a fine surrounding territory, and enjoyed the prestige of two banks which were constantly fighting. But this created competition. The cashiers were on their toes. A young man with a past experience in Chicago, New York, and other large cities came to town and purchased one of the two small weeklies. One cashier watched him. The other did not because, as a rule, which is being rewritten now, country publishers in America had never been spotlighted for any business methods, to say nothing of good ones. (This, with its resulting effect on "Interurban America," is another story told last month in my article "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party.") The rule had held true in the small town in question. However, the cashier who had his eyes open noticed that he now received a statement from the newspaper on the first of every month, instead of every three months, as had been the practice. He also noticed that he was having more and more of his bank printing done at home due to the man-sized solicitation of the new publisher, and was using more advertising space than ever before because he was being shown how to do so profitably. The newspaper had also become livelier and fresher and was better printed. The cashier inquired further, and learned that this young publisher was paying his local bills promptly every month and discounting with the supply houses. He was, therefore, fully prepared to understand why the young man's business increased in a very few years from $7,000 to $20,000. Convinced that this young man had benefited by an excellent schooling in the national fields of advertising and selling, he asked him to become a member of his board, even though he was only thirty-two years old, at least ten years younger than any man who had been chosen a bank director in the history of the community. The remarkable part of the proceeding was that somebody had to get off the board before the publisher could be put on. The cashier talked it over in a friendly fashion with the president of the bank. This president was the too usual figurehead. He was a retired business man of wealth who owned fifty shares of the bank's stock and carried a balance running to $10,000. However, he was not otherwise nor constructively active. He saw the cashier's point promptly, in a co-operative spirit, and retired. He did not take his friendship with him. In less than four months after the seating of the young publisher and advertising man, the latter had grappled with one of the pressing risks of the bank and changed it into an asset. None of the other directors had given such a possibility a thought. Yet it was comparatively easy to do when studied by an experienced man. A small factory in the town was more than $5,000 in permanent debt to the bank. The risk was safe but unpleasant. One of the bank's active directors, having had faith in the factory in the past, had indorsed its notes. But the bank disliked to press the matter, even though the examiner urged action at every visit. The young publisher picked up this matter and went to work on it. He was able to reconstruct the factory's advertising and selling policy so as to wipe out its debt, release the indorser, and change the account from a liability into a going business of $50,000 the first year with a balance running to four figures. Undoubtedly he is continuing that kind of value to the bank.

No less remarkable and interesting was the filling of a place on the directorate of a national bank in an Eastern city of 25,000 when a prominent and wealthy citizen dropped dead. His associates in the bank had included a crowd of prestige, a supreme court judge, a wholesale grocer worth a quarter of a million, the richest and most talented trial lawyer in several counties, and other men of like prominence and stability. Everybody thought that the leading candidate for the vacancy was an intimate of the men already on the board, who had made a fortune in the dry-goods business and retired. In all probability he would have

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been a distinct addition to the prestige of the directorate. But he was not elected. Instead, a young and very influential farmer from out in the county got the place. He brings not prestige of the kind we have been discussing, but new accounts!

In another town, much smaller, where the natural business to be had comes from the farming communities, but where a new industrial growth is in full swing, one of the farmer directors was easily disposed of and a young manufacturer with a wide knowledge of factory and manufacturing problems replaced him. With three small factories already growing in the town and more coming in because of unusual rail and water possibilities, the bank is now in a position to develop intelligently in its desire to serve.

Sometimes the benefit of more modern and prosperous organization comes from within. One small bank during the recent upheaval in the investment market felt that it could change its securities with profit. In its directorate was a doctor who had a local reputation as a bond expert. He knew nothing of the actual details of business, such as production, advertising, selling, and auditing. At the same time his interest in the bank was only nominal. He was made president and immediately became an active force. The investments were changed decidedly. He also enjoyed, or suffered under, a community confidence as a man of strict integrity which made him the executor of many wills, especially of men in limited circumstances. Through this reputation he brought in many new small accounts.

This new and progressive idea in the organization of country banks is resulting in thousands of humane sympathies in the fabric of daily business, and is surely having its constructive effect on American stability of character and real values in citizenship. It is the human hand that makes the grand federal banking machine effective.

The sharp contrast between the old and the new methods is brought out by the respective treatments of a young hardware merchant by the two banks in one small town. This young fellow inherited several thousands of dollars before he had learned the rudiments of business management. But he had made a small success as a retail salesman, and on the strength of this put his money into a good retail store which was for sale at the time. He was quick, active in local societies, a good window-trimmer, and excellent at trade stunts. And he did the business, but he fell down badly in taking care of his finances. Things were going from bad to worse. About this time some fool interested him in a very high-grade player grand piano, and, although he already had a good piano of older vintage, he misplaced 1,800 more dollars with a still greater loss of credit. The music from the piano was an innovation in local circles, and his wife invited people in and showed the piano generously. Meanwhile business men down on the main street gossiped. The cashier of the First National Bank, where the young man had his account, sought to be of help to him and in the friendliest spirit went to him. But he lacked tact.

His first question was: "How can you afford that new piano when your affairs at the bank are in such bad shape?"

With Old Human Nature as it is and with Social Pride still a definite quantity, only one answer on the part of the young merchant was possible. He possessed a strong personality.

"That's none of your damn business!" he replied.

This peeved the cashier. "Then I'll make it my business," he said.

Fearing that the cashier intended to press him and knowing what that would do to him at the particular moment, the hardware man called on the president of the Second National Bank and poured out the whole story. The president happened to be a competitor, too, which makes this incident all the more interesting and encouraging. He understood human nature and had reached a mellow and successful maturity. Instead of discouraging the young man, he built up his self-confidence with a long fatherly talk. But the account was in too bad shape at the moment to be transferred with any benefit to the Second National Bank. The president did not tell the young man this, but he assured him that after a little time the Second National Bank would be glad to take the account and in the meantime went to work gently on plans to make the

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account valuable. For several nights each week, he went to the store of the young competitor and acted in an advisory capacity. Under his careful and tactful tutoring the young man turned the piano back on a dealer in a city near by, sacrificing $200 which had been paid down but wiping out an obligation of $1,600; placed himself on a limited weekly salary and arranged his home budget to stay within this; started a strenuous campaign to collect his book accounts; instituted a system of statements to all accounts on the first of every month backed up by personal visits after the 15th; and wrote confidential weekly letters reporting his financial progress to all creditors except the other bank. He was delighted and greatly heartened by the co-operation he received all around and made rapid progress toward a sound footing. When the disgruntled cashier of the First National Bank served notice a little later, the young merchant's affairs were in such good condition that the Second National Bank was justified in making a connection. It is only right to add that the young man has benefited permanently, and, best of all, last week he went back to the piano dealer, got the advantage of the $200 he had paid in on the piano, an additional discount for cash, and now his wife is again in the van of local musical circles. Yet that isn't the best part of it either. The best part is that America has one more young retailer who is capable, and who will forever stand for the best in community competition. That's national wealth!

The cashier of another small-town bank has also studied human nature with benefit. When the Southern Pacific Company gave out its Pacific Oil rights, this cashier remembered that many widows and other investors, classified as incompetents, were stockholders in the Southern Pacific Company. He secured a local list. These rights gave the stockholders the opportunity of purchasing one share of the new Pacific Oil Company at $15 per share for every share of Southern Pacific held. Already the new stock was selling in the open market for above $30. The rights expired on March 1. Several days before this date the cashier visited the names on his list to remind them of the expiration date. He found three instances where stockholders were not going to exercise their rights because they did not fully understand their value and would have to make a loan. The cashier arranged the loans, of course, and secured three new accounts for his bank. One of them later became sizable by inheritance and remained with him to the extent of $50,000 in his three departments of checking, saving, and bond, because he had performed a service and inspired confidence.

This same cashier put over another piece of unusual constructive work when he started the wheels going in a small local factory that had been shut down through mismanagement. He went to the local Chamber of Commerce, reminded them of possibilities, and urged them to advertise the factory in several surrounding industrial centres as an opportunity for some young man with a few thousand dollars to get into business for himself. An experienced man came to town with $10,000, looked over the possibilities, and asked the cashier to investigate him and his experience and record. Things checked up fine and they went ahead. The factory is now in its third year under this new citizen, and is growing into a very profitable business. Its account is large.

One of the most interesting cases which involved the new way of doing things came to light in another small town which was trying unsuccessfully to support three men's-wear retail stores. As is so often the case, the town had two banks. Bank No. 1 had two of the accounts, one of them being the strongest, or that of John J. Josey, who had been doing business there for forty consecutive years in the same stand next door to the post-office. Josey was growing very elderly. Bank No. 2 had the third account, the least successful of them all, the youngest, and barely making expenses. This store was a branch of another in a neighboring town of larger size, and was managed by a local young man of fine habits and excellent and growing ability. But it was third in an overcrowded field. The cashier of Bank No. 2 happened to be talking with the city owner of the branch one day when he was in the town. The owner told him that for two cents he would close it out if he wasn't under contract for several more years to the young manager. This gave

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the cashier an idea which he discreetly kept in the back of his head until he could use it.

In the natural course of events John J. Josey, the successful merchant of forty years' standing, whose clientèle was large and loyal, died. The cashier hot-footed it to the young manager of the branch store and told him of his previous conversation with his boss. He knew that the young man had saved nearly $3,000, and suggested that the bank would like to back him in the purchase of the John J. Josey business—which could now be had from the administrator, who was settling up the estate for an old widow as fast as possible, at a large discount on the inventory—providing that an officer of the bank could advise in the running of the store until the bank loans were paid off. Under the circumstances the risk was very slight. The bank was required to loan the young man only about half of the knock-down value of the merchandise in the store. The Josey store had been making better than $5,000 a year over and above the owner's salary. They agreed that the young man should merely add a small line to the large store sign as "successor." The result was that Bank No. 2 closed out a shabby account and took on the best account in that line in the town, which was even increased owing to the diplomatic death of the third store. The other store in the town also prospered in proportion, and wishing to show its appreciation to Bank No. 2 transferred its account from Bank No. 1.

There are some bankers who think that one financial institution is better for the small community than two or more banks. In fact, in numerous communities movements looking toward combinations are growing. I happened to sit on the tail of this idea one day recently without planning it when I was calling on a banker friend. He asked me to come right on into his office, even though at the time he seemed engaged, and introduced me to a local manufacturer. Presently the manufacturer left and my friend turned to me.

"There is the finest kind of profits walking right away from this bank," he said regretfully, referring to the departing manufacturer, "and I am powerless to interfere. Here is his financial statement showing book value for his stock of nearly $400 per share. In his surplus is a fine lot of bonds. He has just landed a big order and will have to borrow $50,000 until next spring. All we can let him have is $6,000 because he is already borrowing $4,000 here. Our combined capital and surplus is only $100,000, and we are limited by law in any one loan to 10 per cent of that figure. Consequently, he is taking $50,000 at 3 per cent for six months, or $1,500 interest income, to a city bank and must go to the trouble of putting up collateral because his own bank cannot accommodate him. The city bank will also get the checking-account deposit, increasing their resources by $50,000. The manufacturer is put to a great deal of trouble and explanation, and we lose a fine addition to our resources and profits. Incidentally, he becomes more and more dissatisfied with his location in this small town. If he should move his factory, we would lose 250 families, have almost as many vacant houses in the town, and our merchants would lose a pay-roll of $10,000 per week. It's all the more depressing when I stop to think that we have plenty of money to loan, or can get it from the Federal Reserve."

"Yet you wouldn't counsel dropping that 10 per cent ruling," I said.

"Not for a minute. Why, over in the other end of the county only last fall, about the last privately run bank in these parts went up with a loss to the community of more than half a million dollars. The cashier was one of the finest fellows in the world, and I don't think he ever meant to be dishonest. But he was a large stockholder in a home factory that had a wild growth during the war and a bad slump during the depression. It was grossly mismanaged. The cashier let this factory have almost a quarter of a million dollars on hope. Think of that! Of course, the whole thing crashed. No, sir! That 10 per cent ruling is the best thing to be found in the national scheme of banking."

"How would it be," I asked, "if you could refer an extraordinary loan such as your friend desires to make, to the Federal Reserve Bank in this district, and the Federal Reserve had the power to make an exception under the 10 per cent ruling?"

"I wouldn't advise even that," he an-

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swered. "Oh, of course, if we wanted to, we could take care of this man as it is, by loaning several amounts to our directors or other local men with the understanding that they would turn around and loan it to the manufacturer. But that isn't banking. However, there is a way for the small community to meet this growing demand. Either bank here can loan up to about $10,000. The bank up the street has more than a million resources. We have nearly a million. I have been urging the fellows up above to combine. They have been inclined to smile so far, but we are going ahead so fast, and they are loafing with such slack traces that we may easily run them down before long. If we were to combine in one bank we would immediately be twice the size of either of us now with half the fixed overhead and twice the banking power. But we would be more than that because in doubling our size we would instantly double the range of our territory and possibilities. We would also be large enough to add special departments, such as a well-organized and efficient bond department, trust department, etc."

This friend also referred to the chain bank in our talk, after I had told him of the several developments covered in this article.

"Why ask me?" he challenged. "You have found the answer to the chain-bank idea in your investigation. The country bank is fast becoming not merely a depository for community funds and a neck-yoke on the local business men, widows, and orphans, but the fountainhead of town business development. In the future its main idea will not be the making of money. It will get away from the blood-sucker stunt entirely. It is reorganizing its directorate so as to secure business brains, experience, breadth, and activity. Especially activity. This makes it equal to its appointed job of showing every kind of business man how to take advantage of the best methods, and to make and to have more money—not more debts at 6 per cent per annum. The day is coming when even the small bank will consider another official than the cashier essential. This man will be the manager of the promotion, or business-building, or business-aid, or whatever you want to call it, department. All towns do not have the men you have been telling about to put on their directorates. Some banks will have to import that kind of talent. And when that kind of a man is finally at the head of a recognized department in all banks, then we will cut commercial failures to the minimum and find some place to take hold of this thing called Public Economy. But I am getting away from your question about chain banks.

"If more and more country banks continue to spruce up and make good—to put on the knickers, as you term it—where does your so-called chain bank come into the scheme of things at all? A chain bank isn't a grocery-store, remember that. It is not going out to lower interest rates. The small-town people won't have it, I tell you. If I am doing business in a small town and have to lay myself open to an obligation at the bank, I want the man who lets me have the money to know my condition. He must know my wife and kiddies. He must know whether I made what money I have or inherited it. He must know how slowly I made it. He must know my pet hobbies, my contributions, my personal habits in and out of business hours. Chain banks cannot know these things—don't want to know them. With them, and more particularly their home offices, I am simply one more name in thousands on a list. No, sir! The money here belongs to this community, and we do not propose to appoint a financial king with an arbitrary throne just at present. They hold up the whole peanut to us and tell us that all they want is the shell, the supporting structure. But we know that later they will eat the nut and throw the shell away!"

The country banker is learning not to shy at the new-fangled aeroplane. He is taking his flight and getting a bird's-eye view. He finds that he is merely the financial department of a big community business that is greatly like unto the corporation structure. He will grow only as the whole business grows. He cannot get his own salary raised without earning more for the whole concern. So he is studying and working and playing to get himself up to date and to keep in the pink of condition.

He is wearing knickers!

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Over this scene of expensive and brilliant disorder the bride presided competently and coolly.

Claustrophobia

BY ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE
Author of "At the Foot of the Rockies," "Calvert of Strathore," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL PLUMMER

THE church rehearsal was over, and Warner, leaning against the side of the chancel, told himself in a sudden panic that never, under any circumstances, could he go through with the real ceremony.

It had been a full-dress rehearsal—for all but the bride, of course—and his ears were still filled with the crashing reverberations of the wedding march, his eyes still dazzled by dissolving views of the eight "Watteau" bridesmaids in rainbow-hued chiffon frocks, advancing slowly up the aisle, swaying this way and that, leaning affectedly on tall, ribbon-bedecked sticks. They had broken ranks now and were moving about, chatting animatedly with the groomsmen, their conversation much interfered with by the diminutive "flower-girl" and velvet-clad "ring-bearer," riotously at large now that their onerous duties were performed.

Over this scene of expensive and brilliant disorder the bride presided competently and coolly. Warner, watching Rémy as she moved from one group to another, now talking over some point of the music programme with the organist, now turning to speak with the florist who had dropped in for last suggestions, now catching the fleeing "flower-girl" and "ring-bearer" to coach them once more in their "parts," realized finally and fully that just so would she go through life—ordering its forces according to her will, imposing her wishes on all around her. The fear that had been tugging at his heart and brain for weeks seemed sud-

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denly to clutch him, physically, by the throat and choke him. . . . The wedding party went back to Rémy's for sandwiches and claret cup, and when it broke up, Warner left with the rest. Three blocks up the avenue he stopped his taxi, got out, paid the chauffeur, and walked quickly back to the big white stone house he had just left. He stood looking up at it for a moment and then, spurred by the fear that Rémy might demur at seeing him so late, he ran up the steps and pressed the electric button.

Briggs, the Cosgroves' butler, loath to believe that anything more could happen in a day already packed with hectic events, waited an instant, doubtful that the bell, which had rung so often, could possibly have rung again at that hour of the night. A second reverberation dashed his hopes, and as he moved majestically to the door, he told himself bitterly that the eve of a wedding is a trying time in any household, and that he regretted sincerely having let himself in for such a fatiguing occasion in the Cosgrove ménage. But at sight of Warner his bitterness dissolved, and he welcomed the morrow's bridegroom to the warmth of the library with a knowing and forgiving smile. He too had known a wedding eve! Men, high and low, were pretty much alike, he reflected. Aloud he assured the young man that he would send a maid to Miss Rémy with the message at once. He put another log on the fire, and as he disappeared through the door on his errand, he favored Warner with another brotherhood-of-man glance.

Warner resented the look and its sentimental implications with a fervor that astonished himself. He stood by the mantel, his clenched hands thrust deep into his pockets, scowling at Briggs's retreating back. Well, he wouldn't have to see him or his meaning glances again, he told himself with a sudden, guilty relief. No—he would never see Briggs again. As for that matter, he would never see Rémy again—or this room where so much had happened to him. He looked around it with a curious, new interest, as though for the first time. In a certain sense it was the first time, for he had never before been able to look at it with detachment. Rémy had always been there with him, and Rémy had always demanded his entire attention. There was something rather suffocating about the demands Rémy made upon one. She was certainly not the sort to give him time for all this—the Franz Hals high above the carved mantel, the Rodin near the window, the long rows of dignified, handsomely bound books, stretched along the walls, which looked as though no one ever handled or loved them.

As he glanced at them now, he grinned with sardonic amusement. What was he doing *dans cette galère magnifique*, anyway, he asked himself. The doctors assure us that we change completely every seven years. Well, he had changed completely in seven weeks. He had come into that charming room a certain sort of man seven weeks before, and he was leaving it for the last time, to-night, a totally different person. It was all over—or would be, in a few minutes. Rémy would never forgive him, naturally. He straightened up against the mantel and raised his head as he heard her foot on the stairway.

She came in quickly and laid a hand on Warner's shoulder, putting up her provocative lips, on which hovered a subtle feminine replica of Briggs's intimate smile. But Warner only looked at her strangely and made no movement to take her into his arms.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "Are you still angry?"

He shook his head.

"Then what is it?" She spoke with a scarcely concealed impatient astonishment.

"Can't you guess?"

"Heavens, no!" she said, and glanced at the clock. "It's almost twelve o'clock. Phil—don't ask me to engage in a guessing contest at this hour of the night! Just let me have it straight, can't you, old dear?"

In the beginning Warner had sometimes thought Rémy too direct, too brutally forthright in her manner. It was a note in her youthful ultra-modernism which he hadn't particularly liked. But now he welcomed her straightforward technic. The interview couldn't be too short, too much to the point for him.

"I want to tell you something I should have told you weeks ago, Rémy, and to

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give you back something I should never have asked you for."

The girl's intent gaze held a look of surprise, followed by one of fear. She moved slightly away from Warner.

me as—well— The truth is, my dear girl, we've made a bad bargain, and now at the eleventh hour I've found the courage to come here and own up to it and set you free. I'm not the man for you, and

"It is unfortunate that our ideas on the subject didn't happen to coincide, Phil!"—Page 404.

"I don't think I understand." Her straight, dark brows that contrasted so beautifully with her yellow hair, drew together in a puzzled frown. The curved, somewhat full lips flattened out into a thin red line. "I don't understand," she said again.

Warner filled his lungs with air as for a dive. Then he took the plunge.

"It's simply this, Rémy—I've known for weeks that we weren't suited to each other—oh, don't shake your head! You've found it as hard to put up with I ought never to have asked you to marry me."

For a moment the girl did not speak. She moved a chair closer with her knee, sank down on it, and looked up at Warner. She touched her bobbed hair with a little gesture which he had once thought charming, but which for some time had vaguely annoyed him, and smiled. He noticed with a shock how sharp and pointed were the small eye-teeth as her lip drew back over them.

"Is this a joke, Phil?"

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"No—oh, no!" he said earnestly.

"It's in extremely bad taste, you know," she swept on, ignoring his protest.

"'Bad taste'!—there you are, Rémy." He gave a little laugh. "I've come to realize that I, myself, and everything I do and say is labelled 'bad taste' by you. Isn't that enough of itself to prove what I say—that we aren't suited to each other?"

"Don't be absurd, Phil! People don't break engagements for a superficial reason like that. Besides, I dare say you'll learn—I've always known you were clever. You'll find out quickly enough what's done and what isn't, once you are really one of us."

"That's just it, Rémy. I find that I don't really want to be one of you. The New York type doesn't impress me as being the perfect thing, by any means. I'm afraid of becoming a rubber stamp."

She smiled at him with disarming candor.

"Don't worry, old dear! You'll never become the perfect New Yorker! You'll be my 'young Lochinvar' to the end. And frankly, I hope you always will be wild-western and cave-mannish—it was what first attracted me to you, you know," she added.

"I've always wondered."

Rémy got up and stood leaning against the mantel, facing Warner. She looked at the tall, slim young man before her with an appraising glance that missed nothing, neither his good nor his bad points. His keen face and slender, athletic figure, though undeniably good, were somehow unfashionable. He was handsome, compelling in an unstandardized way—sharply different from the men she had always known. At times she felt like a pith-ball between two opposing electric poles—now attracted, now repelled. On the whole, she had been far more attracted than repelled. She felt strongly attracted now.

"Yes, I like it—to a certain extent," she said finally, and smiled.

"When it doesn't interfere with your plans." Warner grinned sardonically.

"If you mean the wedding ceremony and giving up that ranch of yours on the edge of nowhere for New York and father's office—yes. You really have been rather absurd about the wedding, old dear. I've worked hard over the whole thing. It will make a beautiful picture, and I certainly feel that I have the right to arrange my wedding according to my ideas—especially as *you* didn't seem to have any on the subject."

"Oh, yes—I had some. I'd thought about it—out there, under the stars—just a few friends—in some dim, quiet church——"

Rémy laughed a tinkling, amused laugh and sank down again on her chair.

"It's unfortunate that our ideas on the subject didn't happen to coincide, Phil!"

"Well, I wasn't thinking particularly of the wedding. I was thinking—haven't you noticed that our ideas never coincide, Rémy?" demanded Warner.

"They coincided the night you asked me to marry you and I consented," said the girl quickly.

Warner shifted his stance a little and looked down at the upleaping flame before speaking.

"Yes—but if you will be as honest with me as I am with you, Rémy, you'll acknowledge that, for once, you made a bad mistake."

"I acknowledge no such thing," retorted the girl.

"Don't you think it a bad mistake to marry a man whose whole attitude toward life and mode of living are so different from your own?"

She made an amused little *moue*.

"Not if he will promise to change them—as you have!"

"That's just the point," said Warner slowly. "I find I can't keep that promise."

"Ah, *that* is serious. A man who won't keep his promises—!" Her voice had an icy edge to it.

"It isn't that I won't—it's that I can't, Rémy!"

"Just what do you mean by that?" she asked after an instant's pause. Warner leaned restlessly against the mantelpiece, then moved away from it uncertainly and sank into a chair near Rémy's.

"See here," he said, "let's talk this over sensibly and quietly."

"*What* do you want to talk over sensibly and quietly?" demanded the girl.

"Why—the mistake we are thinking of

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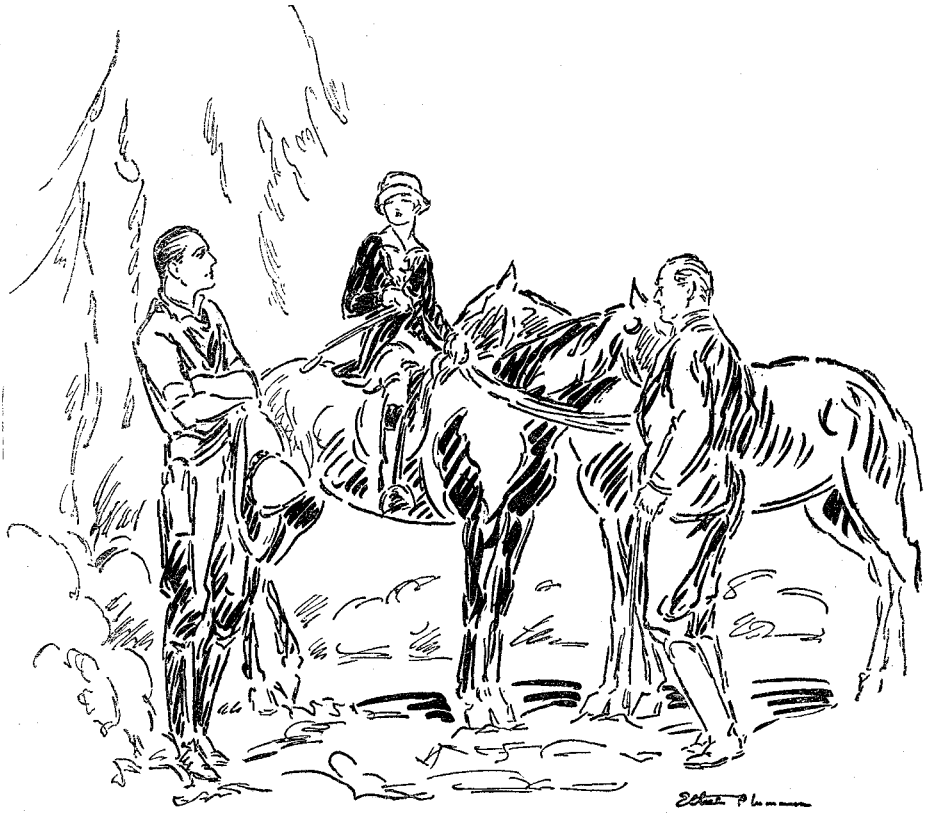
making and how to avoid it." Warner leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "If —if you had engaged passage on a boat sailing for Europe and had suddenly discovered that she was unseaworthy, wouldn't you cancel your passage, Rémy?



From the very beginning he had attracted her.—Page 406.

I've come to the conclusion that our boat will go down in the first blow, and I think the only sane thing to do is—to cancel our passage."

"You can't cancel a passage when it's time to haul in the gang-plank! It's too late—no steamship company would stand for it, Phil. And, besides, if one has any sporting blood, one would rather take the trip, with the chance of drowning, than to be left behind, disappointed."

Warner smiled a little. "I don't believe you'd be very disappointed, Rémy, and you wouldn't be left behind for long. You'd simply take the next boat with some one else—there are plenty for you to pick and choose from! It isn't as though you loved me."

The girl threw up her bright head, frowning.

"Oh, I dare say I'd make another sailing date. But—I do love you, Phil. You're different. I was so tired of all the men I'd known. They are all so alike——"

"That's it—that's what I've come to realize—that I was just something new for you to play with, Rémy. You'd better have left me out there in the West, where you found me. It was the life I'd always known, and now I realize that it's the only life I can lead."

"You should have thought of that sooner," said the girl coldly.

"Perhaps—only I'm sure you'll acknowledge that before I came East I didn't know what I was up against. It

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was practically impossible for me to realize your background."

"And now—on our wedding day"—she glanced again at the clock—"you've decided that you dislike that background so much that you want it—and me—to fade out of the picture of your life. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Warner steadily.

"Impossible, old dear!"

"Why 'impossible'? If you loved me—that would be different," he said again.

She shook her bobbed head in an exasperated fashion.

"I tell you I do love you, Phil—in my way. Oh, of course I'm not sentimental—it isn't done nowadays—and if you throw me over I shan't go to the bottom, like the 'wild duck,' because I have a couple of slugs in me and a trailing wing! I'll come to the surface all right and I'll keep afloat. But I acknowledge I shan't feel happy. You've come to mean a lot to me, Phil. You may not be perfect, but you can put it all over the men I've known——"

She stared brightly at him while her mind raced backward to the preceding summer, when she had suddenly found the men of her set intolerable. Josh Carlisle had taught her what to expect in the way of ultimate disillusionment, and it was in a revolt against him and his kind that she had acquiesced in her father's invitation to accompany him on a trip to inspect some mining properties in Idaho. The inspection over, they had decided on a short riding tour, and it was at the end of a hard day's going in the Snake River country that they had come upon the "Bye-low Ranch."

As Rémy stared at Warner she could see again the hot, treeless upland trail, from which they had unexpectedly looked down into the valley, with Warner's ranch lying cool and shady at the bottom. It had seemed like a glimpse of Paradise with its copper-splashed pool, gleaming blue as a Maxfield Parrish bit of water, between the dark, pointed poplars growing beside it; and the white ranch house, surrounded by unbelievably green grass and fat, grazing cattle, seemed to extend a welcome to them. They turned their horses' heads downward, and at sunset drew rein at the wide porch steps of the "Bye-low Ranch," and Rémy saw Warner for the first time. . . .

From the very beginning he had attracted her. His thin, tanned face, his supple, hard body, slim-waisted, narrow-flanked, so different from the well-fed, well set-up New Yorkers she had known, exercised a curious fascination over her. An impersonal note in his attentions, a politeness untinged with gallantry, piqued her. As for Warner, the unexpected advent of the girl, her youth and seductiveness, the aura of wealth and power about her, dazzled him, who had never before been dazzled by such things. It was as though he had plucked a star from the blue. . . . Together they rode over the ranch, and he showed the girl the waving fields of alfalfa, explaining the wonders of the irrigating system and unfolding all the plans so dear to him for further development of the natural resources of the country. When the day grew too hot for riding, they loafed in the big, cool living-room, looking at his guns and hunting trophies and discussing the books and magazines that crowded the tables and spilled over on to the floor. In the evenings they sat out under the bright stars, the shadow of the Sawtooth Mountains looming faintly in the distance, and Warner told her the uneventful story of his life. . . .

He had been brought West when a baby, by his father, seeking health after a bad nervous breakdown in a bank, and had grown up in the large tranquillity of that new country, alone, save for his parents, his dogs and horses and the occasional bands of migrating Indians. His father had managed to make a little money, and there had been a tutor for the boy during a couple of winters, and then three years at Leland Stanford. He had been recalled from college by the death of his father, followed by that of his mother in a few months. Since then he had lived alone, busy, contented. . . .

Rémy and her father stayed two weeks, and long before the impromptu visit was up she knew that she wanted Warner more than she had ever wanted anything in her life. She felt sure that she had only to stretch out her hand, and she knew no reason for staying it. Hadn't she always got what she wanted?

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And now this prize, which had seemed so easily within her grasp, was slipping from her, eluding her! There had been times since Warner's arrival in New York, Rémy acknowledged to herself, when she had doubted the wisdom of her choice—moments when Warner had seemed the square peg in the round hole—but with the possibility of losing him his desirability redoubled. All her predatory instincts awoke and warred with her pride. She looked at Warner with eyes cold as steel.

"And so you want me to put an end to things between us—here—to-night——?"

"It's best for you as for me——"

"Oh, never mind about me!" She tossed the words at him defiantly. "The point is you want me to give you up. Haven't you any intelligible explanation of your request, at least, to offer me?"

Warner looked at her perplexedly.

"Yes," he said at length, slowly. "To begin with, we're both different—here. I don't recognize myself here and I don't recognize you. You aren't the same girl——"

"I've changed less than you," she interrupted, "since my feelings have not changed as yours have. *I* care just the same——"

"Yes, but no longer for *me*. You care for a man of your own creating—a man who will give up the life that was the breath of him, who will chain himself to a mahogany desk in a plutocratic office and gamble for money, a man who—" He broke off and turned to her with a despairing gesture. "See here, Rémy—I'm an untamed creature. All my days I've lived out in the open. If you loved me enough to live my life——"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"I'm quite willing to go out to Idaho in the summers and spend a few weeks at your ranch—it's a smart enough thing to do now—spend a while at a 'dude ranch'"—Warner winced—"but as for living there—! You can't seriously think I'd want to *live* there?"

"Oh, no. I'm convinced you wouldn't." Warner's vibrant voice had gone flat. "I'm as convinced of it as that it is the only existence for me. I've honestly tried to change—I've meant to do all you ask and expect of me, but I suddenly knew to-night that I couldn't. I've got to have freedom. Marriage isn't freedom—it's the other thing." He stopped and looked at the girl meditatively. "If there is a sane explanation of what I'm doing to-night it's that, I suppose—the horror of putting myself in a situation from which there is no escape. And feeling as I do, I decided that the only honest thing to do was to tell you all this before it was—too late."

"You call this belated refusal to fulfil your promises 'honest'?"

"Yes. Perhaps if ours could have been a real marriage, if you had been willing to follow me, to have walked out there, in that spacious tranquillity, hand in hand with me, under the quiet stars—then love might have had the illusion of liberty. But here!—in this cramped life, hedged about by a thousand damnable conventions—good God! I've got the suffocating feeling that I've walked into a trap, a cave, an endless tunnel! I know you despise me—I despise myself. But I can no more control this feeling than I can control the color of my eyes. It's a physical terror I feel, mind you—as though I were helpless, shut in, bound—can't you understand, Rémy?"

"I understand that you are a coward and a welcher. I understand you once wanted me and that now all you want is to leave me flat—to humiliate me before my world—to be free of me—to get away! That's it, isn't it?" demanded the girl passionately.

"That's the way it looks to you, I suppose," said Warner slowly. "And it is true that I want to be free again—to be rid of this unconquerable fear that grips me."

The girl turned pale beneath the rouge on her round young cheeks. She rose with unaccustomed dignity.

"I would never dream of holding a man who wanted to leave me," she said in a tone Warner had never heard her use before. She glanced at the clock and struck her hands sharply together. "But—but what can we do? It's too late to get a notice into the papers—the usual 'the engagement has been broken by mutual consent'!" She smiled bitterly.

"I'll do anything under God's heaven you say—anything to make this easier for you."

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"It is only fair that you should bear the brunt of it," said the girl coldly.

"Why not tell everybody that I am 'a coward and a welcher,' as you put it? That will set you straight and serve me right."

The girl moved slowly away and stood by the table, drumming lightly on it with her fingertips. She gave a short laugh.

"It's just like you, Phil, to suggest that! It would be the very last thing I'd do. Inform an amused world that I've been thrown down, abandoned by my 'young Lochinvar'?—thank you!"

"I see. I was only anxious that no blame should attach to you. But, of course, I see now it wouldn't do——"

"Of course not. In a case like this, it is better for the woman to be wrong than right. If there is any throwing down to be done, *I* must do it—you owe me that much, at least."

"I owe you everything."

"Everything, except—" There was the hint of a break in Rémy's voice, but she pulled herself sharply together. It wasn't her way to show emotion. She stared down thoughtfully at the table, still drumming lightly on it with her polished fingertips. Suddenly she looked up

The afternoon throngs on the Avenue were being treated to their favorite free "show"—a fashionable church wedding.—Page 409.

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at Warner, and there was a curious, bright light in her eyes.

"I've thought of a way—but it will be hard on you, I admit——"

"I've told you I'd do anything under heaven you want done. Punish me as you see fit—I deserve to be punished——"

"It will be punishment all right," said the girl quietly. "It's just this—it's too late to tell everybody, so we'll say nothing and let them come to the church. You must be there with your best man, but I—I shall not come! It will be the worst quarter of an hour of your life, but you've simply got to stand for it."

"I see."

"After all, these people are not your friends—they're mine—and they'll forgive me and forget you and your humiliation quickly enough. And it's the only way I can think of to clear myself—to make them believe absolutely that it was *I* who tired of the engagement—" Her voice broke definitely this time. "You'll just have to stand for it, Phil," she said again.

"You couldn't think of anything I wouldn't stand for, Rémy. All I ask of you is that some day you'll write and tell me that you forgive me and understand," said Warner gravely. He got to his feet. "Until four o'clock, then."

The afternoon throngs on the Avenue were being treated to their favorite free "show"—a fashionable church wedding. White-gloved policemen waved up the gleaming limousines in unending line and dispatched them after the lordly fashion of well-subsidized policemen at a wedding. The halting, curious crowd pressed close about the awning, beneath which richly dressed women and men in frock-coats and high silk hats passed into the Church of the Heavenly Angels. Through the opening portals the perfume of flowers and the crash of organ music were wafted to the afternoon air. Inside the church the wedding guests rustled and craned their necks and whispered about the bride. Rémy Cosgrove had been one of the most conspicuous of the younger set. She had personality. Everything she did attracted attention. Her selection of a young, unknown Westerner had piqued Society, and Society, thirsting to have its curiosity satisfied, was out in force.

Warner, who had come early, waited in the vestry-room with his best man, Amos Whitridge—a young fellow he had never laid his eyes on until a few weeks before. The slenderness of his acquaintanceship with his "best man" typified clearly enough the curiously haphazard character of the whole situation as far as he was concerned. He hadn't a real friend or relation in that part of the United States. All those people out there, foregathered from vulgar curiosity, expecting to see him go through with the most sacred ceremony of his life, were Rémy's friends—just strangers to him. It was damnable!

Warner felt a queer constriction in his throat, a tightening about his pounding heart.—Page 410.

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There was one consolation, though. As Rémy had said, the humiliation she was about to put upon him would be more bearable under those circumstances. All he really wanted in the world, he told himself, was that it should be over! He glanced at his watch surreptitiously. A few minutes more and he would be free!

He slipped his watch back and touched lightly and jubilantly a small, flat envelope in the pocket of his waistcoat. It was his ticket back to the "Bye-low Ranch." He had dashed out in a taxi early in the morning to the railroad office and bought it. Freedom and contentment were in that little envelope. He sighed happily. This bad quarter of an hour would soon be over and done with forever. Good God! just to get away from all this and back to the waving green of the alfalfa fields and the sunsets behind the jagged mountain range——!

Whitridge opened the chancel door a crack and peeped out.

"Gad! I never saw such a crowd!"

The rector of the Heavenly Angels came into the vestry, shook hands with Warner impressively, and put on his canonicals. Then he consulted his watch.

"Don't get nervous, young man! It's five minutes after four, but the bride is always late!" He smiled jocularly at Warner, and turned to Whitridge. "I am going into the chancel—I always say a prayer before performing the marriage ceremony. You and Mr. Warner had better come, too, as the bridal party will surely be here any moment now," he said, and, followed by the two young men, passed into the chancel.

From their station behind the barrage of palms, Warner could see the shifting, myriad-hued assemblage perfectly. Above the swelling arpeggios from the organ loft there hummed the murmured talk of the restless throng. The heavy perfume of flowers hung on the agitated air. Warner felt a queer constriction in his throat, a tightening about his pounding heart. Somewhere in his neck a strange new pulse was throbbing furiously. God! if only it were over!—if only the ordeal were over and he could slip away!

He put his hand in his pocket and touched again his passport to liberty. After all, it wouldn't be long now—he was only getting what was coming to him. He'd stand it! Freedom was only a little way ahead! He passed a handkerchief across his damp forehead.

Suddenly the organ stopped with a crash. There was a deep silence, broken only by the soft, concerted movement of craning necks. And then the first soft strains of the Mendelssohn "Wedding March" fell upon Warner's startled ears. Young Whitridge turned to him and grinned encouragingly.

"Come on!" he whispered.

Warner shook his head. "Wait a minute!—there's some mistake—" His dry lips had difficulty in forming the words. Whitridge stared at him curiously.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Buck up! Hurry!—they've started!"

Dazed, Warner faced about, and with Whitridge's compelling hand on his arm, found himself walking to the front of the chancel. He looked down the aisle with troubled eyes, and there, in the dim, flower-strewn distance, he saw advancing in slow, ineluctable procession, the eight "Watteau" bridesmaids, the diminutive "flower-girl" and velvet-clad "ring-bearer," and behind them Rémy, in white satin and rose point, leaning on the arm of her father. . . .

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Syrian Songs

BY LOUIS DODGE

I

When Hafiz was young
(And his face was like a dancing flame)
He used to say, "Surely my dog and horse have souls."

When he was old
(And his face was like ashes)
He was wont to say,
"Ai—but who can prove that men have souls?"

II

While a sand storm swept in from the desert
Old Hafiz entertained travellers in an inn, saying:

"On an occasion when I walked in outer darkness
I encountered a dead man who talked to me.
I asked him how he was, and he replied listlessly,
'About as usual.'
I asked, 'Do you rest comfortably?'
He sighed as he responded, 'One always dreams, you know.'
I came to the point. 'What is it like to be dead?' I asked.
He mused, perplexed; then lifting his hollow eyes he demanded,
'What is it like to be alive?'"

III

Said old Hafiz to Sihun the youth:

"When Sorrow comes and enters at your door
And you start up trembling and weep and wring your hands—
Be sure that Sorrow is yet but a stranger to you.

"But when he enters to you and you do not stir,
But keep on mending your old sandal,
With your head a little on one side
And your dull eyes on your work,
Then may you say with assurance,
'Yes, I know who it is. It is Sorrow.'"

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Rewards

BY J. HYATT DOWNING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES REYNOLDS

DAY was drooping as Anna Walrod turned her horse into the road leading to the open country. The road followed the general course of the valley, crossing here and there a little stream over rickety wooden bridges. The stream was marked at intervals with clumps of willow and gaunt cottonwoods. It always seemed to Anna that the road lingered when it came to one of these shaded places, as though loath to begin its ascent of the long slopes to the top of the mesa, where the heat waves crawled in shimmering layers.

Dusk had fallen over the flat country when at last Anna Walrod neared home. Lights pricked widely separated points in the swiftly thickening night. Her own house, one of a shadowy group of low buildings, lay before her. On the day when she had first seen them, new and raw, years before, the thought had risen in her mind: "If they would only burn." It had seemed to her then, as for months afterward, that obliteration of these chains which bound them to this strange, unfriendly country would be release. The need of remaining would no longer exist. One didn't go off and leave buildings. But if there *were* no buildings, surely the land would not be sufficient cause to stay on. Land! Why, that was everywhere, limitless, rolling in unending waves westward until, somewhere, it must slide smoothly into the ocean, like the flat blade of a knife.

As she turned into the yard, her ears were assailed by the high, shrill whine of whirling gears. The kitchen door was open, and she could see the giant shadow of her husband moving with machinelike regularity across the yellow lamplit walls, as he turned the required sixty revolutions per minute. How she hated that separator. The slightly sickening odor which rose from its bowl, when scalding water was run through after the milk, was always with her. The machine had come to possess a sort of malignant personality. The first thing to be attended to in the morning, it was the last leering task at night before thin sleep, fretful with weariness, spread over her. Each day it was there, alive and grinning, conscious of its multitude of grease-coated disks and floats and bowls.

Her husband paused in the act of pulling off his heavy boots as she entered the kitchen. He was a thick, squat man with a stubble of straw-colored beard and a sullen mouth. He looked up at her, still holding his boot, his face red from the exertion of pulling it off. "Christ's sake! What took you so long? I s'pose I ain't hungry? Workin' like a dog all day and no supper!" He threw the boots into a corner back of the kitchen stove and then padded heavily across the bare pine floor in his stocking feet to a shelf where he kept his pipe. He stopped in the act of tamping tobacco into the blackened bowl to inquire over his shoulder: "Ya bring that Spearhead?" Anna nodded indifferently to the still unwrapped bundles on the table. He fumbled among them. "Hell! This ain't Spearhead. It's Horseshoe!" He threw the oily black plug back upon the table. Anna did not reply. The air became thick with the smell of melting grease and the penetrating odor of rank tobacco. She placed three plates upon the table, and beside them the wooden-handled knives and forks.

"No use settin' a place for Eustace. Ain't likely he'll be home." There was a leering satisfaction in the voice. Anna halted, half stooped over, as she reached for cobs in the basket beside the stove. "Where is he?" she asked in a voice which she strove to make casual.

"I seen him ridin' off as I come in from

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the field. All slicked up and headed for Schultze's." He paused for a moment as though waiting for the protest to which he thought he was entitled. "He sure was slicked up," he added. But Anna only scraped the potatoes and thick, fat slices of bacon from their pans into the dishes on the table. As she poured the coffee Jake sat down and began eating with a sort of wordless, animal-like concentration. When he had finished he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and shoved away from the table. Taking out his pocket-knife, he began shaving off grease from about the knees of his overalls, where, in milking, some of the liquid had spilled over as he held the pail gripped between his legs.

When at last the kitchen had been placed in order for the next day's work, when the disks of the separator had been hung on their drying spindle and placed in the window where the fresh air would blow over them, Anna Walrod went out into the soft August night and found a seat on a bench where the milk-pails had been turned upside down to dry. The moon had risen, and vague half-tones of the prairie swept away to the westward. In the pale, opalescent light the buttes seemed nearer, softer, and without their harsh menace of midday. A faint wind stirred through the dried grass and rustled the dead stalks of the sunflowers. The mill, down by the corral, creaked drowsily.

She thought of her son, and some flavor of the sense of victory which had been hers that afternoon at the bank returned to her. She saw again the respect and admiration in Mr. Dellinger's smile as he showed her the figures he had kept all these years and known only to themselves. Fifteen hundred dollars, and it was hers! She had saved it. Fifteen years of pinching poverty, of stealing a quarter of a dollar at a time, of lying to Jake about cream checks and the number of eggs taken to town. And now—it was over. Mr. Dellinger had said it was enough. Any boy with fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket ought to be able to get through any school in the country, if he had ambition and really wanted an education. But that was the trouble. Did Eustace really *want* an education? If only he were more eager—more like herself. But then, what could be expected? The boy had never known anything but life on the farm and association with "hands" during harvest. Well, soon it would be over and Eustace would be gone, never, she was sure, to return. After that, things would be finished for her. She would see him again, yes. But she could never plan for him and dream for him and drive things through for him again. Suddenly she found herself crying. It had been so long—so long. If only Eustace——.

She wiped her eyes on a corner of her apron and drew a shawl closer about her shoulders. This was the hour of the day to which she looked forward. When Eustace was with her it was better. That foolish Schultze girl. Why didn't she leave him alone? After a while her ears became attuned to the crooning voice of the night, a mild sedative to her tired mind. She loved to sit quite still and watch the years march before her inward eyes. When Eustace was quite small she had often sat upon this same bench with him until long after his bedtime, conjuring up visions of her boy following out the destinies which she, if not God, had decided upon for him. She had never been sure about God. Here in Dakota he seemed very unreal and remote. When they first came she got down on her knees each night in the hot, black little box of a bedroom and prayed that the crops would be bountiful, that the hot winds would spare them, that anthrax would not strike their cattle, that Jake, her husband, would love her always. But the crops curled and withered at the touch of scorching winds, black leg and anthrax almost wiped out their small herd. Neighbors surrendered in despair and moved away, and in two years everything with which they had begun life so hopefully in Dakota was gone. Jake became sullen and embittered. He, too, would have gone with the discouraged claim-holders back to Iowa, or Minnesota, or Wisconsin to work by the day or be renters for the rest of their lives. But Anna hung on. Even during the blurred period following the birth of Eustace, when all life was pain, she had refused to leave. And when she had first felt the tug of his

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baby hands at her breast she had looked down into his small face, determination hardening in her mind. "You won't be a farmer! You won't be a farmer!" The thought became the motivating force of her life. All plans were shaped with this aim in view. She never discussed the subject with her husband, knowing that his most active manifestation of interest would be a sneer.

When the boy was three years old something took place which narrowed the field of ambitions for her son and in her own life burst one of those flares which lend a pale effulgence to the dull skies of existence, even after its own white glow has disappeared. Sitting here on the bench alone through the long August evening, her eyes could pierce the pools of dusk which gathered in the shadowed ell of the house and see again every incident of that drama which had happened, it seemed, so very long ago. Something of the numbed horror gripped her heart afresh as the picture etched itself upon her mind.

She had just come out of the kitchen with her thrifty pan of "scraps" for the chickens when she saw the baby toddling with uncertain, eager steps toward a coiled, mottled thing with a wedge-shaped head which moved slowly forward and back, and a tiny red tongue that shot in and out like a flame. There was a sibilant whir in the air which turned her heart to ice and choked back the awful, bursting shriek in her throat. She did scream, though, a shuddering, retching sound, in the split second which elapsed between first sight and that lurching, downward stroke of the arrowlike head.

The rest was blurred. Only the baby in her arms crying, and then struggling as she held him between her knees, while tying her handkerchief above the two little bruised-looking dots on the white flesh of his arm. She had been unable to find a stick with which to tighten the tourniquet and so had used the shaft of an old branding iron her frantic eyes had caught hanging from a nail on the side of the house. She put her mouth against the wound and sucked at it, spitting the dark blood upon the floor. Then she was running, running, the heavy child dragging at her arms and the shaft of the branding iron gouging at the flesh of her cheek. Her eyes fastened themselves upon a shapeless black blot which wavered, receded, and danced crazily upon the horizon. It was, she knew, the home of a young doctor, newly come West for his health. Her laboring lungs drove the air through her clenched teeth with whistling gasps. Nausea gripped her stomach. Once she fell, cutting a long, jagged gash in her hand. She did not drop the baby, and instantly was running again. A dark curtain began dropping over her consciousness, and there was an awful drumming noise in her head. Still she ran, the ground rising in waves to meet her staggering feet. Then she heard, as though whispered in dreams, a voice, and some one touched her. The curtain shut out the light, and she was dropping down, down——.

Presently she again heard the voice. It was an incredibly cool voice, and as soothing as the sound of running water. She opened her eyes and saw the face of a young man bending over her. Anxiety, so plainly written in his face, gave way to instant relief as he saw that consciousness had returned. He smiled and held something to her lips. "Here—oh, the baby's all right. I was much more worried about you. You're Mrs. Walrod, aren't you? There! Better now?" She rose dizzily from the bed upon which she had been lying. "My baby, where is he?" The young doctor pointed to the bed. Her groping mind had failed to discern the child as he lay beside her. She hungrily gathered him in her arms. She turned anxious eyes to the young doctor and found reassurance in his smile. "Baby's fine. You needn't worry, really. Young, clean blood, you know. You've noticed how quickly a cut will heal on his hand? This is the same way. He'll be a little sick for a while. I gave him some stuff. You really saved the baby's life by your presence of mind in applying the tourniquet. Who taught you how?"

She didn't answer his question. "You're sure about the baby. Are you sure?"

"Yes, entirely sure. I'll tell you about it." Then he began to talk, telling her that there had evidently been no time for

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the poison to be absorbed by the baby's system. She had done everything necessary in a preliminary way. He explained the toxic action of a rattlesnake bite and the antidote. As he talked he leaned forward, a frown of concentration on his forehead, his long fingers twining and intertwining with a sort of nervous restlessness which seemed to be characteristic of the man. He was young—hardly thirty—and slim and blond. There was, Anna thought as she looked at him, something fragile about his slight delicacy. Yet, too, there was a suggestion of eager life straining at physical limitations. He was too fine for this country, she found herself thinking. He shouldn't have come here. Why, one of these winds would blow him across the prairie like a tumbleweed. Thoughts raced in disordered confusion through her mind. In some manner she was sure that her baby wasn't going to die. He would be very sick, probably. Then this young man with the handsome, delicate face would come over and see him once in a while. She would give him fried chicken to eat. It would be nice to have him come. She wondered what Jake would say when she told him that Eustace had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Swear at her, probably, for not watching him closer. How tired she was. She hoped the young doctor would keep on talking. It was so pleasant, now that everything was over, to lean back in her chair with Eustace safe in her arms, and hear his modulated, Eastern accents. Why wasn't there any one in this country who could talk that way? It was something the place did to people, she decided vaguely. Well, she must be going. She wondered if the baby would waken as she carried him back. Something burned on her chest. She looked down and saw a dried clot of blood where the branding iron had scraped her skin. Then she realized that her dress was open and her breasts exposed. She drew the dress together at the throat, a slow flush mounting to her cheeks. She heard the doctor saying: "Let me take the boy. You're tired out. By George! What marvellous strength to run like that for half a mile with this big fellow in your arms. I could never have done it."

"Oh, I guess you could if it was *your* baby." She smiled at him for the first time, and he paused as he lifted the sleeping child, surprise caught and held in his eyes. Her hair had come undone and fell, in dark richness, about her shoulders. She tried to put it up, but, realizing there was nothing with which to fasten it, allowed it to fall again. "I can't make it stay. It'll just have to be down."

"I think it is quite lovely the way it is." The young man turned out of the door with the baby asleep in his arms. Anna followed him, and each was conscious of an odd constraint. They walked for a space across the curled mat of the buffalo grass in silence, leaning a little against the wind which whipped Anna's thin dress, flattening it against her curving, strong young body. Now and then he glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes. At last he said: "Have you been here long?"

"Four years."

"My God!" After a while he repeated the words again: "My God!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess I thought you had just come, like myself. But four years of it. Does this wind ever stop?"

"Not very long at a time. But it changes directions."

"Well, that's something." They both laughed.

When they reached Anna's house she held out her arms for the baby. But he shook his head, smiling, and motioned for her to go in. He followed her into the little bedroom and laid the baby down on the iron bed. They stood for a moment side by side, looking down at the heavily sleeping child. Something flashed into her mind. It was just as though—then she heard herself thanking him in a flat, emotionless voice. He glanced at her quickly and, turning, went back into the kitchen. There he told her, matter-of-factly, that the baby would be fretfully ill for a few days, but there was no cause whatever for worry. To-morrow he would drop in again. She needn't thank him at all. He was very glad to have been able to help. Her eyes followed him as he walked back through the hot, dry glare of the sun. And somewhere in the recesses of her mind a little bell kept ringing, the reverberations widening and spreading and beating at her conscious-

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ness until she knew that it was a voice saying over and over: "To-morrow."

During these days Jake Walrod was much away from home. He worked out a good deal among the ranchers, who still ran dwindling herds in futile defiance of the ever-encroaching fences. He was a natural horseman and seemed to prefer the fading color of frontier ranch life to the more prosaic business of dry farming. He never planted row crops, thus saving the labor of cultivation. Wheat and barley were easily put in and then it seemed to be up to God, who made the country, to produce the harvest. He drank a good deal when in town and grew increasingly indifferent to his family. At this time he was helping August Schultze put up hay, returning home when so inclined. It fell, however, that he was home the next day when the young doctor strolled over to examine the baby's arm. Anna saw the doctor coming slowly across the brown prairie, pausing often to poke at the ground with a stick he carried in his hand. She was conscious of an odd, drumming excitement rising in her breast. She found herself thinking: "It will be nice to hear him talk." Just that and nothing more definite. It seemed to her that when he spoke she caught a fleeting glimpse of other places, of mild-mannered people and gentler conditions of life. Even this occurred to her as being very singular. She had known little else than the crude environment of agricultural life. But she had always loved certain things —the far sound of bells at night, the smell of harvested grain, breathing over dusk-softened fields, the liquid beauty of a blackbird's song in the hot noon silence of a marsh. Something leaped in her heart at these things. She had never felt the stir of such emotions in Dakota. Never had there been a response to the harsh note of life here.

And so, as she saw this young man walking slowly across the prairie, she heard his cool, foreign-sounding voice saying again: "It looks very lovely as it is." In the moment before he reached the doorstep her eyes travelled swiftly about the clean, bare kitchen to Jake, scraping at a tobacco-crusted pipe with his knife. And in that moment she knew that she had hated her husband for a long time.

Then the young man was standing in the doorway, smiling. She introduced him to Jake. He was Blake Littlefield. Not Doctor Littlefield. He, himself, was a patient, under the care of the famous Doctor Dakota. As he shook hands with Jake, Anna saw it—the surprise, incredulity almost, that was written in his eyes. He turned almost immediately to her. "Baby all right?" She nodded and led the way into the bedroom where Eustace lay sleeping. As on the day before, they stood side by side, looking down at the flushed face of the baby; she felt that she was somebody else, not Anna Walrod, farm drudge, at all, and that this young man and she were looking down at a sleeping child which belonged to them both. He watched the baby silently for a few moments. Then his eyes lifted to the bare board walls through which unclinched nails protruded. When he looked again at her, Anna felt rather than saw the compassionate understanding of his glance. Presently he turned away and went back into the kitchen. There he left a few brief directions for the care of the baby and passed out of the door. Nor did he glance again at Jake Walrod, still picking at his blackened pipe by the kitchen window.

Brown summer declined at last into a dull monotone of gray. In November the first snow fell. Thereafter the days went by in white silence, except when the wind blew and wraiths of spiralling snow trailed over the glistening drifts and hissed against the window-panes. Anna would stand for long periods, gazing through the window, absorbed in the strange shapes which took form before her eyes as mists of snow eddied and whirled with the errant wind. Sometimes they curled up, up, like a licking tongue of white flame, or they swept away, trailing long streamers disconsolately behind. Squatting grayly into the white expanse, a half-mile distant, was Doctor Littlefield's shanty, and if Anna happened to glance in that direction any time before noon she saw a plume of wood-smoke curling back over its low roof. Anna often thought how helpless it looked, sitting there with

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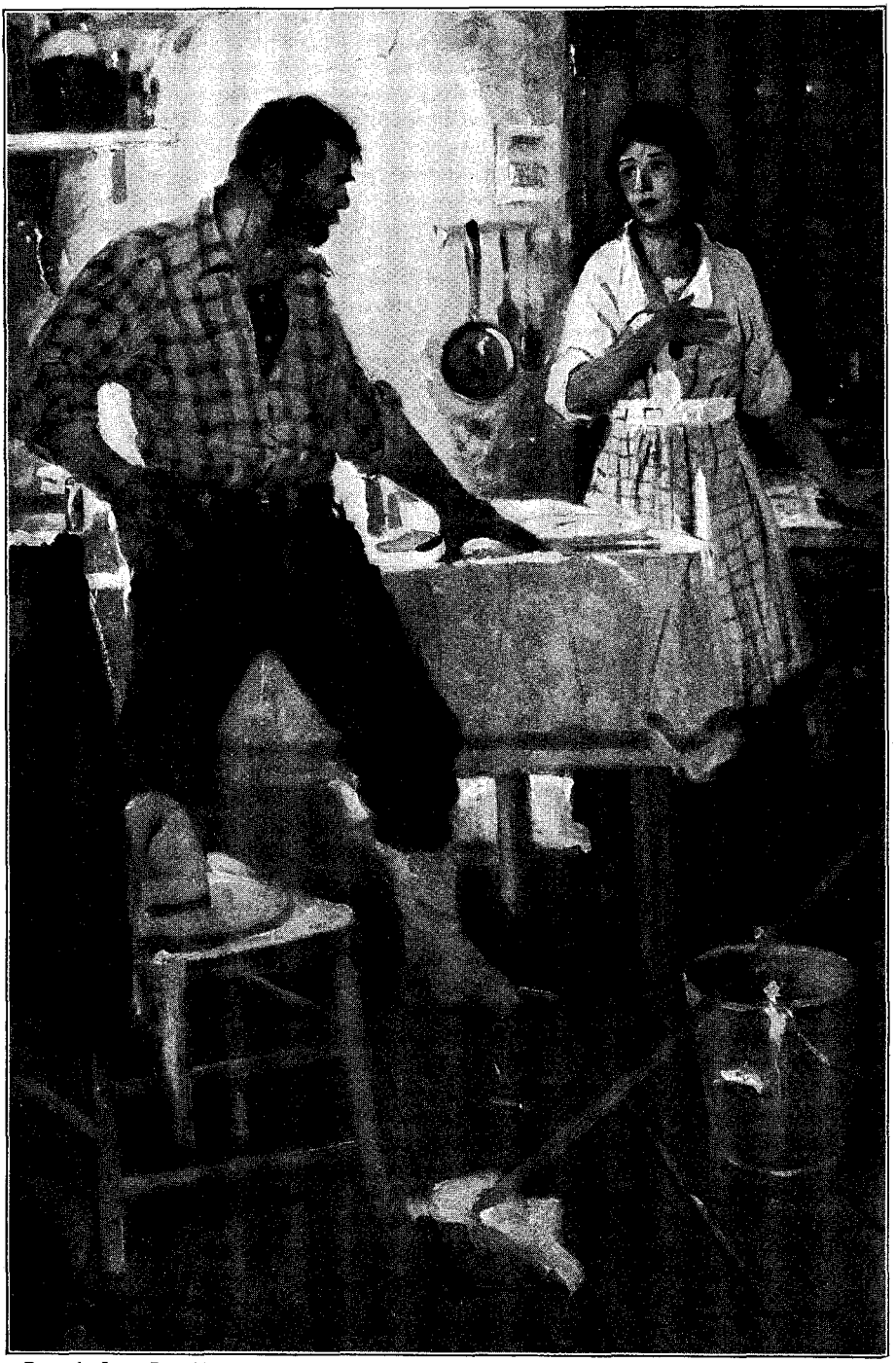

Drawn by James Reynolds.

He paused for a moment as though waiting for the protest to which he thought he was entitled.—Page 413.

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the white snow all about and the grim buttes watching beyond.

Afternoons Doctor Littlefield often walked over to the Walrod farm. Anna at last found herself going about her work in a sort of subdued excitement, waiting to see him coming across the crusted snow, leaning against the wind. An odd sympathy had developed between these two. Each felt, in the beginning, immeasurably sorry for the other. Doctor Littlefield's health was *not* improving as he had been told it would in the rigorous climate of Dakota. He coughed a great deal. It used to tear at her heart to hear him gasping for breath after a protracted spell of coughing. He talked much of Arizona as the winter wore on. Doubtless he would be better there—last longer, as he once phrased it, with a short laugh. If they were alone he talked a great deal about himself, the practice he had begun to establish when "this thing" hit him, college, and once about a girl. "Is she—are you—" A dozen questions were in Anna's mind. Doctor Littlefield laughed a little bitterly. "Not any more. I don't blame her much. Lungers who haven't anything in the way of cash make rotten husbands." Anna was aflame with anger. "What kind of a girl could she have been? She should have loved you the more."

"Some would. She didn't happen to be that kind. Not your kind, Anna."

She felt his eyes upon her but was afraid to look up, fearing that something was written in her face. He rose and, crossing to the window, stook looking out at the white country, washed now in thin winter sunshine. Suddenly he turned and walked over to the chair where she was sitting. He stood looking down at her. "It's such a damned shame," he said, at last. "Life works out so badly for most of us. The blindfold is never removed from our eyes until we have chosen the wrong way out. Then everything is hideously clear. Sometimes people refuse to stay in the paths they find their feet following. They cut corners." She felt his fingers touching her hair and sat still, her heart racing. He reached down and touched her forehead with his lips. Then she heard his hand on the door. It opened, and he was gone. She started from her chair, then sank back, covering her face with her hands. And, somehow, she knew that a chapter of her life was definitely ended. . . .

A week passed. Doctor Littlefield did not come again. Then, one day, she saw Jake hitching a team to the wagon. He drove away in the direction of the doctor's shack. There she saw him jump down and go into the house. Presently he came out carrying something which resembled a box and dumped it into the wagon. Then the slight figure of the young man climbed up beside him on the spring seat. The team was turned about and came slowly across the bumpy land. She could hear the clear whine of the wheels in the snow. They stopped at the gate, and Doctor Littlefield got down from the wagon and came slowly toward the house. He came in and stood looking at her for a long moment without speaking. She seemed incapable of speech, but a dreadful foreboding was in her heart. Then, abruptly, he crossed over and, taking her in his arms, kissed her upon the lips. Then he stepped back, and she heard him speaking: "I'm going, Anna. If I stayed —well, you and I can't cut corners. And you must leave here, too, somehow. It'll rob you, Anna. Get away and take your little boy where he'll have a chance. For me it is only a little while. But you—I can see it will be hard." He paused a moment. Then: "Good-by, dear." The door opened and closed. A dry sob caught in her throat. She heard the high whine of the wheels and the "chock" of the axles. She ran to the window and watched the slowly moving wagon until it became a speck in the distance. And only when she felt Eustace pulling at her skirts did she remove her eyes from the dwindling black dot on the white snow. Then she gathered the baby in her arms, kissing him again and again. She heard herself whispering: "I can't stand it—I can't stand it!"

The bent woman, sitting outside the sagging house, looked up at the star-dusted sky. She sighed a little. How long ago it seemed. She had found, through the corrosive years, there were many, many things which she could bear. The years had walked on, new settlers had

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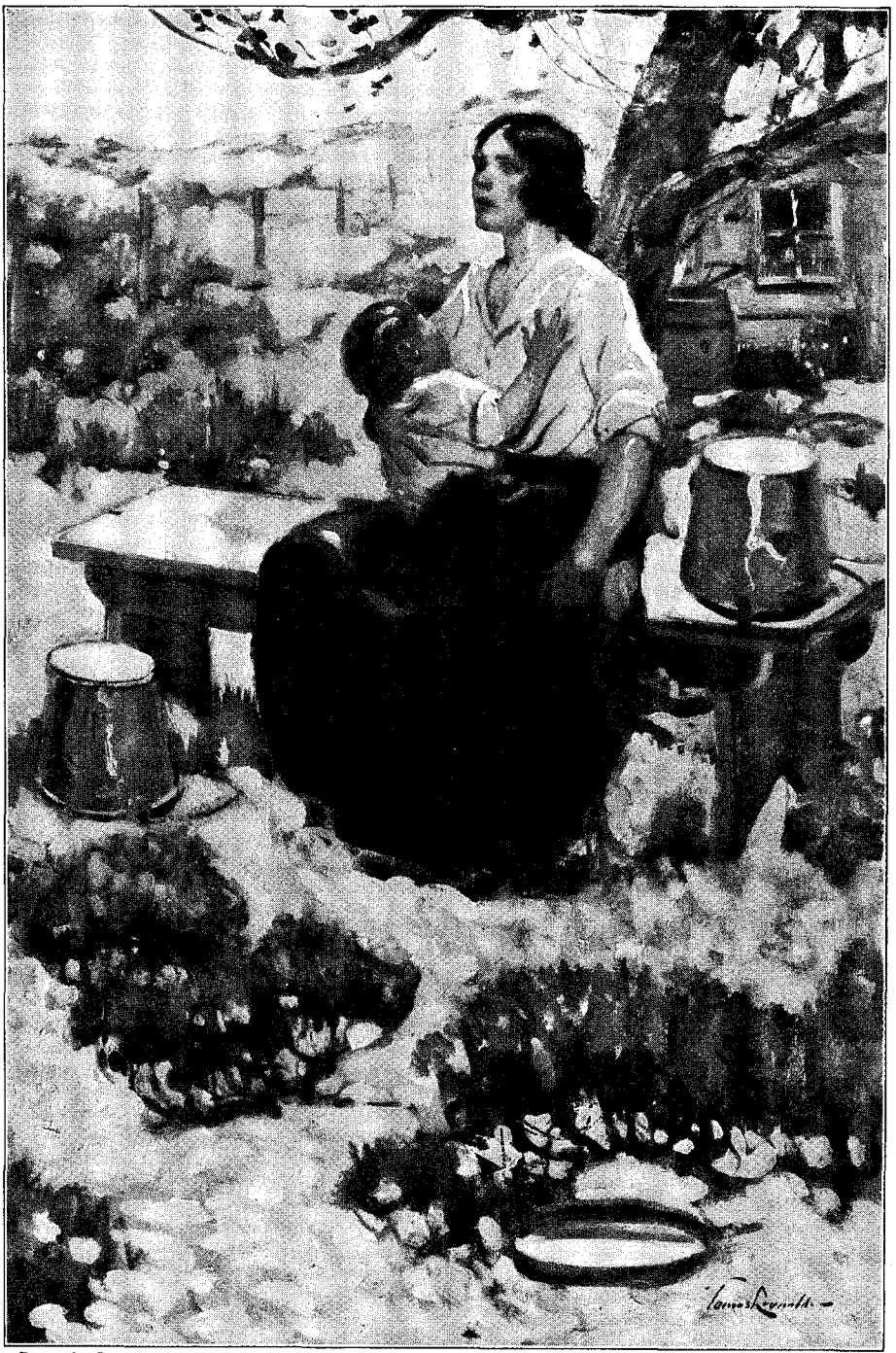

Drawn by James Reynolds.

Conjuring up visions of her boy following out the destinies which she, if not God, had decided upon for him.—Page 413.

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come, growing fields were everywhere. Eustace was a young man, waiting to enter college in a few more days. She drew her shawl closer about her shoulders against the creeping chill of the night air. It must be very late. She felt vaguely uneasy about Eustace. He shouldn't stay out so late. That foolish Schultze girl, with her brassy laugh and red lips. She was glad it was nearly time for him to go. Then there would be rest, complete rest, from this great weariness that was coming over her. With a little sigh she rose and went into the house. The lamp was smoking from a burned-out wick. She extinguished it and felt her way slowly into her bedroom. In the hot darkness she undressed and put on her coarse nightgown. She turned back the covers and smoothed the pillow. Her hand brushed against something, a paper, pinned to the linen. As she touched its smooth surface, a foreboding too great to be mastered gripped her mind. She sat down on the edge of her bed weakly, conscious of the dull, suffocating thumping of her heart.

Then she smiled to herself. It was time she was slacking up when she all but fainted at the finding of a note which would tell her that Eustace would be out late and for her not to worry. The boy had always been thoughtful of his mother if not quite so eager as she could have wished.

She rose, and, crossing to an old marble-topped bureau, found a match and lighted a lamp which stood there. When the flame was caught she replaced the chimney and spread the sheet of paper on the flat, cool slab of marble. At first the lines written in the sprawling, boyish hand were unintelligible. "I can't do it, Ma." What in the world did the boy mean. What couldn't he do? Then the words leaped at her eyes. "Bertha and I are getting married. I am going to take over the south quarter that Mr. Schultze just bought. Don't worry about college, Ma. Honest, Ma, I'd rather farm. Don't worry."

Anna Walrod laid the note down on the bureau. She felt suddenly ill and weak. She found a chair and sank slowly into it. A dim shade of light patterned the half-open window. Her eyes fastened themselves upon this unwaveringly. A puff of warm air came in, laden with the smell of ripening grain. An hour passed. Still she did not move. Two hours. The faint dawn traced ghostly outlines in the room. A glow began to spread in the East. An insistent sound began tapping at her consciousness. It was familiar and compelling. Dimly, for a time, she resisted it. Then she ceased resisting and knew that the sound was her husband, Jake, moving about the uncarpeted floor of the room above in his bare feet. It was day.

Then Anna Walrod rose, slowly put on her clothes, and going out to the kitchen began assembling the separator, making ready for the morning's milk.

Derelict

BY RUTH LAMBERT JONES

TRACE me no beacons on the shore,
No stars upon the sky,
For I have looked on other fires
And lost myself thereby.

Nor sunder branches from the pine
That I may view the sea,
For I have looked on Freedom once
And found it Calvary.

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Mail Day

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.
Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. *Rochester;* Author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ALL hands have been talking about it since the last mail-boat.—"Let's see—to-day's the twenty-fifth; that cock-eyed mail orderly says there's a P. and N. boat on the fourth—just ten days, huh?"—"Just ten days, hell! How long d'yuh think ten days is, sailor?"—"Aw—what's the sense in mail anyway, down here at the fartherest place there is! Tell you—that last mail we got, I get a letter from my girl—told me about goin' out to Ocean View wit' a damn gunner's mate from the Naval Base—Hampton Roads—you know—on the Sunday after the Fourth o' July. And here it is the end of August. Sometime next fall she gets my come-back, advisin' her to lay off of gunner's mates or say adoo to me. And by that time she prob'bly be cruisin' steady with a corporal of Marines!" "Well, it's ten days, like I said——"

The cruiser rocks to the long Pacific swell—the interminable roll that comes, day and night, wind and weather regardless, out of the blank southwest, from clear around the world. Down here in these naked Pacific roadsteads you cast your anchor cunningly, and make the stern fast to a buoy, so that the bow will always ride up to the swell. Wind and tide are of no special consideration—but in an anchorage a few points off you will roll your innards out, as they say, very quickly. . . . Gulls—the ship's company has noted five species of gulls and will soon know the individuals by their Christian or given names; pelicans—all pelicans are amazingly dignified and answer to the name of "John"; and two kinds of cormorants—which are the esteemed guano-birds of this coast—rally around the ship continually. Pelicans and cormorants do not utter; gulls squall and mew forever, and are a weariness. . . .

Every morning, the deck divisions, scrubbing down with sand, holystoning, and waiting on the ship with the proper mysteries, see the sun come up out of South America, painting with rosy light, very briefly, the incredible bleak barrenness of the Rainless Coast. There is guard mount; the band plays; the bugles go for quarters. The cruiser hums about the routine of her day, a self-contained and aloof little world, suspended in a tremendous boredom. The sun mounts, veiled sometimes in pale clouds that threaten but never perform; and shoreward you observe a place of tumbled sand-hills, drab as an ash-heap, where no green blade or leaf grows, except a few sickly trees in the squalid town that crawls in the lee of a great scarred rock—El Morro. (There is something going on in that miserable town; high affairs of state, concerning the details of which the ship has not the honor of knowing anything.) Far inshore, beyond the hills, beyond the ridges, you can see on a clear day enormous piled-up masses, like white clouds, except they hold their shape—the Andes. There is a bell on the fo'c'stle that marks the passing of the hours. General drills. Brightwork. Chow. You reflect that, if you were in Scapa Flow or Singapore, Vladivostok or New York, Capetown or Puenta Arenas, the general drills would go on, and there would be the same brightwork to be shined, and the bell forward would toll off the same hours in the fashion of the sea.

The sea is very old; things do not greatly change upon it. They relate that there was a ship on the navy list once—U. S. S. *Wateree*. The dark spot on the beach yonder, three and a half miles up the coast, is her boilers. In 1869 she lay

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That cock-eyed mail orderly.—Page 421.

in here, perhaps where we lie now. American sailors and Marines aboard her went about their little details, as we do now. And there was an earthquake ashore, following which the water receded from the coast, and left every ship in the roadstead sitting on the ocean floor. To be exact, reclining on their sides. Except U. S. S. *Wateree*, which was a paddle-wheeler of Civil War construction, and had a flat bottom: she settled upright. When the Pacific Ocean returned, as it did presently and with violence, U. S. S. *Wateree* floated like the Ark. All the others—there were a lot of them, lying like stranded mullet—were swept up, rolled over, and savaged generally by merciless water—the hulk of one sailing-ship washed up with her own anchor-chain three times around her! But U. S. S.

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Wateree rested tranquilly some miles inland at the foot of the hills, where the tidal wave set her down. Subsequently thrifty Chileños used her for a hotel, roadhouse, hospital, God knows what. A later storm came in after her, made sport with her, and deposited her on the beach where her boilers now remain.

They say that tidal waves, which occur from time to time on this coast, are always preceded by an earthquake. Our captain is on record to the effect that, if a *temblor* starts, he will light off all boilers and go to sea. Or so he was reported by that truthful marine, the captain's orderly.—"Old Man say that? Well, they do say these earthquakes and such are hard on pore folks ashore—but if it's got to happen, here's a fine place for one!"

So this day, and any other day. There

Gun-striker on Gun 8 has done very well.—Page 425.

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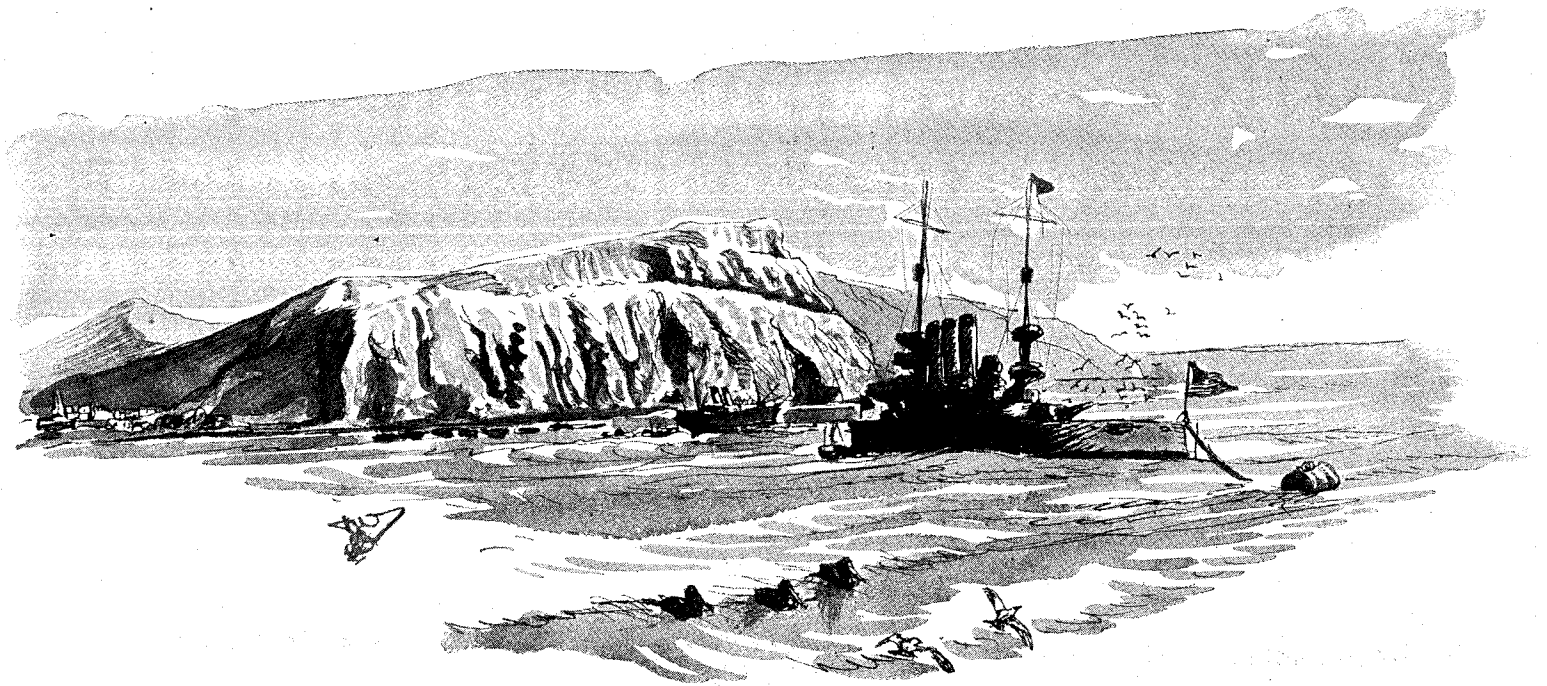

From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

The Rainless Coast.

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is liberty from one o'clock to five for one hundred men; about twenty valiant souls go over, and the bored shore patrol. . . . "Not that there's a dam' thing on the beach. The girls, now, they got ankles like beef cattle;—that *pisco* stuff they sell you, it'll grow hair right in the middle of a guy's stomach! Yeh! Two drinks, an' you'll come back and ask the Exec for a match, right on the quarter-deck.—All same, a liberty's a liberty! Le's go—" When the launches return after five, the red flag—the chow flag—is at the fore-yardarm, and all the gulls are milling with petulant remarks by the garbage-chute, port side; they know when we eat. The band and the Marines of the guard form across the quarter-deck: the band discourses the national air, and the flag comes down. Out on the Pacific the sun shows through the seaward haze, a tired sun in a smudge of yellow. Looking inland, the hills are lovely in lavender with purple shadows, and the high peaks of the Andes hang far above and beyond, insubstantial as dreams in a sky like mother-of-pearl. Then it is dark, and the Southern Cross, canted and lop-sided, blazes out, and the bugles go for movies. Presently, taps. Nine days until the mail.

Even with nothing to mark it, time will get on somehow: it is Saturday; the ship and her people are groomed for Captain's Inspection. When your mess-boy comes in with early coffee, you say: "Morning, Aliponga. Say, did the mail-boat get in?" "Mail-boat, ess, ser, he come in. Anchor port side—you look—see?" The Commander's morning orders say: "08:00—mail orderly to go aboard mail-boat and bring off mail. Mail will be distributed immediately following Captain's Inspection." "Well, mail's aboard," says the Officer of the Deck when you come up the hatch, pulling on your gloves, to your division parade. "Guard—tention! Guard present—counted for, sir!" reports the first sergeant of Marines to the captain of Marines; and "Yes, sir. Nine bags first-class, the mail orderly says, sir," adds that invaluable non-commissioned officer in discreet tones.—Sometimes inspection can be longer than other times. And you know the Old Man wants, just as badly as anybody, to see what is on his desk in the cabin—sense of duty's a great thing!

Finally the gold and glitter passes the last compartment to be inspected—Gun 8, in the marine compartment. The captain goes aft, and the bugles sing "Carry On"—and, "Mail-O!"— Better remind the gunnery sergeant about those tompions— "Oh, Murphy—here a minute—" The shock-headed company clerk comes on the run from the detachment office—mail is distributed by divisions. He climbs on a mess-bench, and a hundred marines, from the guard in their white belts and tight blouses to the captain of the head in skippies, mass around him.—"Non-coms get theirs called off first—Je's, I'm goin' to strike for corporal, I am!" . . . I think that if the folks who write our letters could see those letters handed out, in far places, they would write more of them. . . .

There is the detachment sheik; four times, to the envy of all, his name is called. He has a blue envelope from Norfolk, and a pink one from Beaufort, S. C., and a large, square billet from Brooklyn—very elegant stationery—and the biggest and fattest of all is plain white, from a place in Pennsylvania you never heard of.—Sheiks, one may remark, make good soldiers. For one thing, they never risk stoppage of shore liberty by misconduct. They are ambitious fellows, loving the gauds and glitter of the higher ratings; they are well aware of the effect a sergeant's chevrons, cloth of gold against blue cloth, make on a simple maid.

There is also the intense chap who gets a lot of letters, almost as many as the sheik. They are from the same place and in the same handwriting. He goes off by himself to read his mail and answer it. You happen to know that he allots most of his pay to a certain savings-bank, which pays four per cent. You consider that you will probably lose a good marine in that bird, when we get North; he's due to be paid off. Chances are, you'll have a vacancy for a corporal, and there will be a new service station or some such thing on a North Carolina highway, with the girl who writes those letters on the premises. . . . Gun striker on Gun 8 has done very well. Has a stack of it. He's retired under his gun, and set his letters

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in a neat pile. Shuffles them out according to dates—picks out the oldest one—postmarked six weeks since.—"Le's see—where was we that day?—standin' out of Balboa——"

There are the fellows who draw one letter—never any more; go off to read it slowly. Some of those letters will be brought to you to-morrow: things not so good at home, son; your father's rheumatism—can't work; could you increase your allotment, and ask your captain if you can't get out of the navy and come home, for we need you very badly—that sort of thing.

And there are the home papers—little four-sheet weeklies and semiweeklies, *Sentinels*, and *Eagles*, and *Patriots*, and *Post-Items*. They are read before any one bothers to open the great dailies, New York and Philly and Chicago, that lie now unnoted on the sergeant's table. Presently men will shuck off their wrappers and seek out the bathing-girls in the picture supplements. . . . Crowd's thinning out—one bird receives, with indignation, the pious publication of a certain sect. "Aw!—I'll be—" But before the next mail comes, he will read it, out of pure boredom—even the testimonials. And there are always men who get no mail. They wait until the last. "That's all there is; there isn't any more," says the company clerk, tearing into his own. And they lounge off, making scornful remarks—forward, by themselves . . . nobody to join in a little seven-up. Or black-jack.

Then one goes to look at his own. It's the same aft as forward, on mail day . . . the orderly has left it on the desk. Not as much as you'd hoped—there never is—but more than last time, anyway! Saturday morning—inspection over—lots of time—eight—nine—ten letters—an even ten. Not counting two long official envelopes addressed to your job. Sorting them out luxuriously, you find seven directed in that rapid, angular handwriting, honest and distinguished, and not always immediately understandable—like the lady who writes—very like. How her pen, you remember, flies across the paper. Impetuous. And, unless the nib is perfectly new, scratchy. You remember once, with a genuine stab of remorse, inviting her attention to the scratching—prefaced, maybe, by . . . You would give much to recall that word. . . . It was a long time ago. . . . It is also a long time since that raw forenoon in late winter, a nasty gray day, with a wet sea-wind flailing East River, when you said appropriate things and came up the gang-plank. She—game and all that. So was Jack, valiant in his five years, and not unaccustomed to partings, and not quite sure what it was all about. . . . No tears, but her mouth was soft and quivery when you kissed it, and unshed tears are bright in the eyes and fall like slow rain upon the heart— Man's a fool to go to sea! And he always goes. . . .

"Rot—mustn't get sentimental—" And then, you might as well—the cabin door is shut, and you're five thousand miles from anywhere and most of a year removed, down on the Rainless Coast. . . . A ship is a man's world, quite. No place for women in it, whether in the wardroom country among the spurious and exact comforts of bachelors; or along the clanging living spaces forward, with the black little billet-hooks where the hammocks hang, and the unabashed guard, coming off, changes into something loose. Nor in the cabins, all painted and varnished and set with brightwork on which the mess-boy spends his soul, and where the faces of sweethearts and wives and children look inharmonious and a little strange.

Mail day, though, brings a gentle influence to the hardest ship, no matter where the striped sacks catch up with her. There are, somewhere around the world, for most of us, women. And on this day, in a remoteness with a name out of the geography, they come aboard with the letters, mothers and sweethearts and wives, and are with us for a little. . . .

And after, you can look forward to the next mail.

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Religion and the Instalment Plan

BY EDWARD REXFORD

THE title may plead guilty of a paradox. Yet it is intended to suggest the delicate irony with which great movements, disregarding the broad ways paved for them by years—even centuries—of conscious effort, come upon us by casual, roundabout paths and quite unheralded.

History tells unending tales of the struggle for religious freedom. It is perhaps the oldest, bitterest battle of mankind, the more intense because the issue is so often misconceived. It has become a battle among believers, a quarrel between sects, a quibbling over details by groups which are otherwise united in the fundamental hope of a life beyond death and the domination of an all-powerful deity. Many beginnings have been made toward the forging of a huge crucible, a melting-pot for the sects, from which should emerge, at last, a tolerant attitude between the bickering creeds, but all have failed to stand the crushing tests of time, due to their utter disregard for the economic forces always to be considered.

Even to-day, the dream of a broader viewpoint in religious issues—of the sweeping of the old débris of sect and habit into a wide sparkling sea of common understanding—is as remote, apparently, as in the dark ages when secularism dyed its altars with blood in the name of Christ.

Apparently; not actually. For in our own country at least, behind the scenes of our modern, impatient conditions of living, we are becoming aware of a strange stirring to light. In the bowels of the vast organization we call commerce, something is happening. But the irony lies in this—that it is the result of no conscious effort of ours along spiritual lines; instead, it is a by-product of materialism, of a commercial method newly introduced into the public buying power.

From time immemorial, religious tolerance has been regarded by man as something he had to force upon his fellow men and maintain at all costs, but now we are finding the situation reversed, and religious tolerance is, of itself, being forced upon man. What thinking people of all centuries have believed to be an ideal, but unnatural, situation at last seems to be working out in accordance with natural laws. In a word, religious freedom in its true sense—a freedom for the individual—appears to be coming surely, though inadvertently, on the heels of the instalment plan.

The first real estate agent, whoever he was, to utilize the method of selling homes on the instalment plan was, to say the least, untroubled by altruistic dreams of freeing religion from the grip of sect and schism, but was only concerned with making a sale. He saw in the middle-class salaried man a faith in the future, his confidence in himself, his love for his family, and his desire to improve his condition. Even better and more immediate was the alluring prospect of freedom from the city with a chance to raise his children in suitable surroundings.

From isolated cases have grown, in the last fifteen years, great developments in semi-suburban life. Outside most of our large cities now appear vast tracts given over to the erection and sale of countless houses on the instalment plan, each boasting and fostering a sectional pride fathered by these same real estate agents. When these agents sell their houses, they do not particularly restrict the tenants to one religion but accept all who apply and can vouch for a credit intact. A natural result is that ten or fifteen denominations may at last be represented, with no one in absolute domination. In the poorer sections, particularly, this is true, but in the richer it narrows down to four or five. This diversification of religion usually means that no one sect has numbers sufficient to found a separate church of its own

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and must be forced to call upon the sects thinking along similar lines to combine with it and temporarily bear the burden. In doing this they must, of necessity, subject their own individuality to the will of all.

The situation works out in most cases somewhat along the following lines. On first coming to their new homes, the people have strong ties binding them to their former associations, and are apt to continue those ties when it comes to religion. But soon families begin to increase and journeys become less frequent, and, together with the growth in community spirit, they look around for spiritual guidance for the young. Through some central organization, usually the real estate office, they start a movement to have a church of their own denomination, but soon find their numbers not large enough to stand the financial burden, and they, therefore, have to combine and build a community church.

A very good example of this portrays itself in the community church at the Jackson Heights development just outside of New York City. Here the instalment plan has run to ownership of apartments, enabling the man of lesser means to become part owner in the apartment house in which he resides, with the running expenses divided pro rata. There they boast a community church with twenty Protestant faiths worshipping together under one roof.

At East Williston, Long Island, in a development of small houses, a movement was recently under way to erect a community church on the same order. The campaign was helped on by means of signs placed along the roads urging every one to contribute regardless of sect. These are but two of numerous examples around New York City.

Outside of Chicago there are known to be at least three, the same for St. Louis, and two for Pittsburgh. An interesting adaptation of the idea is in effect at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, a very wealthy summer colony, where the community church, though not so called, serves the Catholics for early mass, the combined Protestant faiths at eleven, and the negro servants in the afternoon; the summer season being so short that no one sect feels itself compelled to maintain a building devoted solely to itself.

Never before in history has man successfully combined, for any length of time, various faiths under one roof by their own free will and found them to work in harmony; simply because in the past he tried to put the cart before the horse and did not see that it is economic conditions that control our thoughts and not our own free wills.

It is true a great many people are accepting this condition of subjecting their beliefs as a temporary matter only and are simply putting up with it until they can get a place of their own at some time in the future, but they are overlooking the effect it is having on their children.

In community churches they are naturally rather strict to see that no faith puts too much stress on its particular doctrines, which means that their services are kept simple and dignified. Preachers of various denominations are invited to speak and express their views, but not in a belligerent manner. The effect is that the people, in holding down the other fellow's religion, are also holding down their own and getting, in return, the good of all the others. In secret, they may cherish their former beliefs, but they forget the children.

The children are being raised in a simple faith which has the good points of all. They are seeing that Johnny Jones and Mary Smith are just as devout as they are and are not going to purgatory because they believe there should be five sprays on the candlesticks instead of seven. Also they are seeing that men of all faiths have sound and worth-while ideas on religious subjects and are sincere in their expression of them. It is thus, in the children, reared in this new environment, that we are to find a new religious tolerance not encountered so far in our religious world.

Therefore we see that expediency, caused by a new element in our economic life, is slowly shaping our religious thought. As most of our large cities are taking up the community idea of living, either in small houses or apartments, the movement is rapidly on the increase, because it is economically sound.

Another phase of the instalment plan is

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the purchasing of motor cars. This is having a great effect on church attendance all over the country, favorably in some cases, unfavorably in others.

Let us take the case of the cities. Many people are owning cars who have no right to have them, from a financial standpoint, and could not afford to buy except on the instalment plan. In certain localities social position depends on the ownership of a car, and people buy them to satisfy their social standing, entirely disregarding the side issues that come with car ownership.

Before the advent of the automobile, a man was forced to stay at home on Sundays, and, being at home, was compelled by public opinion to attend his church. He therefore grew up in an atmosphere restricted and hemmed in by public opinion which catered to bigotry and domination by his church. But with a car, he has a legitimate excuse to leave his home environment and take his family with him, pleading the health of his children or a pressing engagement. By going away he thus evades the compulsion of public opinion, and gets out of the influence of his church. When this begins to happen, although he is not always conscious of it, he slowly works out of the mental and physical restrictions which he has grown up under and gets a new angle on life. He sees other people, their customs and their advantages; he copies them and often brings their ideas home to introduce to his community. In going away he often does things on Sundays which were prohibited in his own environment, simply because he travels to places where people are doing those things and regarding them as correct. He finds out that other people are not eternally damned because they break rules which have been held up to him as being infallible. His children see new modes of life, new ways of doing things, and question him on his own beliefs, and probably go so far as to show him where he is wrong. You need only watch the roads out of any of our large cities of a Sunday to be convinced.

A great many churches are being forced to hold their main service in the morning or the evening in order to permit their congregations to attend. In Garden City, Long Island, one minister went so far as to have an early service for golfers and met with comparative success. As time goes on and travel becomes easier, with man able to reach his pleasures in rapid time through the use of the car, more drastic changes will have to be made, until a new way is found to combat this condition.

In the country towns and villages two situations are developing. There the folk are finding automobiles to be a necessity at any cost, with the result that money is flowing out of circulation in those communities, into the big cities, to the detriment of the churches. In former days, the churches of a town were its religious and social centres and received the whole support of a community, but now those same people are finding the larger cities more attractive and spending their surplus funds there. This situation is forcing the churches in those places to combine for their own protection and very existence. At first each denomination sought aid from the cities and had it granted, but the drain is now so great that the central organizations are recommending combining. In Canada, a country of small towns and villages, we now see the combining of three great religions—the Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians —with the falling off in church attendance as one of the reasons.

Another, and more constructive, result is taking place because of the automobile, especially in school districts. In numerous places there are now motor-buses that travel regular routes to pick up children and bring them to school, in the country where the distances are too far to walk. On Sundays these same buses serve moreover to bring the children and parents to church, an opportunity which would otherwise have been denied. Some churches, especially the Unitarian, find that, through the use of the car, they are getting parishioners from as far as ten to fifteen miles away, due to the fact that their churches are usually in towns. This enables the farmer to pick his church rather than accept the one thrust upon him by convenience.

The radio must also come in for its share, although it has only just begun to demonstrate its purpose in the general scheme of things. Here we find a new

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force which promises the greatest results, results which no one can possibly foretell.

Natural curiosity leads mankind to find out, in the easiest way, what interests it. The radio is providing a means of getting knowledge of all kinds to people in their homes, the place where they are most willing to have it. The increase in the call for books in outlying localities is in keeping with the subjects that come over the radio and in proportion to the number of radios in a locality. The mere fact that the listeners have no control over what they have to choose from in the way of programmes, is forcing many people to get a large variety of knowledge that they would never have voluntarily acquired.

The constant demand for higher and better types of programmes from broadcasting stations shows that the people are being educated by means of the radio to the better things of life.

Religion is one of these, especially in the summer. In two church organizations, the interest which the people have demonstrated so far in listening to the teachings of other faiths and then expressing their views, has spurred the narrow-minded exponents of those faiths to go to the extreme of tearing down the aerials of their parishioners and prohibiting them from listening to the so-called heresy which comes over the air. This took place not in a small town, but in two of our largest cities.

The teachers of the gospel, who could formerly control the actions of their flocks by fear and public opinion, are finding the radio an unsolvable problem, because they have found that they cannot extend their domination to control the actions of a man in his own home without suffering serious natural reactions. Curiosity comes in again when the radio owner wants to hear what is forbidden to him, especially when he knows of the preaching of some famed man whom his pastor is busily denouncing. It also serves to quiet the ardor of the pastors when they know that their criticisms may serve merely as an advertisement and incentive to make a rival the more attractive. Often a man finds that the reviled one has just as devout a conception of God as his own sponsor and a better way of expressing it. His next step is to approach his minister with embarrassing questions and be met with evasive answers or abysmal ignorance. The advent of the radio is causing no little concern among the clergy of outlying communities who have no means of keeping up-to-date, often through no fault of theirs, and who must stand competition of greater minds when brought to bear on the subjects of their beliefs.

What the future holds along these three lines of changes, just discussed, is very problematical, but some guesses may be hazarded. It is only natural to think there will be a more tolerant view taken of religion through the acquiring of knowledge of current topics all over the world; also that people will get out of their shells more and more and come in contact with the thought of their neighbors, thus forcing them to avoid unnecessary friction.

Clergymen will spend more time in constructive work, instead of upholding their particular brand of worship and damning the next. They will be compelled to keep abreast of the times and vastly improve the character of their sermons, so as to fit in with the steadily progressing thoughts of their congregations.

In the case of the individual, it will be brought home to him, through his hearing the various views of numerous men, that religion is more a matter of personal viewpoint based on the thought of the best minds than the domination by and following of a man who sets himself up as an appointed agent of God. I am trying to point out that it is necessary, in the end, for the clergy to give advice and suggestions and not orders. There has been entirely too much thinking done by the clergy and not enough by the congregations. In some cases the present system is good, but decidedly not so on the whole, and do not think that the practices of centuries are going to be given up without a struggle; because they are not.

I have tried to present briefly a sketch of what is going on behind the scenes, not so much in an argumentative vein as in a plain statement of facts; just a glimpse to show which way the wind is blowing and to leave the details to those who wish to follow the subject further.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Death and Transfiguration!

THIS is not an oath; it is the title of a tone-poem by Richard Strauss, and I have spent five years trying in vain to hear it. I chased it to Philadelphia, doubled back to New York, slewed under the river to Brooklyn, hustled back to New Haven, and missed it. Mr. Stokowski, who knows what is best in music, plays it annually upon his incomparable instrument, the Philadelphia Orchestra; I am in that city twelve Friday afternoons of every year, and hear the orchestra, but, by mischance, it is never on one of the twelve that "Death and Transfiguration" is played. Learning that Mr. Mengelberg would play it with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall on the night of December 31 and the afternoon of January 1, I thought it was a good way to end the old year and begin the new; accordingly I bought tickets for both performances. But after I had done this and was waiting for that consummation long and devoutly wished, the programme was changed. Then I heard that Mr. Mengelberg would play it at Brooklyn on Sunday afternoon, January 3. I took the noon train from New Haven, dived in Manhattan, rose triumphantly in Brooklyn, and took my place at the Academy of Music, with joyful anticipations. A slip of paper floated from my pamphlet-programme to the floor; I picked it up and read a legend to the effect that, owing to numerous requests, Mr. Mengelberg had decided at the last moment to substitute for the piece I wanted, "Also sprach Zarathustra." At his farewell in Carnegie Hall, Sunday afternoon, January 10, this distinguished conductor actually did play the piece I wanted; and while he was playing it, I was lecturing—according to previous agreement—at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn. I am now trying to buy the disks, so I can hear it on the victrola.

I have been fortunate enough to hear four of Strauss's tone-poems—"Macbeth," "Don Juan," "Heldenleben," and "Also sprach Zarathustra." They are glorious works, inspired by genius. To my mind, as a composer for the orchestra, Richard Strauss is so far ahead of his living contemporaries that he is in a class by himself. I confess I like his tone-poems better than his operas, better than his songs. I was not profoundly moved by "Rosenkavalier," or by "Ariadne," which I heard him personally conduct in Munich. I also heard him play the piano accompaniment to his own songs, on a draughty day in New York. I caught a severe cold, the chief impression I derived from the recital. But his orchestral pieces are sublime; I doubt if any one, with the single exception of Wagner, has understood and been able to employ resources of an orchestra more impressively than Richard Strauss.

On Saturday afternoon, January 16, I heard at the Metropolitan Opera House a stunning performance of "Tristan and Isolde." And now I am going to the whole Wagner cycle in February and March, the four parts of the Ring, preceded by "Tannhäuser" and postluded by "Tristan."

The best book in English that I know as guide and interpreter is "The Wagnerian Romances," by the admirable American poet, Gertrude Hall. This volume, containing a separate essay on each opera, written in beautiful and melodious prose, ought to be read and reread by every one who has heard or who intends to hear these music-dramas. The insight displayed is almost uncanny; the story is told much better than any synopsis or any literal translation; the depths and heights of these stupendous works are revealed. And in order to profit by the book, it is not necessary to have any knowledge of the theory of music, as I have the best of reasons for believing. I will go so far as

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to say that no one should hear a Wagner opera without first having read Gertrude Hall's chapter on the same, because her interpretation is so illuminating.

An introduction to the book is supplied by Willa Cather, who praises it superlatively. I, who never use superlatives, and am stingy with commendation, and weigh every word carefully, might be slightly repelled by Miss Cather's unqualified enthusiasm, if I did not know it was justified.

The last comments (for the present) on the question of Still Life shall be chosen respectively from the scorners and from the worshippers. Mrs. Earle Buckingham, of Hartford, calls my attention to a story by the late Thomas A. Janvier, called "Roberson's Medium": "It was a favorite story with my father, Forrest Morgan, a great book-lover and a ferret for nosing the fun out of them." Indeed he was; I used to enjoy his letters prodigiously. Here is the passage from Janvier's story:

> Do you remember that picture I painted a year ago last winter—peas, and asparagus, and Bermuda potatoes, and strawberries, grouped around a shad—that I called "The First Breath of Spring"? I don't think you can have forgotten it, for it was a noble work.

On the other hand, the American poet Louis Untermeyer actually wrote a poem about Still Life in which he finds in these pictures something *dynamic:*

> "Never have I beheld such fierce contempt,
> Nor heard a voice so full of vehement life
> As this that shouted from a bowl of fruit,
> High-pitched, malignant, lusty, and perverse—
> Brutal with a triumphant restlessness."

Well, I have often wished I were a poet. For poets, like cats, can see in the dark.

A beautifully illustrated, well-written, and authoritative Life of John Singer Sargent is by William Howe Downes. The biographical facts are followed by criticism, both original and selected, and the list of works is useful. There are so many reproductions of the pictures that one may often, and with profit, apply the critical remarks.

I take pleasure also in recommending "American Artists," an excellent book by my Scribnerian colleague Royal Cortissoz. General principles of criticism are given, including the author's individual point of view, and the illustrations are numerous and interesting. In addition to separate chapters on artists, there are separate essays on such subjects as "New York as an Art Centre," "Theodore Roosevelt and the Fine Arts," etc. etc.

Stephen Vincent Benét has produced an exciting American historical romance, called "Spanish Bayonet," where unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster. The characters are original and the plot ingenious; but what lifts this book above the average of new fiction is its masterly style. Stevenson used to complain that style was employed chiefly by those who had nothing to say. He could see no reason why thrilling adventures should not be narrated artistically; and he gave magnificent illustrations. Well, Mr. Benét's new book is packed with happenings; and the prose is as beautiful as though he were trying to write an essay about nothing at all.

Three excellent detective-mystery tales are "Mr. Fortune's Trials," by H. C. Bailey; "The Black Cat," by Louis Tracy; and "The Limping Man," by Francis D. Grierson, which is enthralling. I wonder if any reader can guess the identity of the Limping Man. I guessed and guessed wrong. I will guarantee that "The Limping Man" would hold the attention of a broker during a bull market on the stock exchange.

The novelist E. F. Benson not long ago wrote a charming account of his "folks" in a book called "Our Family Affairs," wherein his irresistible mother is the dominating figure. A woman of infinite charm. Adorable wife and mother, as hostess of the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace at Lambeth, she was in both senses of the word always entertaining. After a formal dinner party of thirty, peers, bishops, statesmen, poets, etc., the moment the solemn guests had departed, she danced with her children gaily about the ruins of the feast. She had tremendous vitality, and enjoyed private and

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public life with gusto. The archbishop hated tobacco; not only were the dinners smokeless, but the men were not allowed to smoke after the cloth was removed and the ladies had left them to themselves. This nearly killed Tennyson, who, with the possible exception of Carlyle, was the most persistent smoker in English literature. But the irrepressible First Lady of the Church occasionally borrowed a cigarette from her son E. F., and snatched a fearful joy. What would have happened if her grave husband had caught her at it? He never did.

The account of the composition and publication of "Dodo," the sensational success of which I well remember, is diverting. Noteworthy also is the fact that the archbishop gravely read through a devastating review of his son's work, and then roared in genial laughter. What particularly interests me is the novelist's attitude toward the critics, so precisely similar is it to the attitude of A. S. M. Hutchinson. Both believe that the critics were enraged because "Dodo" and "If Winter Comes" had sudden and prodigious vogue without their *imprimatur;* both believe that their subsequent books were attacked by the critics with deliberate malice, and with tools carefully sharpened in advance; an assault with intent to murder. The similarity is interesting. Open your copy of "One Increasing Purpose," turn to the place where the novelist describes how all the critics lay in wait for "This Freedom," with battle-axes gently swinging, and then see what Mr. Benson says about the reception accorded to the novel he published next after "Dodo":

> The critics, justly enraged that this rare phenomenon called a "boom" should not have been detected and heralded by their auguries and by them damned or deified, laid aside a special pen for me, ready for the occasion when I should be so imprudent as to publish another novel. . . . Then, saying "one, two, three—go," they all produced on the birth-morning of the unfortunate book columns and columns of the most blistering abuse that I remember ever beholding in God-fearing journals.

An autobiography that is sure to arouse attention and something else, is Poultney Bigelow's "Seventy Summers," which resembles Léon Daudet's "Memoirs" in its sensational lack of caution. It might almost be called "Seventy Punches." Prominent and obscure persons are hilariously attacked, with a combination of vim and venom that will be amusing to all readers not related to the victims. This is not the first time that an autobiography has been used for the discharge of long-accumulated ammunition; Doctor Johnson similarly used a dictionary. The most valuable part of the work is the detailed account of the intimate friendship between the author and the boy who subsequently became Wilhelm II, German Emperor.

Newton Baker's "Progress and the Constitution" is small in size, weighty in information, packed with wisdom. A good book for Americans, and perhaps never more needed than now.

"The Le Gallienne Book of American Verse" is the best anthology of American poetry that I have seen. The editor shows catholicity of taste combined with critical judgment. I especially commend his remarks on Longfellow. The late Professor Lounsbury thought "The Day Is Done" one of the greatest poems in American literature, and I think he would have been willing to omit the word "American."

And now let me tackle that two-handed engine of naturalism, Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," where we follow the fortunes of a nincompoop from childhood to the chair. What A. E. Housman told in a page Mr. Dreiser tells in two volumes. Yet his steam-roller method gains, I suppose, by crushing out all this accumulated mass of detail. The style is clumsy and awkward; it has as much grace as an ichthyosaurus in a quagmire. But it is all true, unanswerably true. It is the naturalistic method of Zola. And if the novelist chooses to select from life a hero without brains or backbone or charm, and depict his unimportant career with patient microscopy, and bring in hosts of other characters none of whom one would ever wish to know in real life, that is his own affair. There are plenty of such persons and I suppose they spend their days in the manner herein described. One may justly admire Mr.

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Dreiser for sticking to his own theory of art, and for his dogged and truth-loving patience not in writing jewels five words long, but in scraping together pebbles and more pebbles.

It is properly called an American tragedy not because of the unfortunate career of this particular protagonist, but because he represents many Americans who lead equally tragic lives although not meeting an equally tragic end. The very commonplaceness of the vast number of characters in this story makes their representative quality more depressingly impressive. They are, alas, samples.

Yet it is strange that in this work and in others of the same author there should apparently be no hint that every town in America contains individuals of nobility, unselfishness, and idealism, people of intellect, resolution, and charm, who find and help to make life a splendid adventure.

The last thing Mr. Dreiser would wish to be called is a moralist or a preacher; yet this vast book resembles not a little the obvious sermon of Hogarth's Idle Apprentice.

It is quite easy for me to see and feel the qualities emphasized by his adorers, such as Mr. H. L. Mencken, Mr. Burton Rascoe, and the latest convert, Mr. Stuart Sherman. I remain outside this kneeling group, sceptical and unconvinced. For two reasons:

First, all great novels should have the element of transfiguration. People who are poor in health and brains and money may still be rich in significance. It would not be fair to compare Mr. Dreiser with Dickens; but it is easy to imagine how splendidly Dickens, with a knowledge of the seamy side of life fully equal to the American's, and with as much studiously realistic detail, would nevertheless have breathed into this ash-heap such a glow of life that it would have made a conflagration unquenchable by time. It would not be fair to compare Mr. Dreiser with Dickens, because Dickens was a man of genius. Let us then compare him with Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has perhaps no genius, but who is a literary expert, who has mastered the art of the novel, who is a shrewd, hard-bitten man of the world, and who loves life with a fervor both chronic and passionate. Compare "An American Tragedy" with "The Old Wives' Tale," or with "Riceyman Steps." Mr. Bennett has transfigured the lives of the commonplace and of the downtrodden with a veritable glow of creative power, with the gift that belongs only to the true artist. Now if Henry James complained that Arnold Bennett's novels were simply an accumulation of bricks without ultimate significance, if what should have been the means had become the end, what would he say to "An American Tragedy"?

Furthermore, the great preservative is *style*. There *is* a literary standard, there is a difference between good writing and bad. I cannot believe that this work, hampered by such clumsy composition, will be read in the next century. To use William Sharp's phrase, it will float around awhile, a colossal derelict on the ocean of literature, and will eventually sink.

Let us hope that the English gentleman will never become extinct. We need him. The other night I was dining at the house of Professor and Mrs. Frederick Wells Williams, and the guest of honor was Major General the Honorable Sir Charles Sackville-West. A slender, quiet man, unaggressive in appearance, he has served his country in India, Burma, South Africa, and during the Great War in Europe. At the Versailles Conferences, he was the British military representative of the Allied Military Committee. No suggestion of these responsibilities and duties appeared in his conversation; he was simply an English gentleman, with a charm as potent as it was unobtrusive. His niece is the accomplished novelist, V. Sackville-West. Her husband is the scholar and critic, Mr. Harold Nicolson, who has written the best book on Tennyson I have read, and who is now chargé d'affaires at Teheran—what splendid men the English send out as their diplomatic representatives! And Sir Charles's son has written a novel which I am going to read.

I can see this English gentleman sitting in a smoking compartment on any train you like, listening quietly to men vociferously expressing opinions on subjects on

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which the most silent man in the company is also the only one well informed.

Some weeks ago, at the invitation of my friend Mr. John Macrae, the publisher, I had the pleasure of lunching in New York with the novelist Leonard Merrick. He came hither with the determination not to lecture and adhered to it with unshakable resolution. Leonard Merrick is a good fellow, and I am sure one would enjoy his company best of all on a six months' voyage in a sailing-ship. The beautiful edition of his novels, with separate introductions by leading men of letters, Barrie, Wells, Pinero, Locke, Barker, Chesterton, and others, was a surprise to him. It was just the opposite of log-rolling. He knew nothing of the plan. Not living in London, none of these writers was an intimate friend, and of them all he had met only two. They agreed to write the introductions because they admired his novels and, for the sake of art, wished to increase their circulation.

At present I know of no living American dialect poet superior to John V. A. Weaver. He writes poems in the slang of Manhattan—they are dramatic, emotional, often tragic in intensity, and always interpretative of human nature. His latest volume, called "More 'In American'," is perhaps his best. These verses are true to life and true to art.

An original book that helps to explain some mysteries in bodily and mental activity is "Human Vibration," by Conrad Richter. It is agreeably written, and on the whole clear to the non-scientific mind, otherwise I should not have understood it. It gives a reason for two facts I never before comprehended. Why is it that when you feel almost too tired to change your clothes, you can go out, play three sets of tennis and feel after the exercise so much more vigorous than before? And why is it that when you feel really ill, you can give a public lecture or teach a class, and after this experience feel as though you had received a tremendous tonic? Well, Mr. Richter gives a scientific reason. Congenial work never hurt anybody. Activity, instead of producing fatigue, often cures it. Rest kills thousands every year:

In the current number of *The Journal of the A. S. P. R.*, Professor Ferdinando Cazzamalli, of the University of Milan, has actually demonstrated by radio receivers that the human organism gives out oscillations of wave lengths that can be computed in meters.

Gerald Stanley Lee, the Prophet of Mount Tom, has come out with a book called "Rest Working," apparently a development of his previous book, "Invisible Exercise." I am not sure that I understand everything in this volume, though I tried to follow his directions and ran upstairs with an orange on top of my head. Everything that Mr. Lee writes results from years of meditation and he is a fruitful thinker. If you read this treatise, you will agree with me that there is a "big idea" in it, but the details are not always easy to follow. There is enough new truth here to make me believe that people in the twenty-first century are going to understand the relations between mind and body so well that we shall appear in retrospect as hopelessly benighted.

All who are interested in the art of the theatre should be grateful to Eva Le Gallienne. This admirable artist is never satisfied with appearing in a play merely because it has a long run; she enjoys development more than success. This season she produced (at the Princess Theatre) Ibsen's "The Master Builder" in a series of special matinées, and the interest aroused was so general that now she is giving the play nightly. In addition to this, however, she determined to produce at special matinées (in the beautiful Booth Theatre) Ibsen's penultimate play, "John Gabriel Borkman." I was present on the opening afternoon, Friday, January 29, and I received enough thrills to last me until the next masterpiece. It was an excellent production, and Miss Le Gallienne was especially fine. This is generally regarded as one of Ibsen's minor plays; but a minor by Ibsen is greater than almost anybody else's major. It is indeed a tremendous affair—how singular the old opinion, that Ibsen was more philosopher than playwright, and at best only a literary dramatist! But then I have heard otherwise intelligent people maintain that

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Browning could not write poetry and that there was no real music in Wagner. Miss Le Gallienne announces that she will start a repertory theatre in New York next season. I hope she will—we need it. And she has the requisite ability, training, and scholarship. She gave one of the Francis Bergen Memorial lectures at Yale in December which is still the subject of conversation in our academic circles.

Although Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" has had a great run on the New York stage this season, British comment does not seem altogether favorable. I cite two opinions from England given in *The Living Age*. St. John Ervine: "This is a dull play, but not so dull as the novel from which it has been adapted." James Agate in *The Sunday Times* heads his review "The Forest of Arlen" and says: "So far from having the moral force of 'Ghosts' or 'Damaged Goods', this piece has no significance of any kind."

It was because I had read the novel that I stayed away from the play.

An interesting and authoritative explanation of the control of voice by professional singers comes at my request from Clara Clemens (Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch), who writes:

> I believe that one reason singers rarely are overwhelmed by their own emotion while singing is that there are always questions of memory and technic claiming a large part of their attention. If their minds were fixed entirely on the composition itself without any consideration for its production they would frequently be overcome by the desire to weep. Sometimes when singing in a room for two or three people I have found it very difficult to conceal the emotion I felt over an exceptionally touching song. But during a public performance one has to screw one's mental attention to such a high notch of precision for fear of some accident that only *part* of one's heart throbs in accompaniment to one's thoughts.

This comes very near a complete explanation.

In my remarks on the Pension Nordland, in Munich, which I contributed to the January number of SCRIBNER'S, I ought to have added that although the Pension Nordland has left Schellingstrasse, it exists in an even more attractive neighborhood, at Ohmstrasse 11, and best of all, is still directed by the same gracious and charming ladies, Fräulein Junkers and Fräulein Lammers. Their present pension is in a larger and better building, with a terrace, with even more sunshine, and with more conveniences. As those who read these articles are all desirable citizens, I hope that those who go to my beloved city of Munich will go to this pension, and send me from that delectable home a picture post-card. This is not an advertisement; it is a friendly and valuable suggestion.

Robert Browning's house in Asolo, to which he added Pippa's Tower, which death prevented him from occupying, and where his son "Pen" died in 1912, is now the home of John Beach, the American composer. Mrs. W. K. Young, of Los Angeles, Calif., qualifies for membership in the Asolo Club and is doing good missionary work. Dale Warren, of Plainfield, N. J., enters the club and at the same time sends me a beautiful picture of the garden. An article on Asolo by the latest member of the club will appear in *The World Traveller* this spring.

Further contributions by members of the Bemerton Club to the new organ in George Herbert's church come from Howard Speer, a former pupil, whose son is now in one of my classes; from Gertrude Forrest, of Lowell, Mass., who spent a memorable day at Bemerton, and who charmingly says she is "not an alumnus for lack of the proper sex"; from Professor Charles W. Nichols, of the University of Minnesota, who, though not a widow, for lack of the proper sex, encloses what is usually the same thing, "the professor's mite." An article by Professor Nichols on English birds has been accepted by the editor of SCRIBNER'S. William S. Hunt, of South Orange, N. J., an able journalist; Hugh Rankin, of New York, and Reverend C. B. Bliss, of Shoreham, Vt., all add to the quality and quantity of the Bemerton Club.

One of the most valuable contributions to my Feline Category comes from Thomas (good name!) Dreier, of Winchester, Mass. I have never been in

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Padua, but next time I visit Italy, I shall see this mummy and worship:

Speaking of cats (Mack, my Airedale, pricked up his ears at that), I've just been reading Jusserand's book, "The School for Ambassadors and Other Essays." On page 77 he tells us that one of the most curious of the relics preserved in Petrarch's house near Padua is the mummified cat under glass. The inscription in Latin verse makes the cat say: "The Florentine poet was consumed with a double love. His most ardent flame was for me, the other for Laura. Do not laugh. If Laura could charm him by her divine beauty, I deserved this incomparable lover by my fidelity; if she excited his genius and inspired his verses, it is thanks to me that cruel rats did not devour his writings. Alive, I chased them from these sacred precincts, preventing their destruction of my lord's learned work; and now, dead though I am, I still cause them by my presence to tremble with fear, and so, in this inanimate body, survives my pristine fidelity."

When I go to Padua, I'm going to take Mack along. There's an egotistical cat there I want to chew.

George L. Bradlee, of Providence (like countless others), tells me something I did not know, but am glad to learn:

In an interesting new book, "Great Works of Art and What Makes Them Great," by F. W. Ruckstull, I noticed, in an illustration of Ghirlandajo's "Last Supper" (the San Marco, not the Ognissanti, fresco) a detail that pleased me. On the floor, near the table, gazing complacently out of the picture, sits a domestic cat. . . . Surely no other eminent painter ever introduced one into such high and haloed company. Did Ghirlandajo, "the apotheosis of common sense," as Mr. J. A. Symonds called him, subscribe to the Siennese sentiment for cats when he put this painted puss in his Cenacolo?

For the Ignoble Prize, nominations come thick and fast; there are also protests, for Anna Lorraine Edwards, of Hamilton, Mont., writes:

How dare you harbor the thought of nominating *Mona Lisa* for the Ignoble Prize? Her smile is *not* the smile of the cat that has just eaten the canary. The smile of Mona Lisa is the smile of the mystic—one who *believes* in and who *experiences* the invisible beauty of the universe. She is *listening* to her own *inner* life. Her cup runneth over.

The smile of Mona Lisa *rests* me like the "Winged Victory of Samothrace."

Another protest. Elbert M. Conover, director of the bureau of architecture of the Methodist Episcopal Church, objects to G. G.'s nomination of Methodist Sunday schools, because of their hymns. "Why does she condemn *all* of them? She had better condemn the democracy that permits each school to select its own hymn book. If the board of education of the M. E. Church had autocratic rather than advisory power, every M. E. Church school (they are not called Sunday schools now) would use the Methodist Hymnal for American youth." (In our Huron City church, we use the Methodist Hymnal, an excellent work).

It is curious how the term "Sunday school" is disappearing. Too many of them were— But, anyhow, they are now called in many denominations Church schools or Bible schools.

H. W. Goodrich, of Philadelphia, hates "ineluctable," and wishes me to shout it to a class of students, and see if any one can define it before I finish counting ten.

S. F. Houston, of the same fair city, hates the expression "until such time as," which he hears in committee reports. I did not suppose committee reports were listened to with such attention.

One from Princeton who modestly signs himself "Old Fogy," nominates *my* use of casket for coffin. Approved.

Doctor Daniel M. Molloy, of Managua, Nicaragua, nominates the use of the period after "per cent." "Since the term has been fully adopted as an English word meaning 'by the hundred' why keep up the useless custom of breaking the sentence with a useless period?" I am with him in this crusade—down with all superfluous periods!

George H. Tripp, the librarian of the Free Public Library of New Bedford, Mass., writes a letter which I one hundred per cent endorse—more power to his typewriter!

For a candidate for the Ignoble Prize I wish to suggest the word "kid" as applied to a child. That always grates upon my sensibilities, and it seems to me an extremely low-brow expression. Also one more thing, so-called reformed spelling I strenuously

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object to; even catalogue must wear its tail, and programme must have the double "m" to suit me. These short cutters are like the jay-walkers who rush across the street in peril of their lives, and then waste ten minutes looking in the shop windows.

Howard Austin Snyder, of Bermuda, nominates the feminine ending *ess*.

Probably one of the most foolish expressions in the English language we find in the most sensible writer of English when Macaulay calls Queen Victoria a "Britoness." Perhaps he would not have done so had he lived in this age of equality. This habit of denoting the sex is continued to the present day and although the line that separated the sexes is fading fast, we still cling to the absurd ending in "ess" to distinguish women from men. . . .

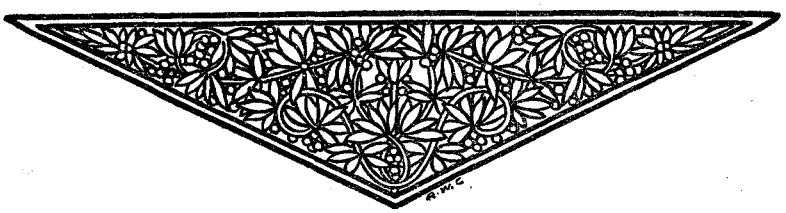
Poets were poets whether man or woman, so why say poetess? The woman who has any manhood should resent this. Perhaps a protest from one so endowed has resulted in our allowing the title of chairman to a woman who presides at a convention. Consistently with this, as teachers are teachers, of whatever sex, we do not say teacheress, although I have seen instructress.

I do not know that the following words should be entered for the Ignoble Prize, but I am aweary of them. In nearly every lengthy book-review I read, the author is called "wistful." And in most novels the heroine says something "evenly." Odd, isn't it?

Doctor James H. Penniman, of Philadelphia, is moved by the commotion aroused over the cow's ears to propound the following question, which may permanently separate the hitherto united members of many families:

Your cow problem is admirable but here I think is a better. In what direction did the grain of the fur of the original cat run? The cat always licks with the grain of his fur; is that what makes it lie that way or was it like that in the primeval original cat? I know the answer.

This week in New Haven I had the pleasure of seeing an exhibition game of billiards between those gentlemen of the green cloth, Jacob Schaefer and Willie Hoppe; it is inspiring to see anything done supremely well, where eye and brain and hand are in perfect co-ordination. This is the veritable music of the spheres. I observed one notable difference between Mr. Schaefer's playing and my playing. You wonder what it can be? I will not keep you in suspense. Mr. Schaefer chalks his cue oftener than I do.



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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

EVERY lover of art has had the experience of encountering some work which, regardless of its critical or historical status, has lodged itself in his memory in an especially endearing way. I remember such an experience in the Prado years ago. Every day I would go there and live among the works of Velasquez. They were first and last the objects of my study. But every day before I came away I would pause for a moment before Tiepolo's Car of Venus, and that was a moment of mere unthinking delight. It is only an *ébauche*, a project for a ceiling hastily sketched, but it is one of the master's most effective compositions and in its ineffable lightness it seems an affair of rose leaves and whipped cream. I dote upon that Tiepolo. I dote upon all Tiepolos. Once in Vienna I got wind of some prodigious paintings of his, designs based upon classical themes, and finally I tracked them to the possession of the Artarias, Beethoven's old publishers. Straightway I got in touch with the head of the firm and he gave me a brochure on his treasures. The plates made my mouth water. I couldn't see the originals. He told me they were at the moment rolled up in a tin box in London, which was to say that they were "in the market." We talked wistfully of the possibility of their coming to America. Herr Artaria had dreams of their being purchased here. But negotiations never came off, and I have always mourned the fact, wondering if so good a set of Tiepolos would ever reach America.

Sometimes dreams come true. The Artaria decorations are still, so far as I know, in Europe, but when Sedelmeyer showed them in Paris, some time before the war, he showed with them four superb decorations in the same *genre*. These were purchased by the late James Deering, and by his bequest they have recently come into the possession of the Chicago Art Institute. It is in my opinion one of the richest gifts ever made to an American museum, for it represents one of the full-rounded achievements of a great painter. Tiepolo takes his subject from Tasso and depicts episodes in the romance of Rinaldo and Armida. In his first scene the sleeping hero beholds the lady of his dreams. In the next they are together in a happy garden, unconscious of the grim Ubaldo and Guelfo, come upon their disturbing mission. Then in another panel the warriors tear Rinaldo from his enchantment, and in the last the hermit is completing the liberation. There is nothing poignant about any of the pictures, not even about the one celebrating Armida's abandonment. It was hard for Tiepolo to be tragic when he dipped into poetry. He found in Tasso, rather, the stuff for so many operatic tableaux. Nothing could be, indeed, more characteristic of him than this series. There are other beautiful examples of him in this country. There are several in the Metropolitan Museum, notably the fine Glorification of Francesco Barbaro. Only the other day I saw a fascinating little ceiling by Tiepolo in the Wildenstein Gallery in New York, and there are other important souvenirs in American collections. But the Chicago set has a peculiar significance here. As I have indicated, it takes us to the very core of Tiepolo's art, constituting as it were a complete chapter in the history of that art, one with a beginning, a middle, and an end. The best of news to hear would be an intimation that the Institute had decided to give the paintings a room by themselves, which would reconstruct the whole decorative aspect of the period.

THE truth is that Tiepolo is inseparable from his background. His is the soul of eighteenth century Venice, and that, to be correctly understood, must be isolated with some care. Long before he was born the splendors of the Renaissance had faded, and not only had the artistic sway

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of the Venetian school been broken, but the moral fibre of the republic had been irretrievably sapped. Along with the spiritual force of Bellini, the technical *maestria* of Titian and Tintoretto had gone down the wind, and there were seemingly no elements in the national energy to stimulate artistic genius as a part of the national life. Sinister elements in political activity were matched by social corruption. The whole civilization of the place and epoch was materialized, tainted, and unwholesome. Meanwhile it was incomparably glittering and gay. Ever since I read the Memoirs of Goldoni, I have made a cult of the eighteenth century in Venice. One of the most exciting moments in my life was when I had even better luck than John Addington Symonds, and pounced upon a complete copy of the rare Memorie Inutili of Carlo Gozzi. I never go rambling through that period without huge enjoyment. But I am never unconscious, either, of a certain unreal and meretricious air enveloping the scene. One is always asking, involuntarily: "What good could come out of that phosphorescent world?" Even as one asks the question one is thrown back, as though in the revolving of a circle, upon the charm of just that self-same phosphorescence. Gaiety, as we are often enough reminded, is infectious. The prevailing gaiety of eighteenth-century Venice is very beguiling. After all, it is amusing to look on at some amorous adventures and to watch light-hearted gamblers, especially when you see the spectacle under a romantically moonlit sky, noting all manner of picturesqueness the while in architecture and costume. Life seems to move with consummate grace and wit to the music of flutes and violins, and in this case that very unreality of which I have spoken serves as a mitigation of the central Venetian defects. By some freak of the imagination we seem concerned not so much with life itself as with a theatrical pageant. Moreover, art arrives at a validity of its own. Out of that artificial cosmos there emerge the smiling portraits of Rosalba, the piquant figures of Longhi, the luminous scenes of Guardi, and, most rewarding of all, the truly magnificent creations of Tiepolo.

THEY called him Tiepoletto, to distinguish his name from that of the great patrician family of Venice, but Giovanni Battista could fashion his own patent of nobility. His father was a ship-captain in commerce, a prosperous man with a large family. Our Tiepolo was born in Venice in 1696. Very little is known about his private life, and beyond the fact that his artistic predilections developed in his early youth, that he received some training from the quite negligible Gregorio Lazzarini, the incidents of his pupilage remain obscure. He was married at the age of twenty-three to Cecilia Guardi, Francesco's sister. The elder Tiepolo, whom he lost while he was still a child, left him in good circumstances, and he seems to have advanced with great rapidity in his professional career, receiving many commissions for work in Venetian churches and palaces and in villas on the mainland. His fame spread abroad. By the time he was forty he was the subject of a fervid recommendation from the Swedish minister to his king, then looking for a decorator for the palace at Stockholm. "Tiepolo," wrote the diplomat, "is made expressly for us. . . . He paints a picture in less time than it takes another to grind his colors." But he did not go to Sweden. He travelled about instead in the Veneto and Lombardy. You see him plying his brush at Udine and Vicenza, at Milan and Bergamo, at Padua and Verona, to say nothing of Venice. Then he goes outside Italy, to paint on a prodigious scale in the episcopal palace at Wurzburg, in Franconia, taking three years to complete his task. The ceiling above the grand staircase is vast enough to have kept him going far longer. In 1761 Charles III invited him to the Spanish court, and he did the great decorations in the palace at Madrid, besides other paintings. Molmenti, his canonical biographer, can tell us only too little about the Spanish sojourn. There was a quarrel with Raphael Mengs, but otherwise we have only the works to which to turn. Though he hungered to get back to Venice, he died on Spanish soil in 1770.

I gather that he was a man of light and pleasant humor, a man of *esprit*, as Tessin, the Swedish minister, called him. And if there is not much about his life in the

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The Car of Venus.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Prado.

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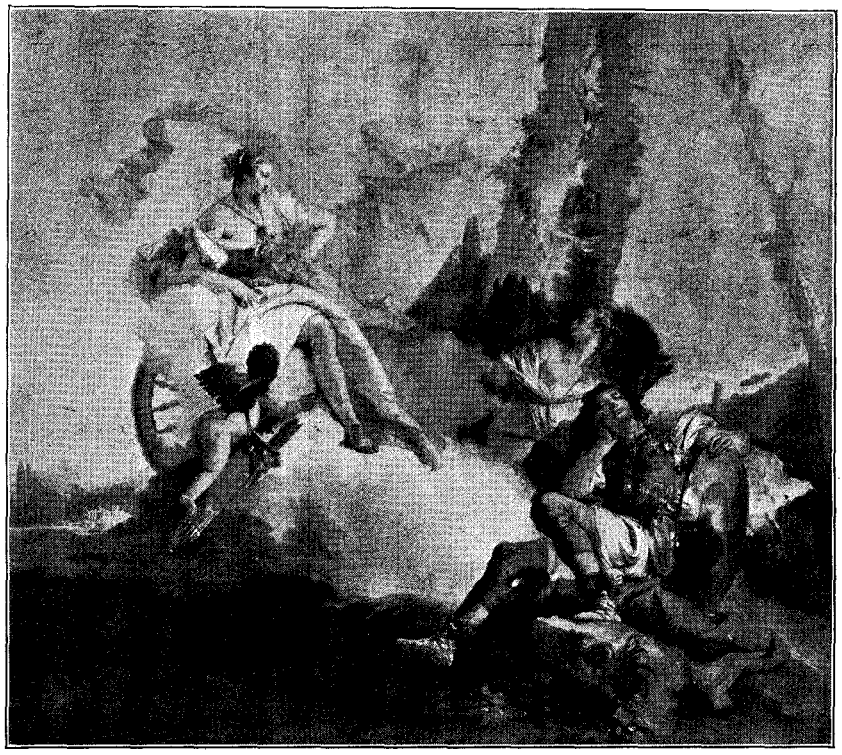
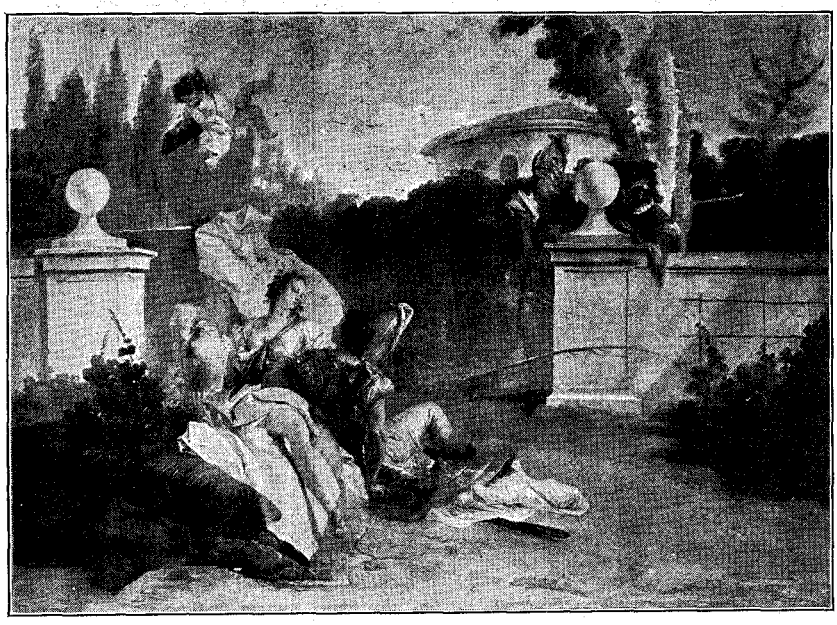


Rinaldo enchanted by Armida.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Chicago Art Institute.



Rinaldo and Armida in the Garden.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Chicago Art Institute.

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Armida Abandoned by Rinaldo.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Chicago Art Institute.

Rinaldo and the Hermit.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Chicago Art Institute.

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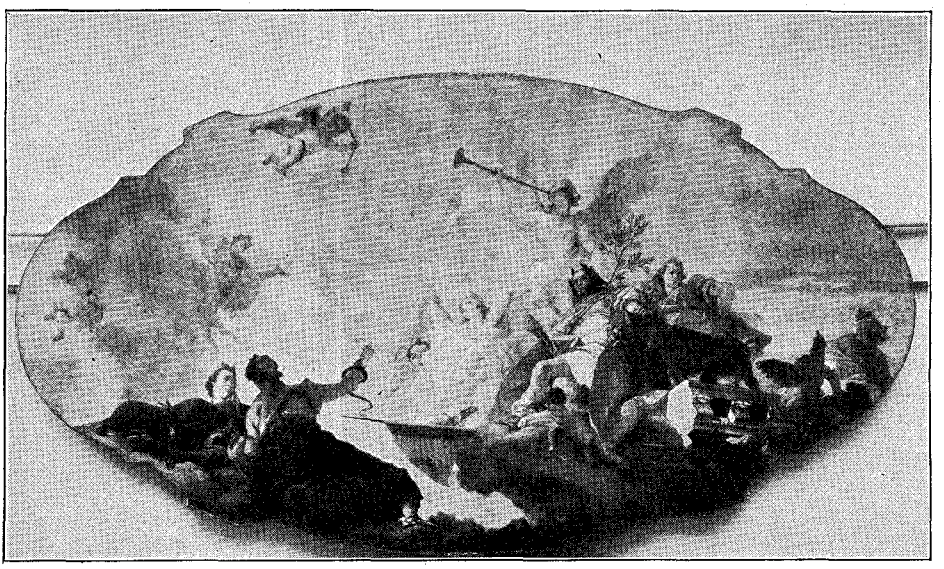
books, it is because his life was lived utterly in his art. That might be inferred from the almost unbelievable volume of his work. He covered acres of ceiling and wall space, and he painted no end of altar-pieces and easel pictures. Molmenti tells a droll story of the painter's wife once going in his absence to tempt fortune at the Ridotto. When she had gambled away every penny she had, her companion persuaded her to stake all the sketches in Tiepolo's studio. She lost them, of course, and their villa, too, but all I think of in this anecdote is that mass of work in the studio. He could easily have replaced it. He was one of the swiftest and most prolific painters the world has ever known. In sheer bulk of achievement, I doubt if any of the giants of the Renaissance surpassed him. What of the quality of this immense *œuvre* of his?



The Glorification of Francesco Barbaro.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Metropolitan Museum.

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IT is the quality of painter's painting, which is to say of work that is fascinating because of the way in which it is done. Tiepolo is nothing if not a great craftsman, a technician whose dexterity is at the heart of effects extraordinarily beautiful. There is something mysterious and something exciting about his appearance in this rôle. By the time Tiepolo was born the puissant brushmen had all become more or less legendary. The Dutch tradition was dying down. Velasquez had been in his grave nearly forty years. As for the Italians, there was not a man left among the painters living when Tiepolo came to manhood who was even remotely qualified to lead him into the path he was destined to follow. But the great shade of Veronese was there to kindle the fires latent in him, and to Paolo's architectural inspiration he gave a new lease of life. He is, indeed, a Veronese born again, with the differences inevitable in the development of an original genius. The earlier man was grave, monumental, a type of the grand style. Tiepolo not merely softened his grandeur, but gave it a blithe and even lyrical turn. He substituted a kind of rhetorical bravura for the majestic and sustained organ music of Veronese. When Symonds came to pay his tribute to Tiepolo in that charming little book of his, In the Key of Blue, he chose, curiously, an altar-piece for his theme. I cannot quite understand his ardor for the master in sentimental-devout mood, nor can I share his feeling that

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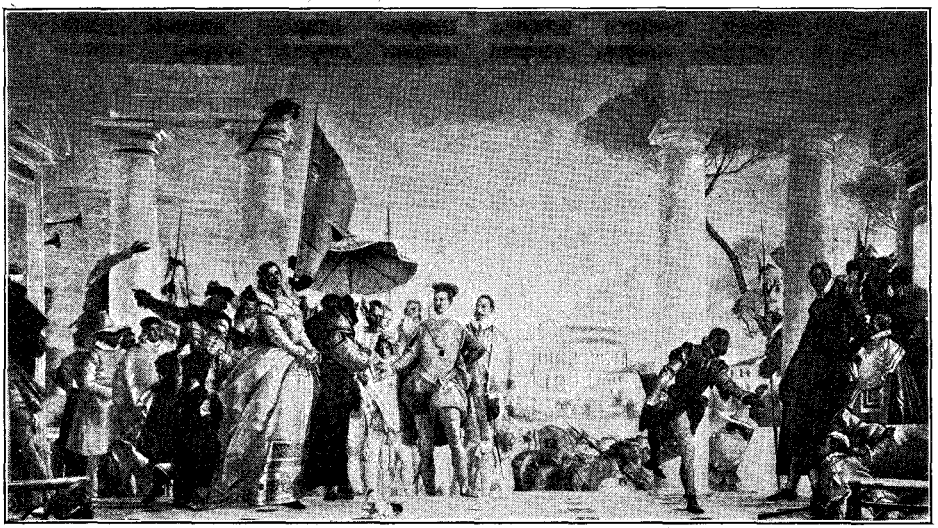
monds sums up his impression: "Within a narrow space the master has played with architectural perspective, with atmosphere, with consummate drawing of the human form, with cunning composition; and these essentials of art he has used as preludes to the revel of his light and color sense." The English critic shrewdly and very suggestively traces the character of this craftsmanship back to what he calls Tiepolo's "peculiar and just perception of certain atmospheric and color qualities in his birthplace." In other words, he was not only as a man but as an artist, a vivid, eager denizen of the lagoons, a loving son of the skies above them. It is one of the blest paradoxes of art that this dweller in a world of thrice-sophisticated artifice, this designer of what I have called operatic tableaux, should have burst the bonds of his social and mental milieu and dealt in pictorial frou-frou as though it were the stuff of palpitating life itself. His vitality is one secret of his spell.



Contarini Receiving Henri III at Mira.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Musée Jacquemart-André.

in enveloping a composition in light and air. His skill as such is beyond measurement. He was a monster of cleverness before cleverness as a studio trick had got itself recognized. It wasn't a trick with Tiepolo, but a sincere and forthright exploitation of an unimaginable manual adroitness. He drew, he used the brush, with the certitude of breathing. Moreover, and this is one of the finest things about him, these natural gifts of his, this spontaneity and this *furia*, were amazingly well organized and controlled. If he had one faculty more dazzling than any other, it was his faculty for filling a space. I have alluded to his kinship with Veronese. It comes out in such a *tour-de-force* of mural decoration as he wrought in the Palazzo Labia. You see there how worthy of Veronese he was in building up an heroic architectural ensemble. But Tiepolo is even more the magical Tiepolo when he sails off into the blue on his own, as at Wurzburg or Madrid or Strà, or in any of the great churches, and seems on a

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vast ceiling not so much to build as to improvise. Then he paints like an angel. The architectural motive is not forgotten. The decoration has its base. It is duly tied to the cornice. It has balance and order. But what one is chiefly aware of is a cloud of figures dispersed in a skyey area, flung pell-mell into a kind of flickering flight, and invariably, through every mutation of movement, falling into the right relation to the artist's broad purpose. That purpose may have had some spiritual or imaginative origin. Tiepolo was a great man for dipping into mythology or the lives of the saints. But I would be a bit puzzled if I ever met anybody who had given any attention to Tiepolo's "meaning." There is a sense in which he has no meaning. Looking at one of his ceilings, you do not care a straw whether conception of it sprang from the Scriptures or the classics. All that you care for is the harmony embracing the master's properties, the decorative felicity of sprawling legs and outspread arms, of billowing or fluttering draperies, of birds and Cupids added like floating flowers to the whole gleaming fabric. The fate or the function of his gods and goddesses and saints does not matter at all. All that matters is that he fills the eye with sensuous beauty.

The Supper at Emmaus.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Louvre.

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HE tried, no doubt, on many an occasion, to do more than that, leaving behind him a really imposing quantity of religious pictures, and, I suppose, there are instances in which he touches the heart. He does so, in a measure at all

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Allegorical Ceiling.
From the painting by Tiepolo at Strà.

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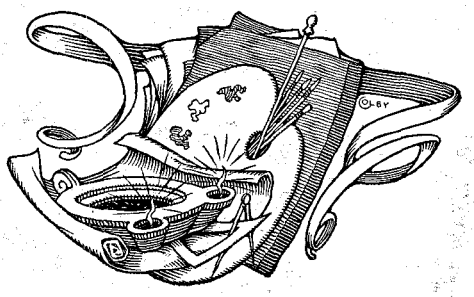
events, in the work which registers his high-water mark as a devotional artist, the Supper at Emmaus in the Louvre. Unquestionably it is a fine picture. Yet if, in the next moment, I happen to recall Rembrandt's painting of the same subject, I find Tiepolo's composition crumpling up. It looks positively stagey beside the Dutchman's canvas. That, I must confess, is what I always feel when Tiepolo paints a picture making a religious appeal. Only, as I have hinted before, one can't be altogether exacting or completely logical where Tiepolo and eighteenth century Venice are concerned. If you are wise you meet them half-way, and refrain absolutely from asking them for what they have not got to give. I do not ask Tiepolo for poetry and dreams, though he dabbled in both. I do not ask him for the spirit of Biblical story, though he was always delving in the Scriptures for his themes. I do not ask him for meticulous accuracy in the matters of history and manners, though he will set Antony and Cleopatra at table together, with all the aplomb in the world, and paint Contarini receiving Henri III at Mira as circumstantially as though he had witnessed the scene. In doing these things he may take any liberty he likes in respect to costume and architecture, establishing his personages in a world that is not theirs, but his own and the world of Venice. He may do all this and my withers are unwrung. All that I ask of him is that he should be the marvellous man of his hands, the miracle-worker in technique, the conjurer in fresco, the master of feats in color, luminosity, and design, the breath-taking wielder of the brush. In that character he is, without qualification, one of the transcendent figures in the history of painting.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.



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THE LOIRE, FAMED FOR ITS CHÂTEAUX AND FLANKED BY VINE-CLAD HILLS AND PROSPEROUS TOWNS, AT TIMES TURNS THESE INTO MINIATURE IMITATIONS OF VENICE.

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